

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND[★]

October

15c



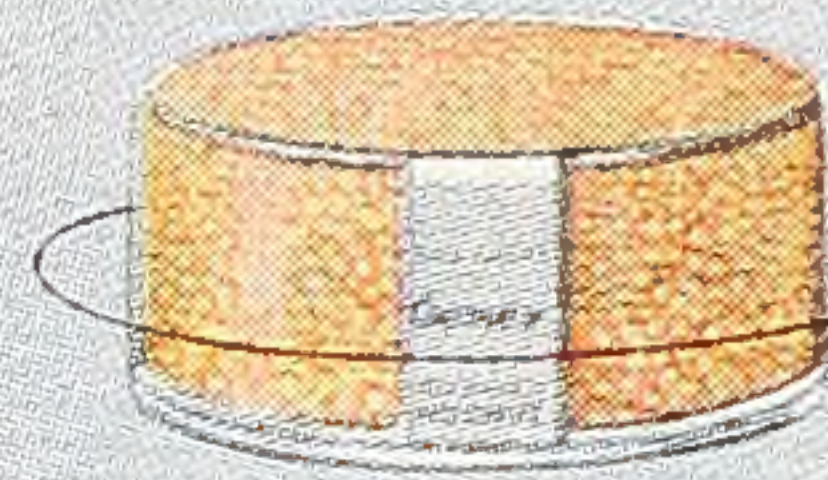
Joan Bennett

Real Day
with Don Ameche

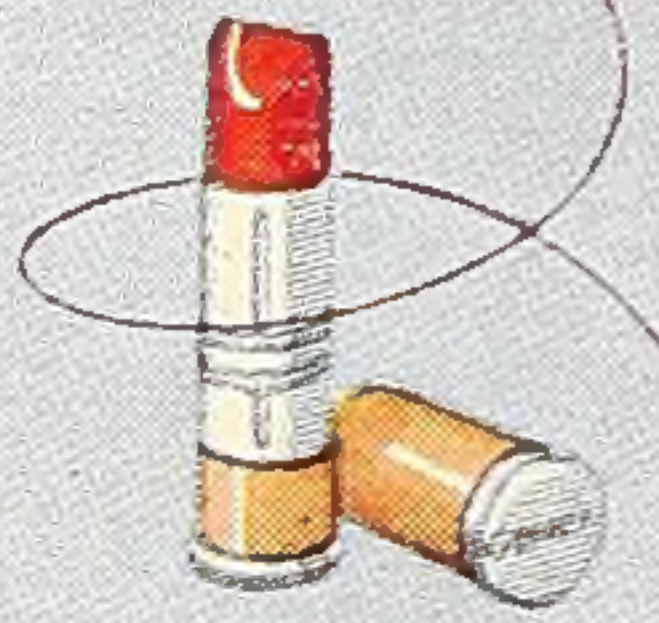
You've Got To Have Zing!

AROUND THE WORLD
IT WINDS ITS WAY

this single thread of fragrance **Gemey**

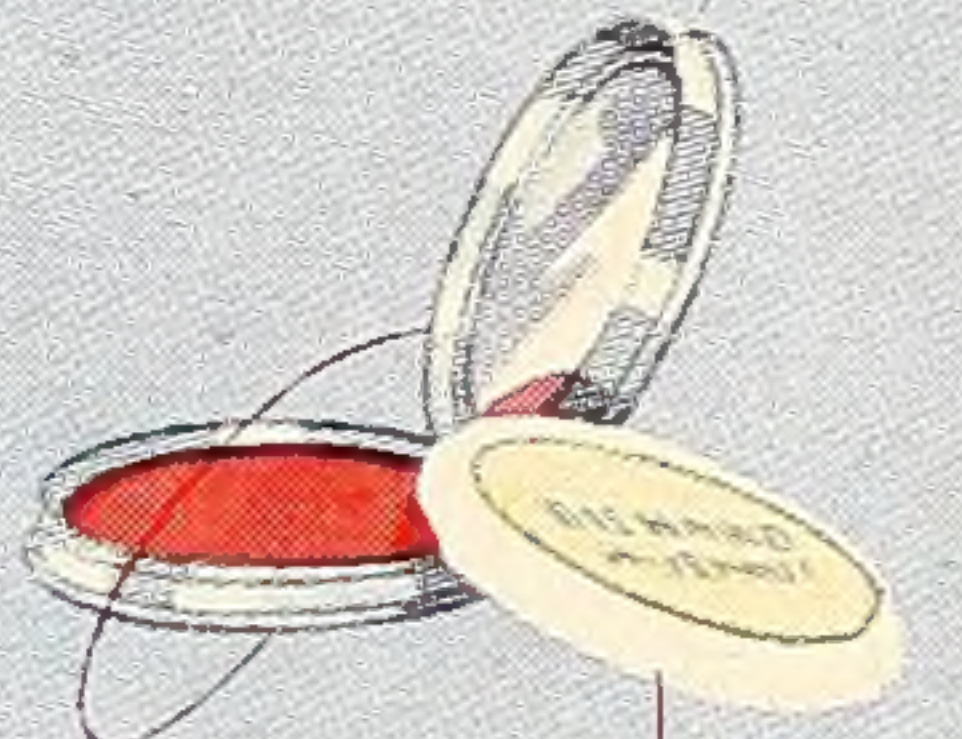


LUXURY FACE POWDER,
silken-soft Eightalluring tones
... in fragrance Gemey. \$1



LIPSTICKS, cream-blended in
colors that invite adventure.
... in fragrance Gemey. 75¢

FOR A BECOMING BLUSH...
Tablet Rouge in fragrance
Gemey. 8 glamour-tones. 75¢



FINE-SPUN BATH POWDER,
blessed with the enchant-
ment of fragrance Gemey. \$1



FRAGRANT LIQUID FACIAL,
Cleanses, protects. Cucumber
lotion in fragrance Gemey. \$1



THE TAJ MAHAL

"Bahut Acha"...irresistible...they say in the Far East of that world-loved fragrance Gemey!



PERFUME PREFERRED the
world around... fragrance
Gemey. In crystal-clear fla-
cons... \$2.50, \$4.50, \$15.

Drift on the moonlit waters of the dusky Grand Canal. Dance in the blue-bathed beauty of a Mediterranean night. Seek romance and youth and laughter anywhere in far places. And there...gay and fresh and charming...you'll find fragrance Gemey.

For fragrance Gemey is known, adored, this romantic world around. In Paris or Peiping, in Nassau or Nice, it's the lovely woman's prelude to intimate evenings-for-two or the season's most formal moments.

Around the world it winds your way. Now in America at your own perfume counter, see the glamour ensemble...everything you need for perfect grooming, from face lotion to lipstick...all in that single thread of fragrance Gemey.

by

RICHARD HUDNUT

New York Paris

London...Toronto...Buenos Aires...Mexico City...Berlin...Budapest...Capetown...Sydney...Shanghai...Rio de Janeiro...Havana...Bucharest...Vienna...Amsterdam

Fortune's Favorite

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness, that steals away her charm. That thief is *her dull, dingy and unattractive smile*. Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—a *penalty she could have avoided*.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on

your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately*—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep

teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana Tooth Paste and massage dental health routine. It's one simple, easy way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling and bright—you never need be ashamed of your smile!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.

IPANA plus massage
is your dentist's able
assistant in the home
care of teeth and gums



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

A Week-End with Bing Crosby

Catching up with Crosby is no mean feat, but our writer has accomplished it, and you'll read the entertaining results in the next issue. It seems Bing, while most democratic and hail-fellow-well-met of all the important picture personalities, fails to take himself sufficiently seriously to spend much time on interview appointments and such. The result is that only those who know him well can "get to him." He is, actually, more aloof and elusive than Garbo herself.

"A Week-End with Bing Crosby" is no mere attractive title. SCREENLAND's representative did, definitely, journey out to the Crosby ranch, where he was received cordially by the First Crooner, amused by the Crosby kids, and graciously welcomed by Dixie Lee Crosby. You will feel you really know Bing and Company after reading this frank article, lavishly illustrated with candid camera shots of Bing at the ranch. It's a SCREENLAND Special Feature, and you'd better look for it, in the November issue, on sale October 5th.

October, 1937

Vol. XXXV. No. 6

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	21
Zing! You've Got to Have Zing!.....	Helen Louise Walker	22
Sonja Goes American. Sonja Henie.....	Charles Darnton	24
A Real Day With Don Ameche.....	Ben Maddox	26
Princess of Politics. Fictionization of "First Lady."Elizabeth B. Petersen		28
Lombard, Then and Now. Carole Lombard.....	Liza	30
Fourth Dimensional Stars.....	William H. McKegg	32
Once a Coalminer. Allan Jones.....	Ida Zeitlin	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
Great Lover. Fiction.....	Vicki Baum	54
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Olivia de Havilland.....		56
Carnival Nights in Hollywood.....	Elizabeth Wilson	58
My Life. By Robert Taylor. As told to Ben Maddox.....		60

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Dick Powell and Fred Waring's boys and girls cut collegian capers for "Varsity Show." What Next? Bette Davis. The MacMurray Menace. No Faking Allowed. Pat O'Brien, George Brent, Paul Muni, Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour, Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell. Toast of the Town! Marlene Dietrich, Dolores Del Rio, Ida Lupino, Rochelle Hudson, Gail Patrick, Irene Dunne, Dorothy Haas, Sandra Storme. New Teams. Olivia de Havilland, Brian Aherne, Nino Martini, Joan Fontaine, Dolores Del Rio, George Sanders, Luise Rainer, Spencer Tracy, Sigrid Gurie, Gary Cooper. New Hero at Home. Wayne Morris. Not-So-Dumb Waiters. The Silly Cycle. The Technique of Hands. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month. Joan Crawford in "The Bride Wore Red."

DEPARTMENTS:

Honor Page		6
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley	8
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers.....		10
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....	Weston East	12
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		16
Inside the Stars' Homes. Helen Vinson.....	Betty Boone	18
Femi-Nifties		63

Cover Portrait of Joan Bennett by Marland Stone.

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President, J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.10 in Canada; foreign \$2.50. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

Copyright 1937 by Screenland Magazine, Inc.

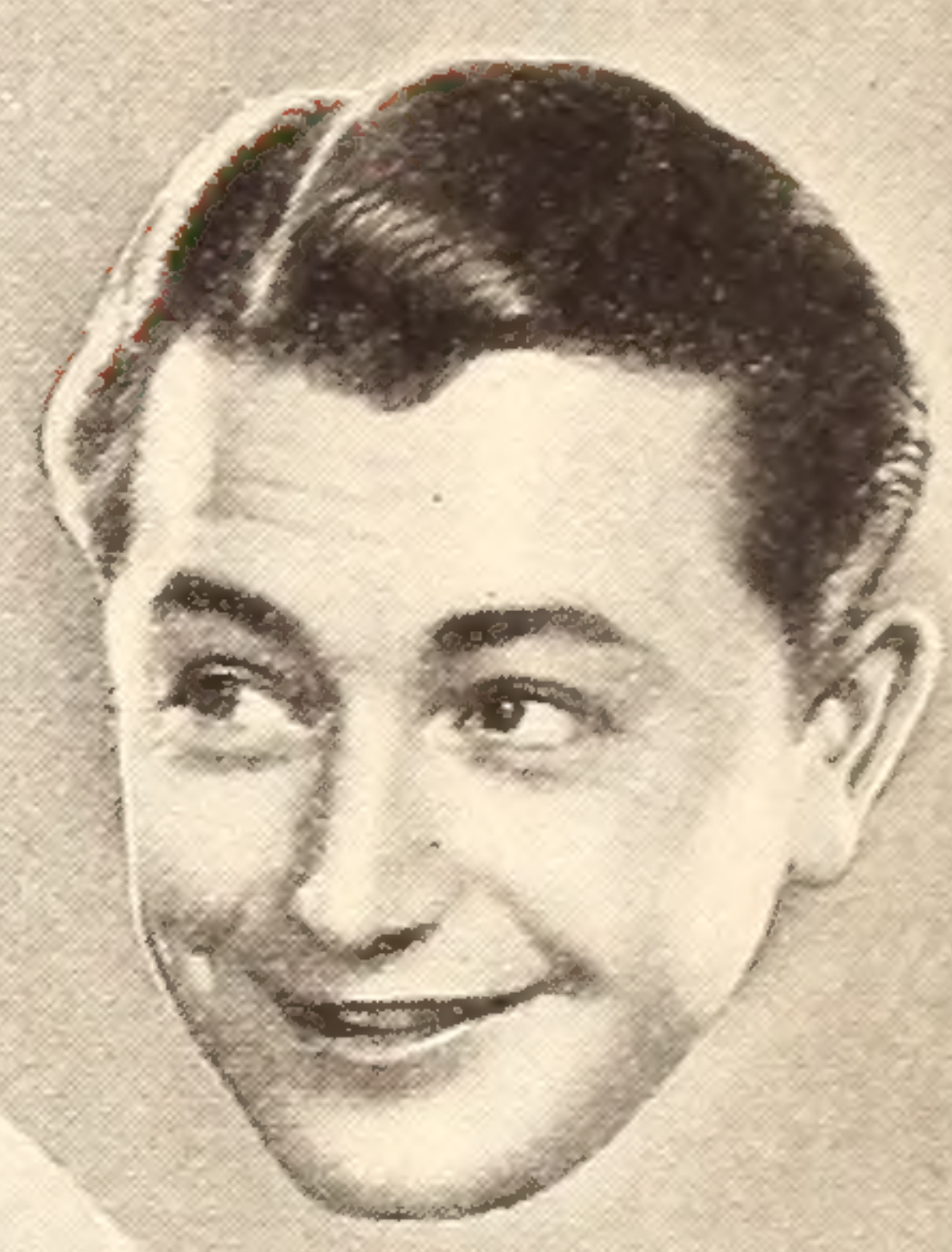
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Printed in the U. S. A.



Joan
CRAWFORD

Franchot *Robert*
TONE * YOUNG



She was a cabaret singer... Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!

The **BRIDE WORE RED**



with **BILLIE BURKE**
REGINALD OWEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Bradbury Foote



Directed by
Dorothy Arzner
Produced by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ



Paul Muni's portrayal of *Zola* ranges from fiery youth, as close-upped at far left, through rich maturity, to the grandeur and dignity of impressive old age, as in the picture at left. The scene directly below is from the photoplay and shows Muni, in the middle-aged period of his characterization of the great French writer, in his Paris home with *Madame Zola*, skilfully played by Gloria Holden.



SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Muni, for his magnificent performance in "The Life of Emile Zola"

A new off-screen portrait, above, of Muni, the man. There is no trace in this thoughtful study of the tempestuous *Zola*; for Muni, unlike most Hollywood actors, never plays himself. At right below, we see him with the distinguished European actor, Vladimir Sokoloff, who gives a most picturesque portrayal of the great artist, *Zola's* friend *Cezanne*.

WE honor Paul Muni above all other Hollywood actors because he has given us, in "The Life of Emile Zola," more than a mere performance—he has, in this new motion picture, created a character. You have seen Muni in many good pictures, and a few fine ones; you have respected his artistic integrity, and applauded his devotion to detail. But this time, you will—if you are anything like the first audiences in New York and Hollywood—cheer him to the echo; for Muni has become *Zola*—a complete realization of a great man from ideals to idiosyncrasies; from inspiration to whiskers! Muni is *Zola* not only in make-up but in mind. He is great in the part—perhaps he understands *Zola* so well because he, even as *Emile*, puts his work—his art—above everything.





Warner Bros.

take pride in presenting

Mr. Paul **MUNI**

this year's Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time

THE LIFE OF
EMILE ZOLA

He picked a faded rose from the streets of Paris and made her the immortal NANA!

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: **Gale Sondergaard...Joseph Schildkraut**
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern
Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Haines Harold and Geza Herczeg

✱

International Premiere Engagement

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY: Matinees 2:40 • Evenings 8:40

AIR-CONDITIONED

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE

BROADWAY at 51st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Seats Selling Eight Weeks In Advance - All Seats Reserved

Evenings and Holiday matinees: 2.00, 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax

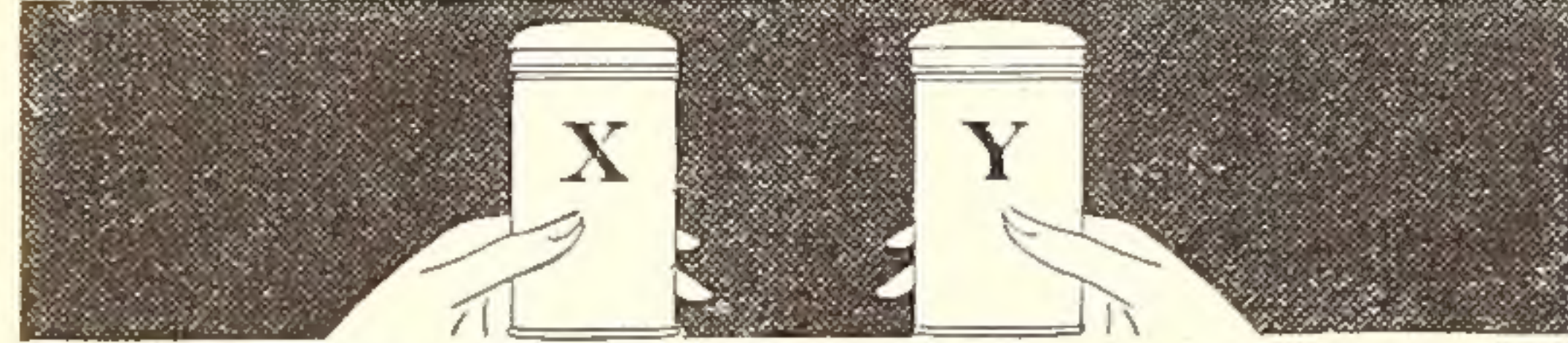
Matinees - Monday to Friday: 1.00, .77 plus tax • Matinees - Saturday and Sunday and

6 P.M. Performance Sunday: 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax. • Mail orders accepted.

✱

Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.

Ruby Keeler TESTS 2 TALCUMS



RUBY KEELER, popular dancing screen star

Names "Y" Her Favorite

Ruby Keeler tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented*. Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented*.

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a subtly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

PURITY TEST: In a test with ten well known face powders, MAVIS talcum was found to be finer in texture and smoother on the skin, than seven out of ten face powders. Get your MAVIS today at your favorite store.



Salutes and Snubs

That riding, romancing, singing star of the open ranges, Gene Autry, is top man with letter writers this month. So here we have genial Gene himself, making a command appearance and telling you all his thanks for your applause with a typical Autry serenade.



CHOICE COMPANIONS

If my favorite screen stars were also my close friends, I'd choose Jeanette MacDonald for my pal and confidante, Joan Blondell when I felt in a gay, irresponsible mood; Virginia Bruce when I wished to be quiet and feast my eyes on loveliness; Rochelle Hudson when I preferred a carefree day at the beach. But if I were in the mood for a canter in the wide open spaces, my choice would be Cary Grant as my companion, while for smooth dancing of an evening, I'd choose Robert Taylor or Michael Whalen. But for the greatest contentment of all—a cozy, companionable evening of conversation, I choose Herbert Marshall.

Ethel Dorn,
Hollywood, Calif.

TAYLOR-MADE STORIES

Period plays, costume stories, wealthy playboy rôles, good as they were with Robert Taylor playing them, still are not the best style of vehicle for him. Hollywood made a gift to the world by giving Clark Gable rugged characters to portray, now let it do the same for Taylor. Put Bob up in the lumber country with his home a log cabin, plenty of the virile atmosphere of the great out-of-doors as background for an exciting play and—and then we'll have him at his very best.

E. O'Malley,
Cleveland, O.

ROMANCE TEAM DE LUXE

My idea of the ideal romantic couple: Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. Surely this pair has never been surpassed as screen sweethearts. In a review of "Café Metropole," Delight Evans asked: "If Loretta isn't the prettiest girl in pictures, I wish you would kindly tell this department who is." Well, there's no answer to that one—because Loretta is the screen's prettiest.

Rose Marian,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MORE, NOT LESS MUSIC

Mourna Harris, of Wichita, Kansas, recently protested against background music for dialogue in films. Well; I am entering a volley of Salutes and cheers to such musicians as Wolfgang Korngold, Franz Waxman, Herbert Stothart, Max Steiner, Arthur Benjamin, Boris Morros, and many others whose musical scores have added to the delights of motion pictures. In my opinion their musical contributions to movies deserve the highest honors.

Olga Feld,
Indianapolis, Ind.

ROMEO OF THE RANGE

Let me test your knowledge of who's who on the screen!

He's handsome, sings beautifully, rides a horse like a champion, and his acting is good, too. Now have you guessed? If not, you're not up on your movies. It's Gene Autry, the king of cowboys.

Carmelita Iampietro,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

NO FILMS—NO FUN

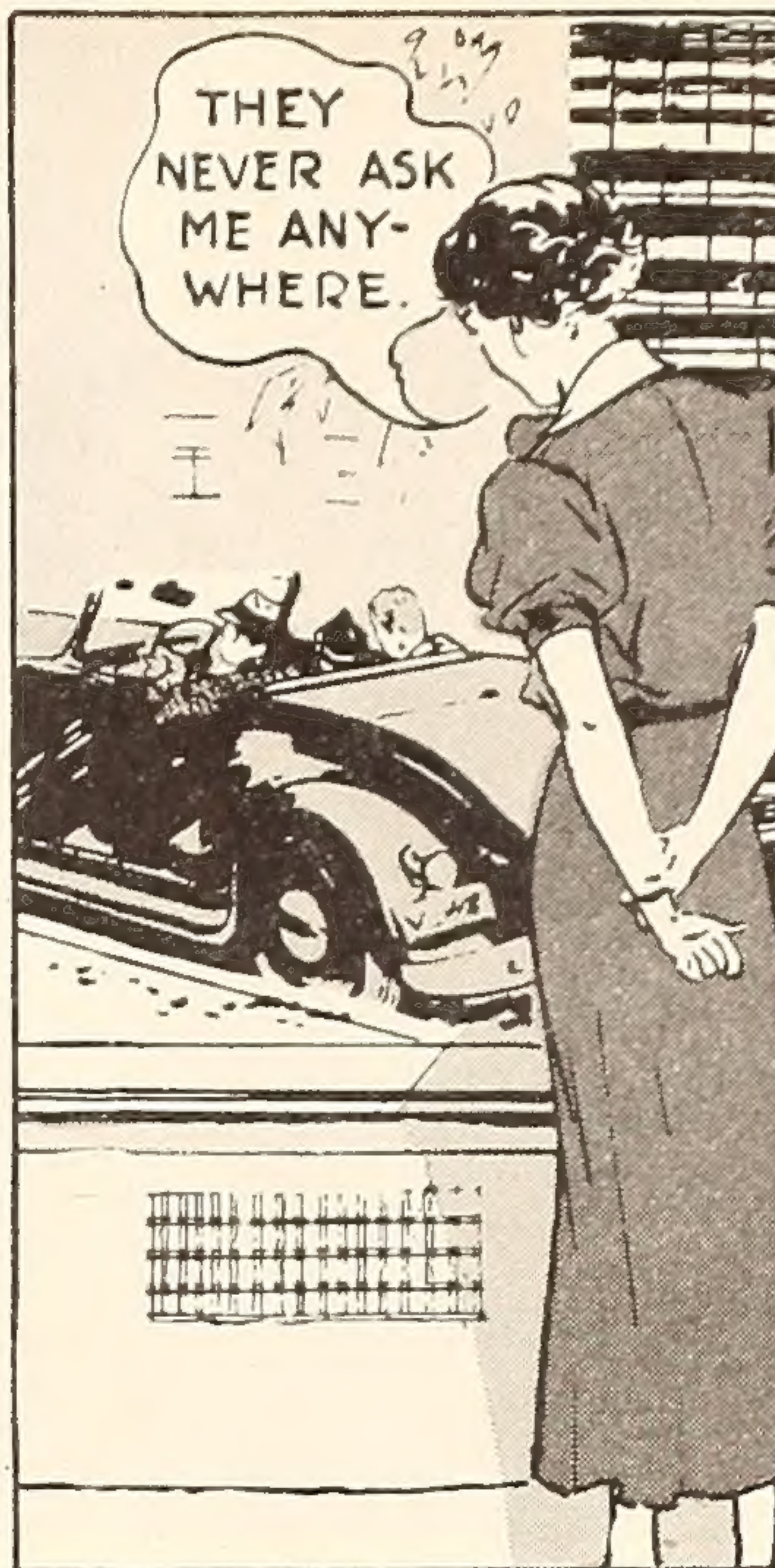
A town without a theater is as forlorn as a man without a country. Imagine being without movies (which happen to be our one amusement) for five months. When the new theater was completed, I stood in line four nights straight and finally saw a Western. And gloriously glad to see it, too!

Virginia H. McDowell,
Roncerverte, W. Va.

Talk About the Talkies

Talk it over with Hollywood, by sending us your ideas for pictures, Salutes or Snubs for recent films or performances—in fact whatever is on your mind regarding the screen and its glamorous people. All letters are welcome. Please limit each comment to fifty words or less, but send as many as you please. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

THEY CALLED HER "HORSE-TOOTH" HELEN UNTIL-




Miss **CARROLL BRADY**, lovely New York model, says:

I HAVE FOUND THAT **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE** IS BEST FOR KEEPING TEETH REALLY WHITE AND GLEAMING



THE LOVELY MODELS IN OUR NEW YORK STUDIOS CAN NOT TAKE CHANCES WITH THE LOOKS OF THEIR TEETH, FOR THE CAMERA DOESN'T LIE. IT SHOWS THEM JUST AS THEY ARE. BY EXPERIENCE, MODELS HAVE FOUND THAT **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE** GIVES EXCEPTIONAL WHITENESS AND MARVELOUS LUSTRE, YET NEVER DAMAGES DELICATE ENAMEL. THEY CALL IT THE **BEAUTY BATH FOR TEETH**.



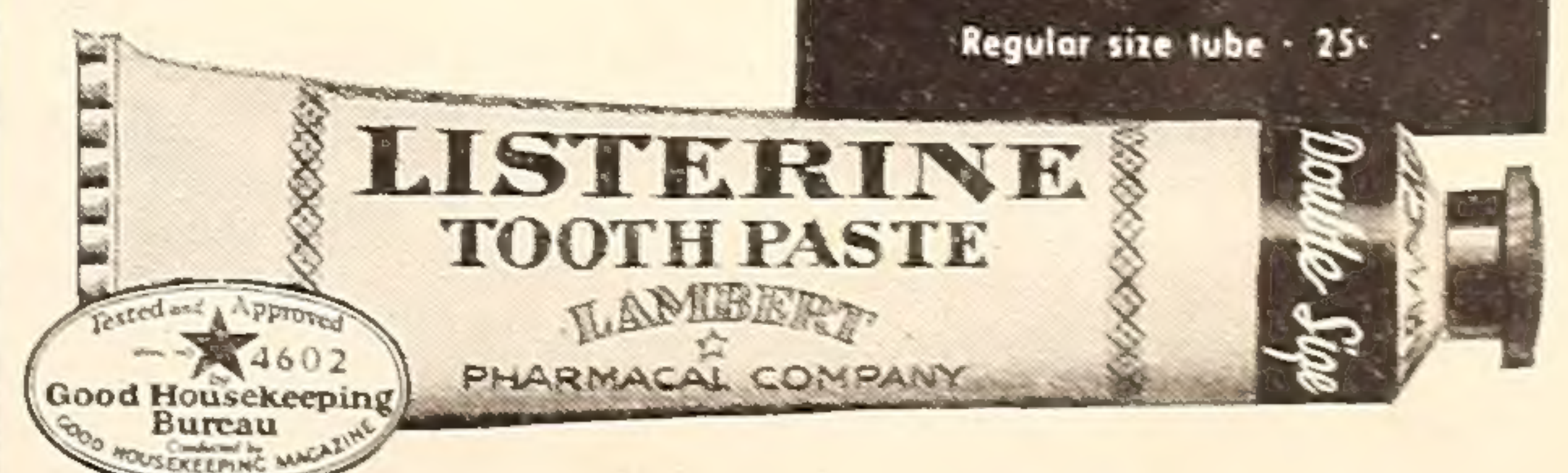
DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING as LISTERINE itself

You will be delighted with the after-effect of Listerine Tooth Paste. The gums and the entire mouth feel wonderfully refreshed and invigorated—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself. Do not overlook the economy of Listerine Tooth Paste. Remember, more than a quarter of a pound of it in the big double size tube for 40¢. Regular size tube, 25¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

More than
1/4 POUND
of tooth paste in the
double size tube 40¢

Regular size tube - 25¢



he loves
ardent color...
he hates
lipstick
parching!



Yes, he likes bright lips...they look expressive and responsive.

But how his admiration chills, if lips are dry and rough. Parched lips are old lips!

Remember, then, your lipstick has *two* duties. It must bestow thrilling color. It must protect you from Lipstick Parching.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," does just that. Because of a new softening ingredient, "Theobroma," it keeps your lips smooth and soft, dewy as a fresh petal. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 ardent and indelible shades, 50¢.

"Air Spun" Rouge is another thrilling Coty make-up discovery! Cyclones blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and smoothness. In shades that match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, 50¢.

COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD



A dream brings a welcome awakening for Charles Boyer, as he opens his eyes to discover his co-star in a film version of the Broadway stage hit, "Tovarich," is Claudette Colbert.

THE last day of shooting "Nothing Sacred," William Wellman, who directed the opus, was most pleased to find a large package had been sent around from Carole Lombard. Upon opening it, however, he found a specially constructed straight-jacket! Just Carole's way of telling him he was slightly mad, of course.

IRENE DUNNE may be a perfect lady, but she's certainly no sissy. We were watching a scene out on location of "The Awful Truth." Irene was supposed to release the brakes on a car and let it roll down hill. Actually, the car was held back by half-a-dozen grips who had a rope securely fastened to the rear end. But the car was heavier than they realized, and it started to pull them down the hill. Without thinking twice, Irene grabbed the rope, as did a couple of other members of the troupe, pulling it to a stop. And entirely forgetting she was wearing a pair of frail black lace gloves!

CARY GRANT is still carrying that torch around for Ginger Rogers, who's been stepping high, wide and handsome with Gregory La Cava this past month.

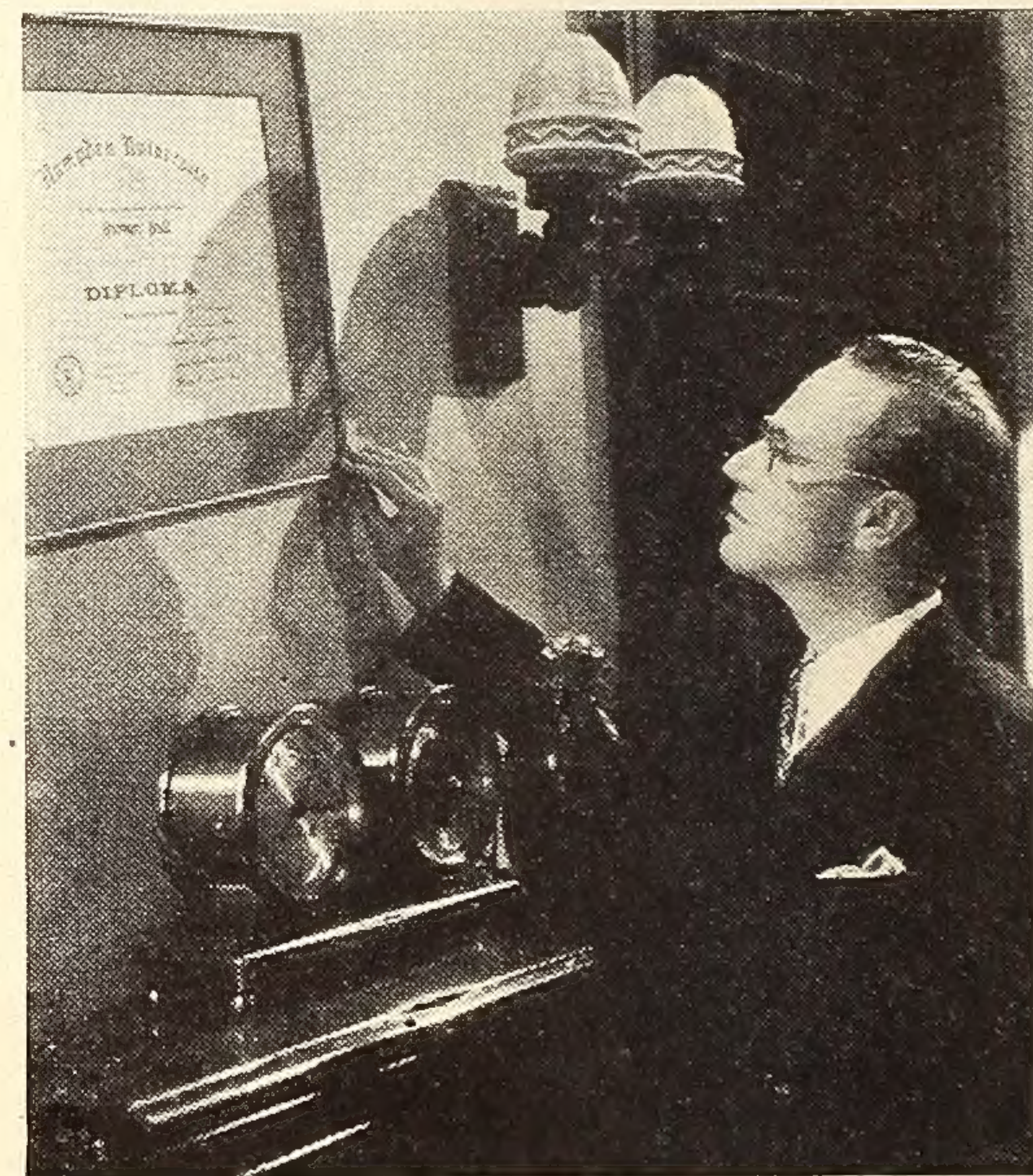
WHEN Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor want to dance, they don't go to any of the popular night spots, but instead frequent the Palomar Dance Hall—hang-out of the college crowd. Reason is they don't like to be conspicuous and they do like the swing bands the place specializes in. We also heard Bob was refused admittance, the other eve, because he was wearing a turtle-neck sweater instead of the conventional collar and tie.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, obliged to milk a goat for certain scenes, in "Heidi," complained violently because the milk spurted

up in her face each time. "Don't be a baby, Shirley," her mother admonished, "it's part of your job." So Shirley obediently went on with the scene. As she had anticipated, the milk squirted all over her face. When the scene was completed, Shirley puckered up her face, muttering to herself, "Even if it were pasteurized milk, I wouldn't like it!"

SIGRID GURIE, playing her first rôle in "Marco Polo," comes to work each morning on a bus, brings her own lunch, and is still completely fascinated with the idea that none other than Gary Cooper makes love to her every day on the set!

THERE'S no truth to the rumor that there's a romance between Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland. Fact is, Olivia was most astonished when Brian arranged an informal luncheon party for a foursome on the day of her twenty-first birthday. It's just that Brian, like everyone who knows Olivia, was completely captivated by her youth and freshness and wanted to do some-



First degree nostalgia. Leslie Howard, as a novice Hollywood producer in "Stand-In," longs for the calm of his college days—and even nights of study.



Tintyped in Hollywood! Anne Shirley and John Payne pose for an 1890 model betrothal portrait during a party at which they announced their engagement. Left, James Stewart with his sister, Mary, and his mother, who visited him in Hollywood recently.

BOB BURNS has installed a dictophone in his home so he can record each weekly radio broadcast and then find out how it'll sound by listening to the playback. If his gags sound good, he lets them stay. If he isn't satisfied, he substitutes new ones. In this way, he's assured of their success before going on the air.

DICK ARLEN sports probably the fanciest boat in the Santa Monica harbor. It not only is stream-lined in design, but has every conceivable modern gadget, including Venetian blinds throughout and a wireless telephone. Dick, Joby, and little Ricky recently spent a most comfortable week aboard and agreed there wasn't a single thing lacking they wouldn't have enjoyed in their own home.

thing nice for her. And Olivia, who is such a little girl at heart, was thrilled beyond words at being noticed by such an attractive older man.

MARIE BLAKE, who has just been given a contract at M-G-M, is none other than Jeanette MacDonald's sister, Blossom.

DON AMECHE was offered a lift by Rubinoff in his roadster. Thanking him, Don started to climb in beside the violinist. "Oh, no," Rubinoff expostulated, "only my violin rides beside me. You must occupy the rumble seat!" And he meant it!

WHEN you see Billie Burke in "The Bride Wore Red," she'll be a blonde. Claudette Colbert has also lightened her tresses for her rôle in "Tovarich" on account, Claudette told me, she'd always wanted to be a blonde Russian!

ON the set of "The Perfect Specimen," Errol Flynn had to submit to being thoroughly soaked with water for scenes in the picture, in spite of the fact he had a terrible cold. Who says actors don't have any hardships? Incidentally, Errol is off on his new boat for Ensenada and some fishing immediately upon the completion of the picture.



THEY were running some pictures in the projection room at the Crawford-Tone home. Joan's small niece sat through them all, including some very amusing short subjects and a couple of Joan's and Franchot's more recent films. At the end of the last feature, the youngster piped: "Auntie Joan, couldn't we just have funny pictures after this?"

YOU'LL never guess what Fred MacMurray's newest hobby is—it's making toys! And Fred has had the most elaborate of tool shops built into his garage, just so's he can cut little gadgets out of wood for his own amusement. And they're good! (Please turn to page 14)

OH STOP! I'VE GOT ANOTHER RUN



HELEN:

The time to stop them is before they start.

PEG:

I hate riddles!

HELEN:

Simple fact, my dear—change to LUX for stockings then you'll save the elasticity so threads can stretch without breaking into runs all the time . . .

LUX
For all fit

IT'S RAINING FLOWERS!



CHERRY
**April
Showers
Talc**

It's *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "The Perfume of Youth"... And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price... 28¢.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

April Showers Perfume in purse-sizes—28¢, 50¢, \$1.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN:—Studio was trying to decide whether Tyrone Power should develop a moustache and if so, what kind. So they invited a party of some two hundred women for lunch in the studio commissary, whilst Tyrone paraded back and forth, wearing a different type lip-piece, so they could help decide. Gosh, it must be fun to be an actor!

FRED KEATING has solved the problem of coping with theater chatterers. Fred sat behind a couple one night who buzzed away consistently through the most interesting scenes, completely drowning out the dialogue. Finally, he leaned over and tapped one of them on the shoulder. "Would you mind repeating that last remark?" he said, "I missed it." The conversation ceased!

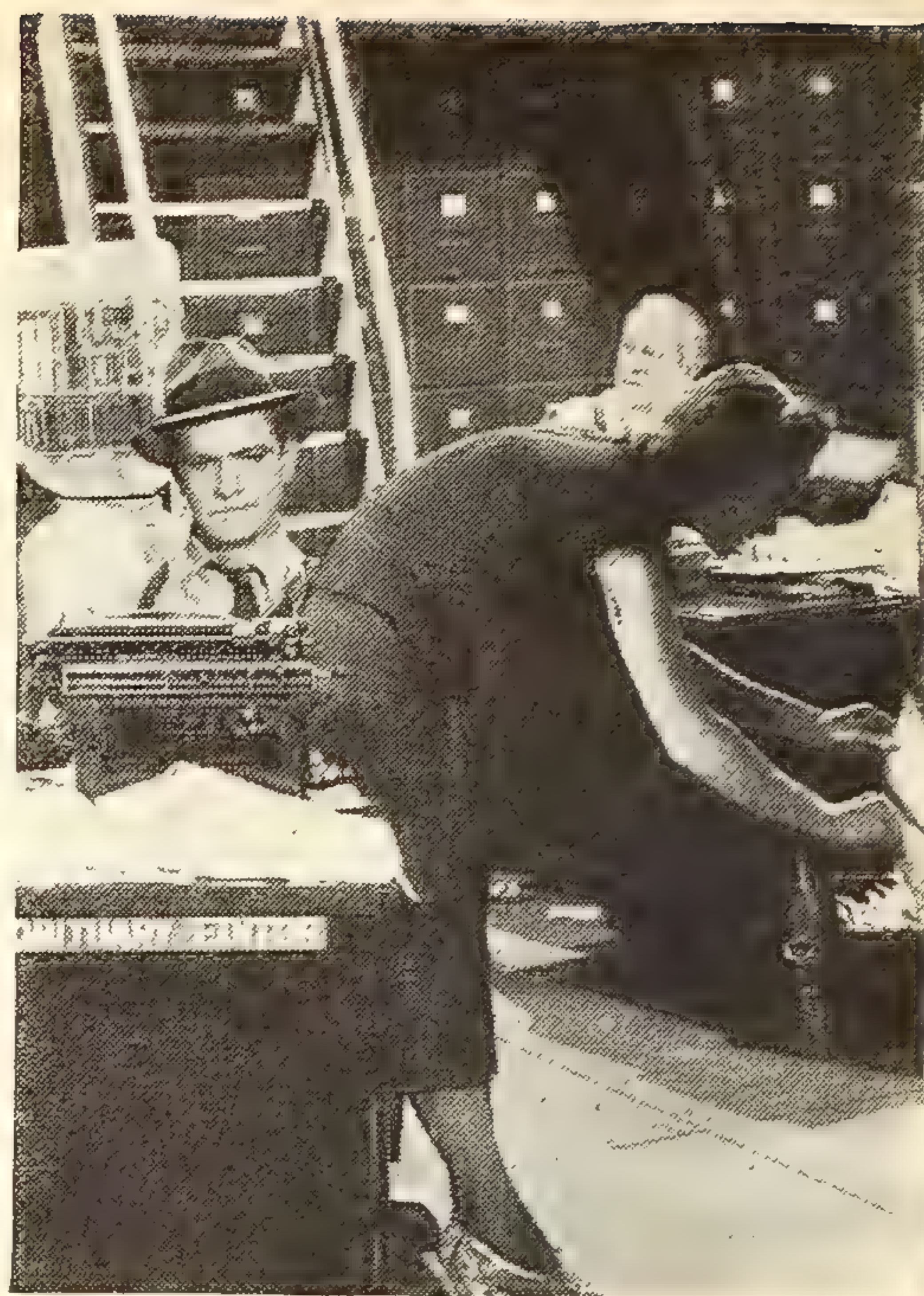
DOROTHY LAMOUR is not to be a band-leader's widow, after all. Her hubby, Herb Kay, has just succeeded in lining up an engagement which will keep him on the coast for the rest of the year, so they won't have to be separated.

VICTOR McLAGLEN'S son, Andrew, has been confined to his bed for the past few weeks with a broken leg. When he finally was up and about, it was discovered he'd grown three inches during his illness and is now exactly Vic's height—six foot three. And the kid is only fifteen!

SINCE Will Rogers' untimely death, Fred Stone has become a veritable foster-father to Will's son, Bill, Jr. He not only takes the boy on hunting and fishing trips, but advises him about all his business investments. As you know, Fred and Will, Sr., had been close friends for years.

JACK HALEY pulled one of the best gags of the season on Charlie Ruggles the other evening when he showed up at one of Charlie's parties with his dog, fancily attired in dinner clothes! It was all because Charlie is so proud of his own dogs and his elaborate kennels, the finest in these parts.

IF YOU'RE planning on visiting Myrna Loy in her new home, you mustn't park in the spot with the red curb which is marked plainly "Do Not Park Here," because that's Myrna's own special parking place. The rest of the courtyard is marked off with the regulation white lines, indicating each parking space.

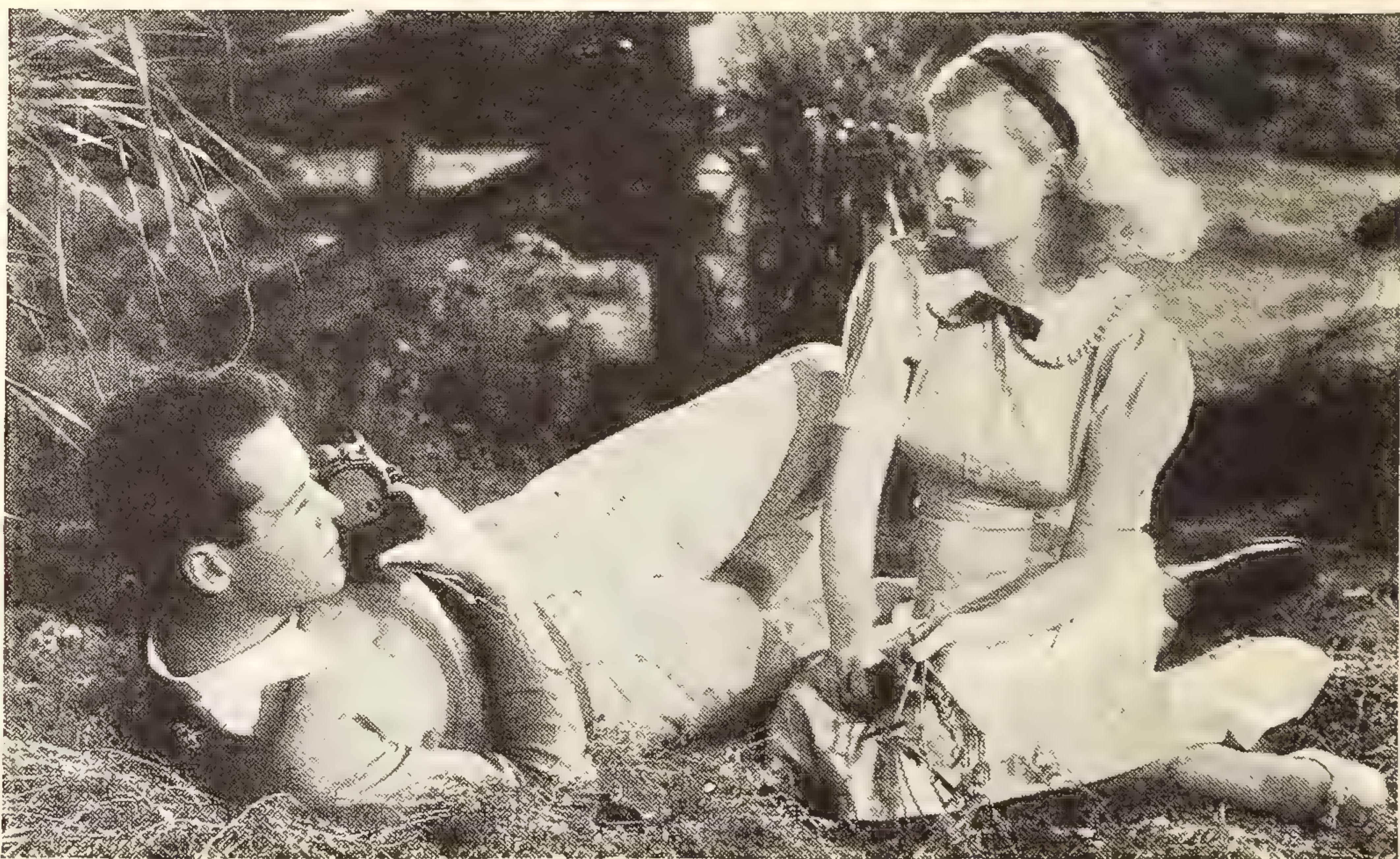


"Nothing Sacred"—in Editor Fredric March's sanctum. An advance flash giving you an idea of Freddie's new film, in which Carole Lombard co-stars.

OF ALL things—Bruce Cabot is about to buy a circus! Seems Bill Hart (former big Western star) talked him into the idea and they're pooling their resources to take on a collection of animals and acrobats so they can open up in the fall.

WE COULDN'T believe our eyes when little Shirley Ross, at the luncheon table in the Derby the other day, dragged out a sack of tobacco, some cigarette papers, and started to "roll her own!" Somehow, she didn't seem to be making a very good job of it. "What goes on?" I asked her. "Oh, gosh," she complained, "I have to do this all the way through my next picture, and I don't think I'll ever get the technique. That's why I'm practicing every chance I have." Just then, the whole thing fell in her coffee, much to her disgust.

JUST before he left on his extended bear-hunting expedition, Clark Gable had a short wave radio set installed in his car. You'd never guess whom he wants to keep in touch with during his trip, would you?



Success hint! Make your work a hobby. It's a cinch. Henry Fonda and Joan Bennett prove that, as Joan acts and Hank films for fun on location for "I Met My Love Again."

Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he
woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.




Ramon
NOVARRO
in

The **SHEIK**
STEPS OUT

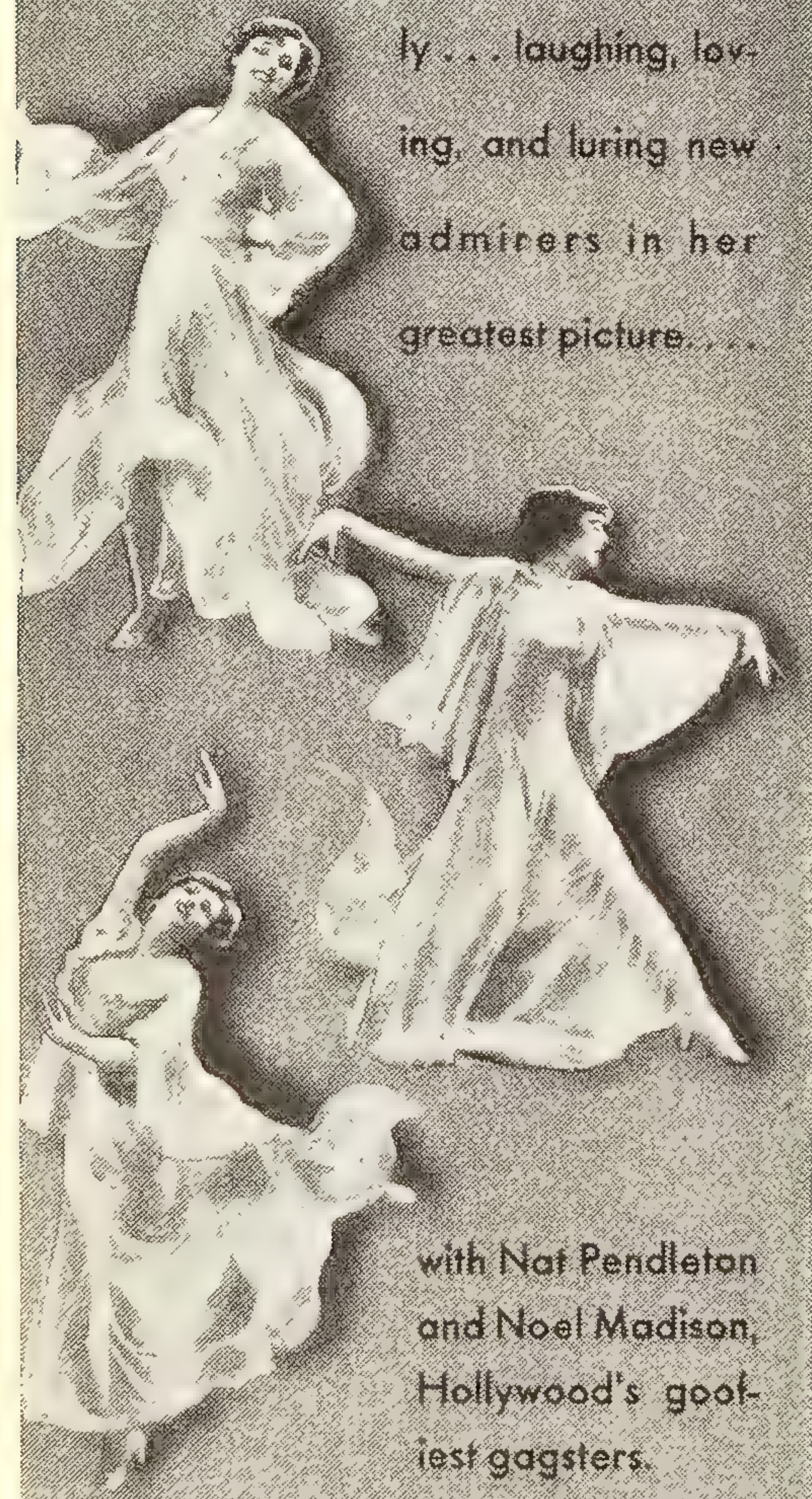
with LOLA LANE • GENE
LOCKHART • KATHLEEN
BURKE • STANLEY FIELDS
and BILLY BEVAN . . .
directed by Irving Pichel • original story and
screen play by Adele Buffington
Associate Producer Herman Schlom

A *Republic*
PICTURE



**Jessie
MATTHEWS**

Dancing divinely...
singing sentimentally...
laughing, loving, and luring new
admirers in her
greatest picture...



with Nat Pendleton
and Noel Madison,
Hollywood's goal-
iest gagsters.

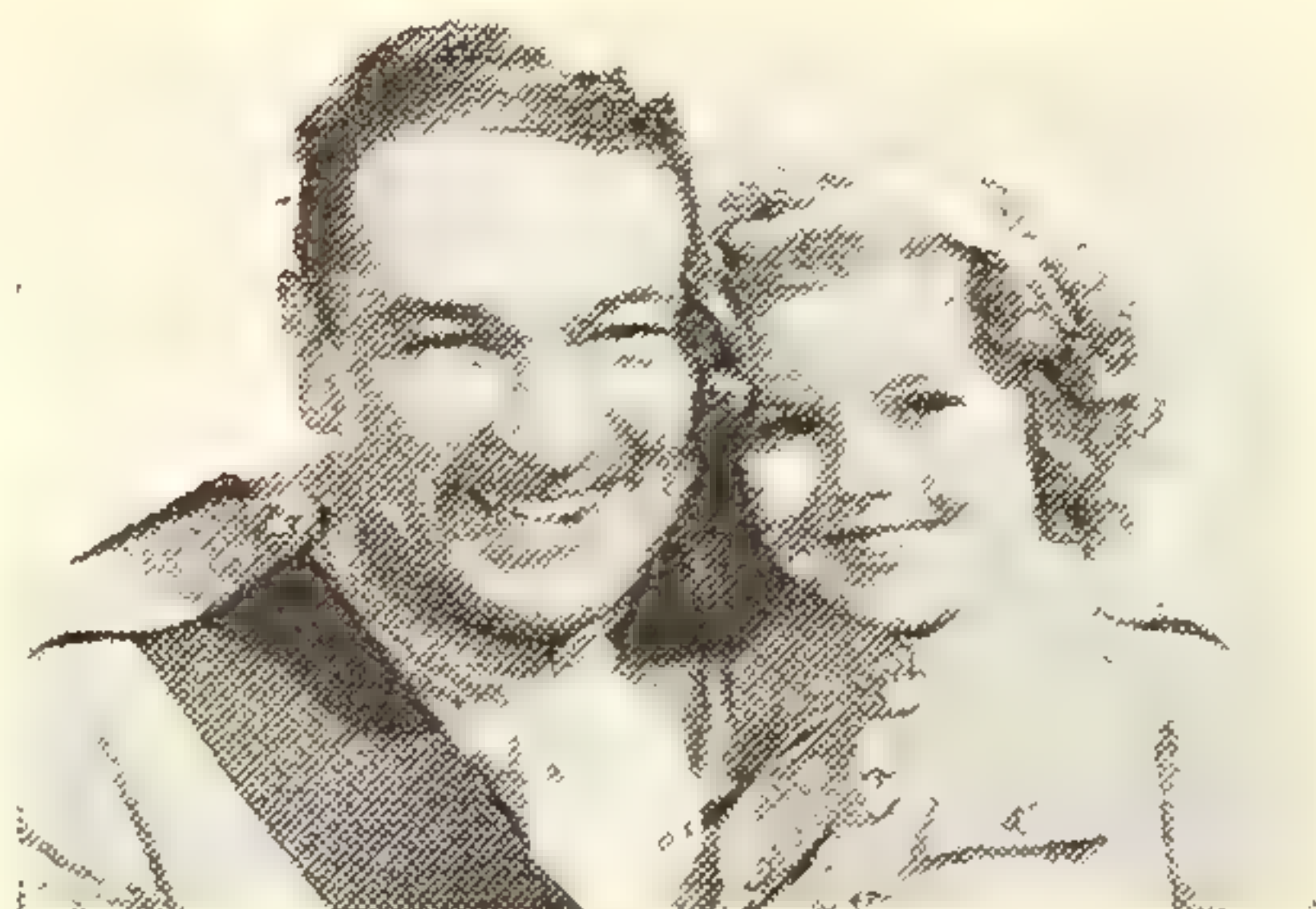
"GANGWAY"
Featuring Barry Mackay. Original
musical score by Lerner, Goodhart
and Hoffman. *A Production*

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Wee
Willie
Winkie

20th
Century-
Fox



Shirley Temple in a new locale—as a Kipling character in India, whither she and her widowed mother, June Lang, go to live with her grandfather, commander of a British army post. The gruff grandfather, a rough sergeant, the soldiers, and even a hostile native chieftain all come under her spell—and so does the audience. Victor McLaglen, C. Aubrey Smith and Cesar Romero, excellent. You'll like it.

Back in
Circula-
tion

Warners



Joan Blondell, sob-sister reporter, is in love with Pat O'Brien, managing editor. But he's too much in love with his job to take time out for romance. It takes an involved murder mystery, ending in a wedding and honeymoon trip, to force the issue. Margaret Lindsay, John Litel, Eddie Acuff, Walter Byron and Regis Toomey appear to good advantage in supporting rôles. Mildly entertaining film.

One Mile
From
Heaven

20th
Century-
Fox



Story about a reporter who, sent on a wild-goose chase by rival news-hawks, runs across a human interest yarn dealing with a white child being raised by a negress, who claims the child as her own. Claire Trevor turns in a credible performance as the reporter. Bill Robinson and Fredi Washington are outstanding in dramatic parts. Sally Blane, Douglas Fowley, and Ralf Harolde round out a good cast.



That
Certain
Woman

Warners

Not since "Of Human Bondage" has Bette Davis given such an emotionally stirring performance, and you're advised to take along an extra hanky when you see her in this rôle of a self-sacrificing wife and mother, who triumphs in spite of tragedy and persecution. Ian Hunter as her friend and employer is splendid, and Henry Fonda is excellent as the man she loves. Donald Crisp and Anita Louise, also fine.



The
Toast of
New York

RKO-
Radio

"High Finance" in Civil War days. Edward Arnold is striking in a characteristically vigorous rôle as the ruthless *Jim Fisk*. Jack Oakie just about steals every scene he plays, and Cary Grant registers favorably. But Frances Farmer is unable to overcome the artificialities of her rôle. Comedy helps to make this lusty but far from subtle melodrama entertaining. It is lavishly staged and visually very impressive.



Paradise
Isle

Monogram

Pleasing romance to the accompaniment of South Seas serenades and eye-fetching camera work. Movita, whom you may remember as Franchot Tone's native wife in "Mutiny on the Bounty," decorates her part in the play with visual appeal and real charm. She falls in love with the white man, Warren Hull, who is washed up on shore after a shipwreck. Hull and the others act their parts with skill. Appealing.



Exclusive

Paramount

Just the sort of play Fred MacMurray and Frances Farmer, the co-stars, should not be asked to portray. It's unconvincing melodrama of exaggerated newspaper life mixed up with gang-busting. It is played in dead earnest for its dramatic content, and there's the trouble. Charlie Ruggles, in a more or less serious part, works in enough comedy to fare best in the acting end of it. It rates as just so-so film fare.

Saratoga

M-G-M



Jean Harlow's last film, and a memorable swan song. This is also a picture of action with the excitement of the race track as background for a romance wherein the heroine must decide whether to follow the dictates of her heart and marry the bookmaker or adhere to a promise to break away from horse racing. Clark Gable has the best suited rôle in some time, and makes the most of it. Pleasing.

Hide-away

RKO-Radio



One you can miss without regrets. There is a plot—more's the pity—and it deals with a lazy but good-humored lout who is squatting with his family in a rustic home owned by a former bootlegger. The owner is now a kidnaper or something, and wants to hide out there, but prefers to pay board to the squatter—who gets the hundred thousand the gang is fighting for. Fred Stone and Emma Dunn are wasted.

Wine, Women and Horses

Warners



Obviously designed for the second half of a double bill, this mild little film involves the private life of a race-track tout, his wife and her family, and a girl friend who has faith in him to the bitter end. Performances of Barton MacLane, Dick Purcell, Peggy Bates and Charley Foy are adequate. Ann Sheridan proves again that she'll soon be ready for more important rôles. Pretty mediocre entertainment, this.

Bulldog Drummond at Bay

Republic



John Lodge essays the celebrated chap known as *Bulldog Drummond*, and proves he isn't the type. Even so, Lodge is better than his story, and so are Victor Jory, Dorothy Mackaill and others in this British film. The expected excitement fails to materialize as the story unfolds a plot involving international war racketeers, mystery airplanes and other engines of death. It sums up as much too-mild melodrama.

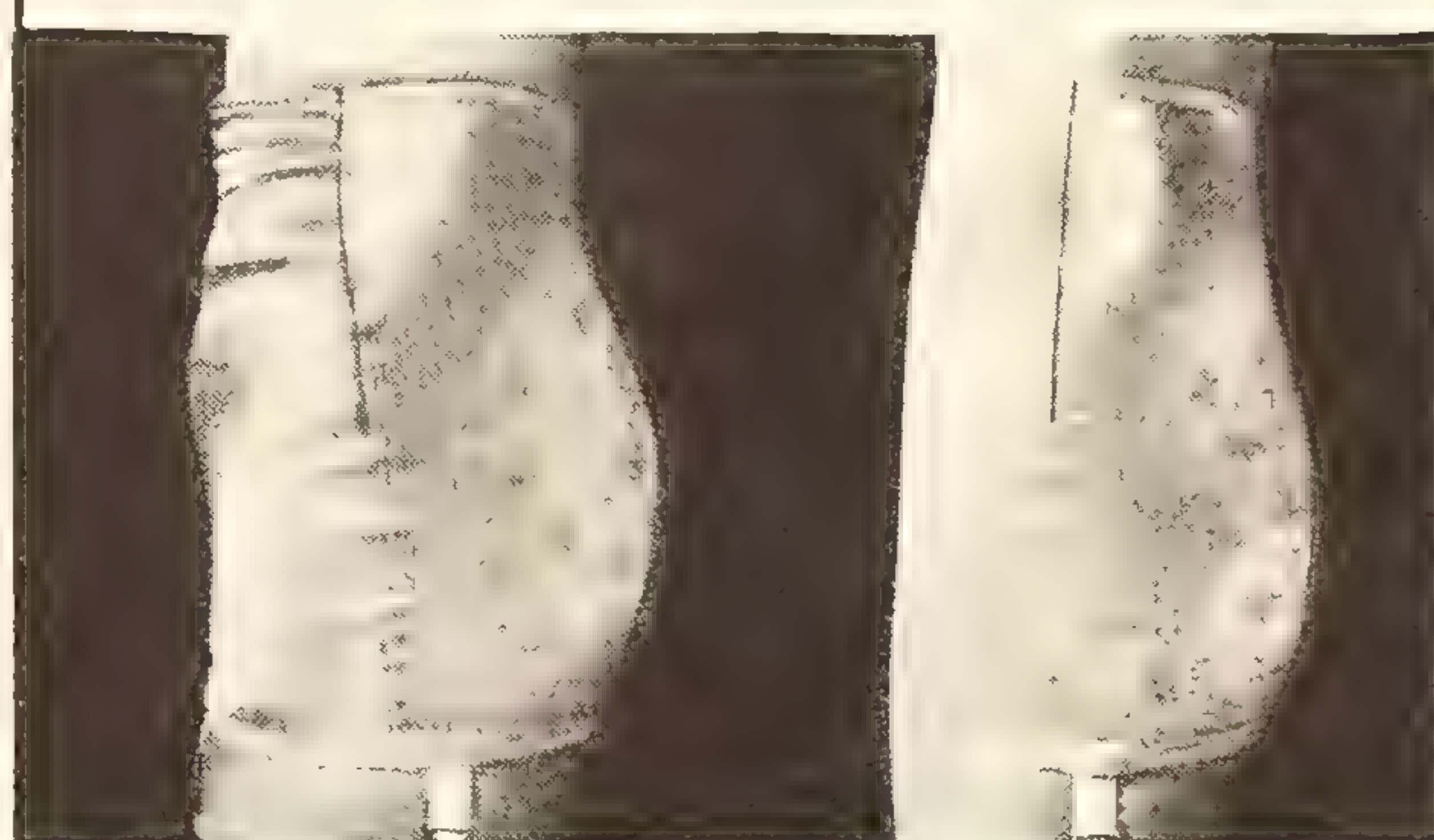
LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

My girdles always hold in my figure because I wash them often with Ivory Flakes. It prevents "girdle-bulge"



118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT



This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too few washings.

The same girdle . . . its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes,'" explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up at once! Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

IVORY FLAKES

WHAT A FIGURE!



TRADEMARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. • MADE BY PFISTER & GAMBLE

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

BE WISE...ALKALIZE!

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting alkalizing solution. You drink it, and it does two important things.

First, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.



TUNE IN
The NATIONAL
BARN DANCE
SATURDAY NIGHT
NBC NETWORK

AT ALL DRUGGISTS
30¢-60¢
SLIGHTLY HIGHER
IN CANADA



Personal to Fat Girls!—Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.



Supreme sophisticate on the screen, at home Helen Vinson is Mrs. Fred Perry, charming and cordial wife of the tennis ace. Above, Helen lights the candles at her perfectly appointed table. Note Wedgwood plaques on wall at left.

Inside the Stars' Homes

By
Betty Boone

Helen Vinson Perry invites you to a "Little Dinner" in her gracious home

HELEN VINSON'S home is a red-roofed, white house in Beverly Hills, with a big pepper tree dripping its lacy branches over a wide green lawn. A winding walk leads up to the tiny twin trees that guard the entrance, each in its formal white box.

The entrance hall floor is tiled in dark red, waxed so that it gleams, and this tile is repeated in the dining-room.

"It's a California house," said my hostess. "I'm doing it over—or rather William Haines is doing it for me—and I think we'll really have something if it's ever finished. Poor Bill, I put it in his hands, but you know me—I fight every step of the way! I know what I want, and he knows what he thinks I should have, and there we are!"

"He'll bring in a piece of furniture or drapery or a lamp and say: 'This is the answer, my dear! It belongs to this room.' and I will say: 'Take it away! I can't bear it!' It's a wonder we have anything to sit on, so far. As it is, I found these dining-room chairs in his basement; it was all I could do to persuade him to let me have them, but aren't they perfect?"

The chairs are of satin-smooth dark wood,

low-backed, with seats covered in a glazed flowered chintz to match the draperies.

"When we came here, this dining-room was in dark blue—almost indigo, walls, ceiling, woodwork, and all, with heavy dark shutters, heavy ornate furniture of antique Spanish, mirrors on the walls, diamond-shaped, with huge arms to hold candles sticking out some eighteen inches. The effect was that of a black room, probably quite marvelous as a background for Lilyan Tashman, who was very fair. She lived here, you know.

"I must have light. Dark rooms make me unhappy. So we had the walls and ceilings done in white, took down the shutters, put up the draperies with their white ground and light flowers, and took down the mirrors and candelabra. It's not a large room, and my idea is that it should be as simple as possible."

On the wall above the buffet is an array of Wedgwood plaques, in that special blue used by Josiah Wedgwood, one at least being dated at the time Bentley was Josiah's partner, more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

"It's a nice room for little dinners—four to six people—and that's the sort of entertaining I like doing," Helen observed. "If you have interesting guests, who enjoy talking, it's ideal."

"Tonight, I'm having a menu that SCREENLAND readers may like to try, if they care for unusual dishes. We built the dinner around the special dish, of course. I don't

know the first thing about cooking, but I plan all my meals. My cook will give you the recipes."

MENU

Oyster Bouillon
Sweetbreads in Black Walnuts
Grilled Bacon on Tomato
Green Peas
Romaine Salad
Champagne
Cheese
Coffee

"We serve coffee in the living-room or out on the patio, if it's warm enough. I know how they fix the sweetbreads—crush the walnuts, cut the sweetbreads up into small pieces, roll them in the nuts and saute them."

OYSTER BOUILLON

Chop 1 pint of oysters, add to their liquor, and cook slowly five minutes. Add 3 cupfuls hot water, a small blade of Burnett's mace and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt. Bring to the boiling point and strain through double thickness of cheesecloth. Reheat and serve in cups with a spoonful of whipped cream. Garnish cream with a shake of paprika. (It may be necessary to season with salt, but oysters when fresh will often be sufficiently salt in themselves.)

If you don't care for romaine salad, Helen suggests endive and roquefort instead.

ENDIVE AND ROQUEFORT SALAD

In making the salad, after washing the endive, loosen the center leaves and stuff with Roquefort cheese which has been mashed soft, with a little French dressing. Serve sliced on dark-green lettuce leaves with French dressing.

"Do you see this Irish lace?" The young actress pointed out the plate doilies of delicate hand-made lace. "My husband brought them to me from Ireland, where he

went to play tennis. He brought another set, too, which is equally lovely. I am mad about them!"

As you know, the husband's name is Fred Perry, tennis champion. She stood by the rosy drapery, tall and fair in her deep coral hostess gown, with its flowing sleeves and small gold clip at the neck. Sandals in the same coral shade crossed her feet.

"Omar Kiam designed it for me. He did all the gorgeous clothes I wear in 'Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938.' Quite lovely, isn't



The gleam of silver and crystal characterizes Helen's tables for one of her "Little Dinners." Don't miss the delectable dishes detailed in the accompanying story.

it?" It brought out the warm tints in her skin, made her hair seem more golden, her eyes a richer brown.

"We had a most successful little dinner last week. Maybe you'd like to hear about it."

"First there was cream of leek soup, then salmon soufflé, which I adore, then leg of lamb with green peas and new potatoes, a green salad, and for dessert a ripe pineapple cut lengthwise. In the shell there were long bits of the pineapple mixed with halved strawberries, with kirsch liqueur on the fruit. And of course coffee later."

CREAM OF LEEK SOUP

Chop 1 bunch of leeks, cover with boiling water and boil 10 minutes; drain well, place in a sauce pan, add 3 tablespoons butter and fry lightly; sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sifted Pillsbury's flour, seasoning of salt, pepper and Burnett's nutmeg and pour over 3 cups milk and 3 cups veal stock. Cook 20 minutes, stirring constantly. Rub all through a sieve into a clean pan, reheat, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Serve with croutons.

SALMON SOUFFLÉ

Mix 2 cups of boned and flaked cooked salmon with 2 cups mashed potatoes, 1 cup milk, seasoning of salt, paprika, chopped parsley and 2 well beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered earthenware dish or glass baking dish, set in the oven until heated through. Beat the yolks of 2 eggs until light and lemon colored with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and mix with the stiffly beaten white of 2 eggs seasoned with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, pour over the heated fish mixture and brown nicely in the oven. (Sealtest Dairy products are always good.)

(Please turn to page 78)

3,000,000

PEOPLE SAY—

"YOU MUST SEE
THIS AMAZING
PICTURE!"



Now at
Popular Prices

HERE it is at last! The world-acclaimed Columbia picture that 3,000,000 people paid as much as \$5.00 a seat to "preview" in famous stage-show theatres. Now it comes to *your* theatre at regular motion picture prices. And you have the assurance of those same millions of moviegoers that this of all pictures is one you must not miss!

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



The International Best-Seller by James Hilton, Screened by the Man Who Made "Mr. Deeds"—

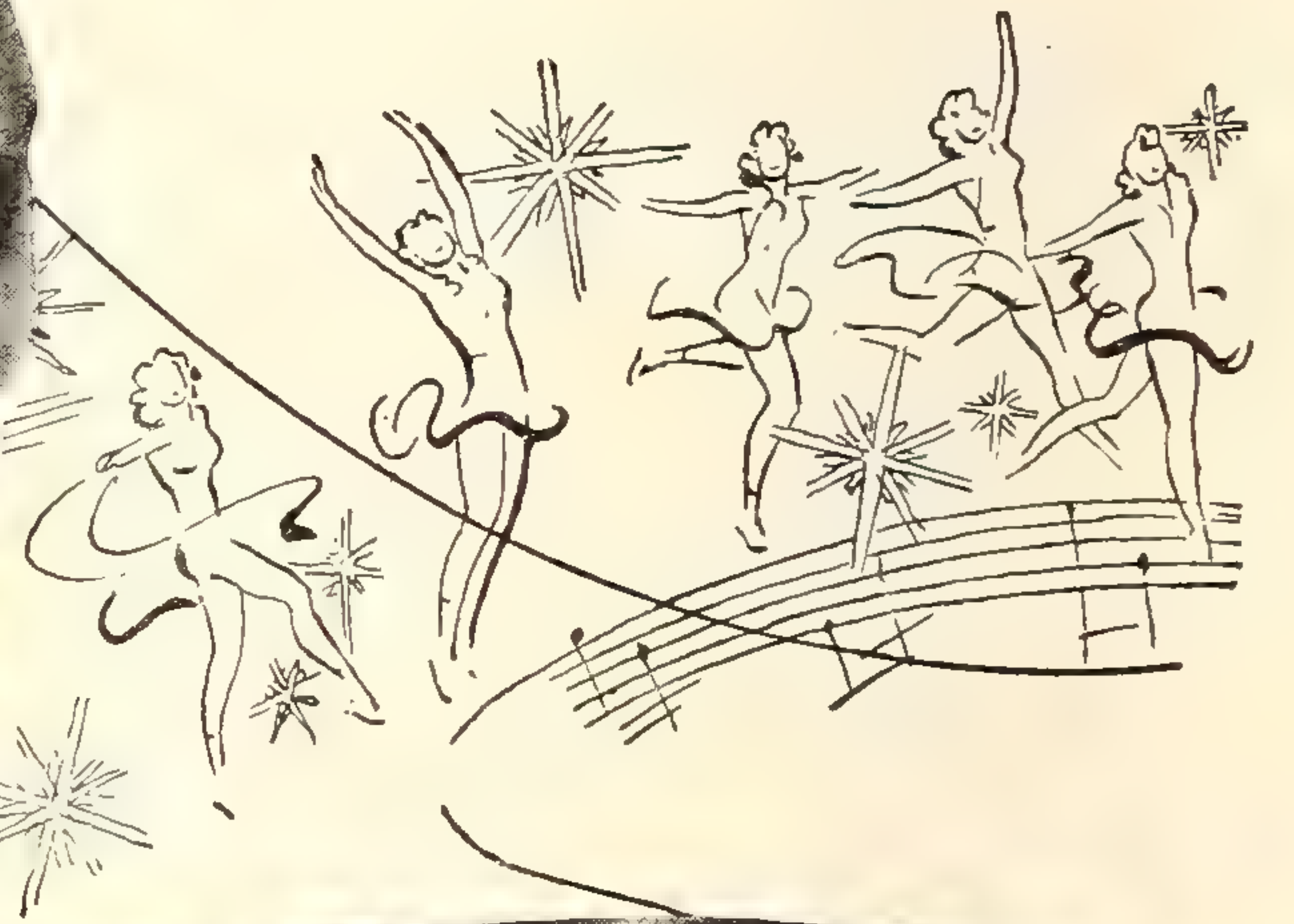
FRANK CAPRA'S Production Starring RONALD COLMAN
LOST HORIZON

With Edw. Everett Horton—H. B. Warner—Jane Wyatt—Margo—John Howard—Isabel Jewell—Sam Jaffe—Thomas Mitchell. Screen play by Robert Riskin.



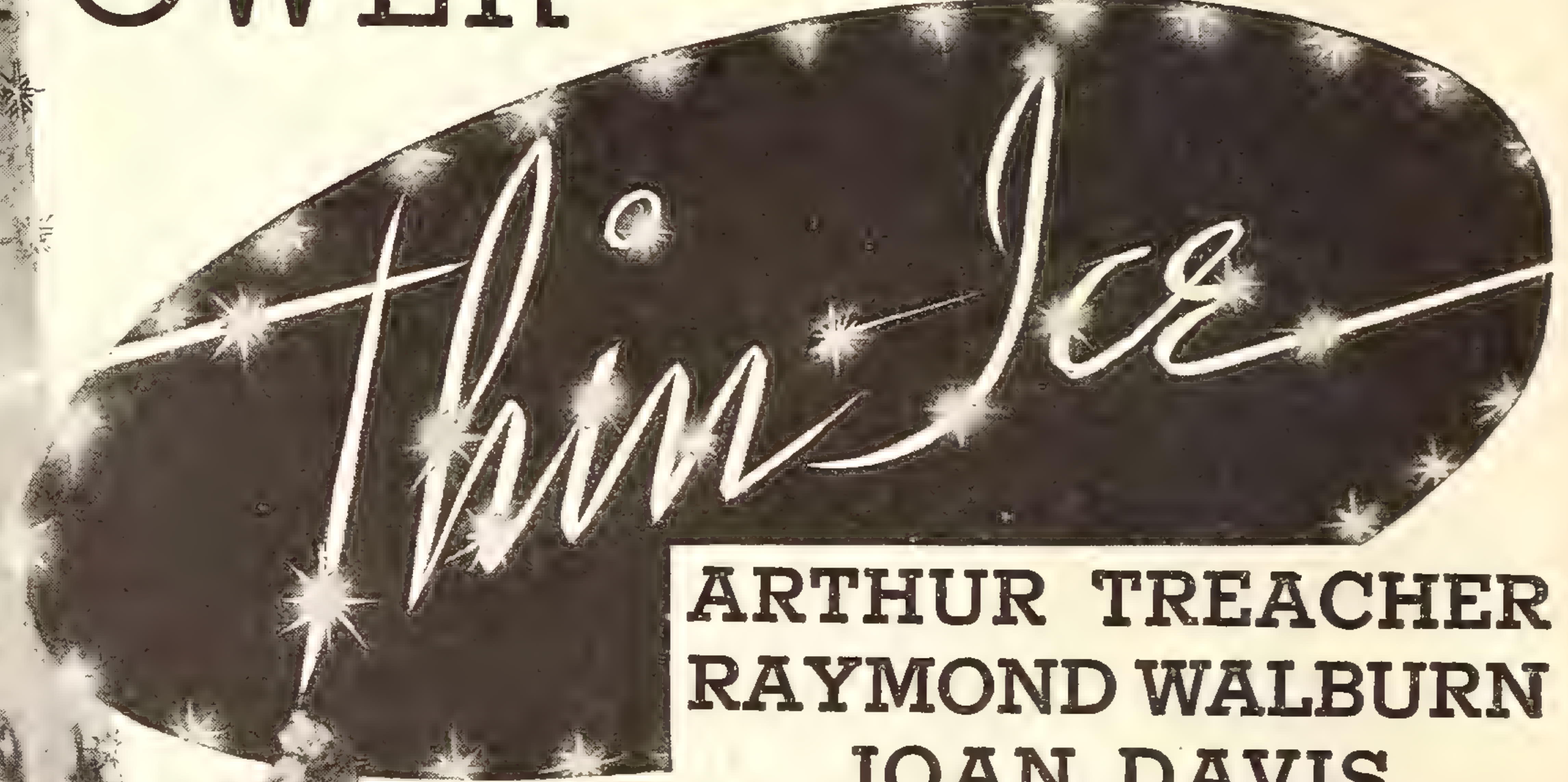
Your eyes
will open wide with wonder!

The picture you dreamed some day you'd see . . . lovely to look at, lovelier still as you listen! A musical romance gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Spectacle so splendid, beauty so breath-taking that it's all you've ever longed for in entertainment . . . as your "One In A Million" girl finds the boy in a million!



SONJA
HENIE • TYRONE
POWER

A PLEASURE TO HEAR!
"My Secret Love Affair"
"Over Night"
"My Swiss Hilly Billy"
By Pollack and Mitchell
"I'm Olga from the Volga"
By Gordon & Revel



ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS

SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
... who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing",
"One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production



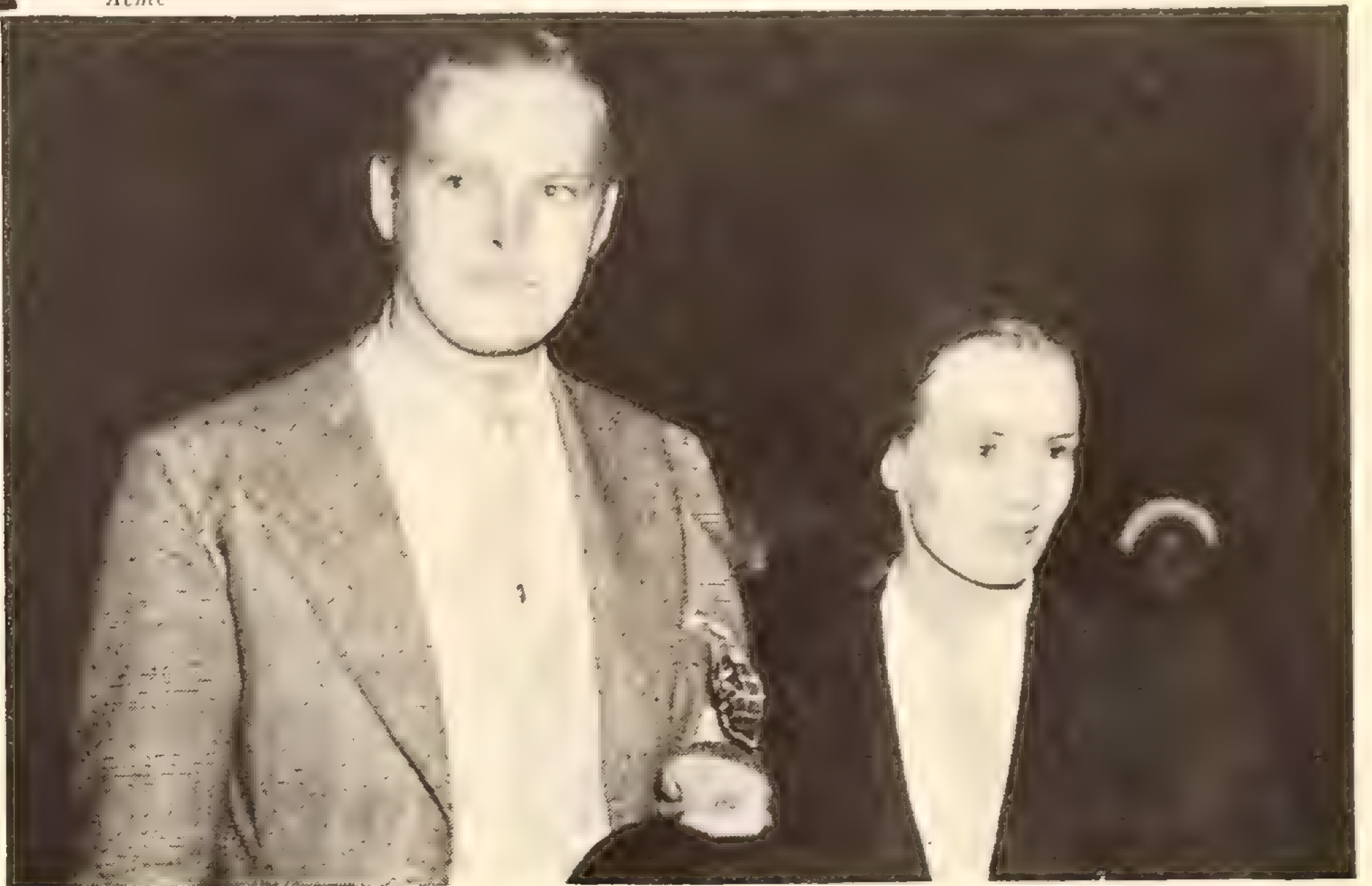
Your guarantee of the best
in entertainment!

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Frances Farmer



Is she doing a Hepburn? Frances Farmer and her husband appear at the Hollywood premiere of her picture, "The Toast of New York," dressed as though for a hike. Or is it Art?



DEAR F. F. H.:

That stands for the First Family of Hollywood. I know you must be, from the way you act. Or even from the way you *don't* act, as in "The Toast of New York." It takes somebody very, very snooty to stand stock still and let some of the best actors in Hollywood act rings all around her, as you did as *Josie Mansfield*. Why, when I think of what Gypsy Rose Lee—beg her pardon, Louise Hovick—could have done with the rôle of *Josie*, I could cry. "The Toast of New York" would have been a far different picture, and I would be in a much better humor; and you, I have no doubt at all, would be a brighter and happier girl—at least I hope so; certainly playing *Josie* must have been too sick-making for you—if you can be said to have played the part at all. To me, you just stood off from the unfortunate *Josie*, holding her at arms' length as though she had a slightly bad smell. Oh, no—you wouldn't muss up your Art by seizing that part by the teeth and giving it a good, thorough mauling—not the aloof Miss Farmer. Not you.

Well, I would like to ask you something. Just who do you think you are, anyway? I think, though you didn't ask me, that you are the most ungrateful young woman who ever won sudden success in Hollywood. You appeared one day, a handsome newcomer; practically the next, you were given an attention-calling lead opposite Bing Crosby; and then you were handed one of the best rôles of the season, in "Come and Get It," an important picture; made much of by directorial technique and camera magic, with luscious costumes and close-ups. Result: acclaim; you were "dis-

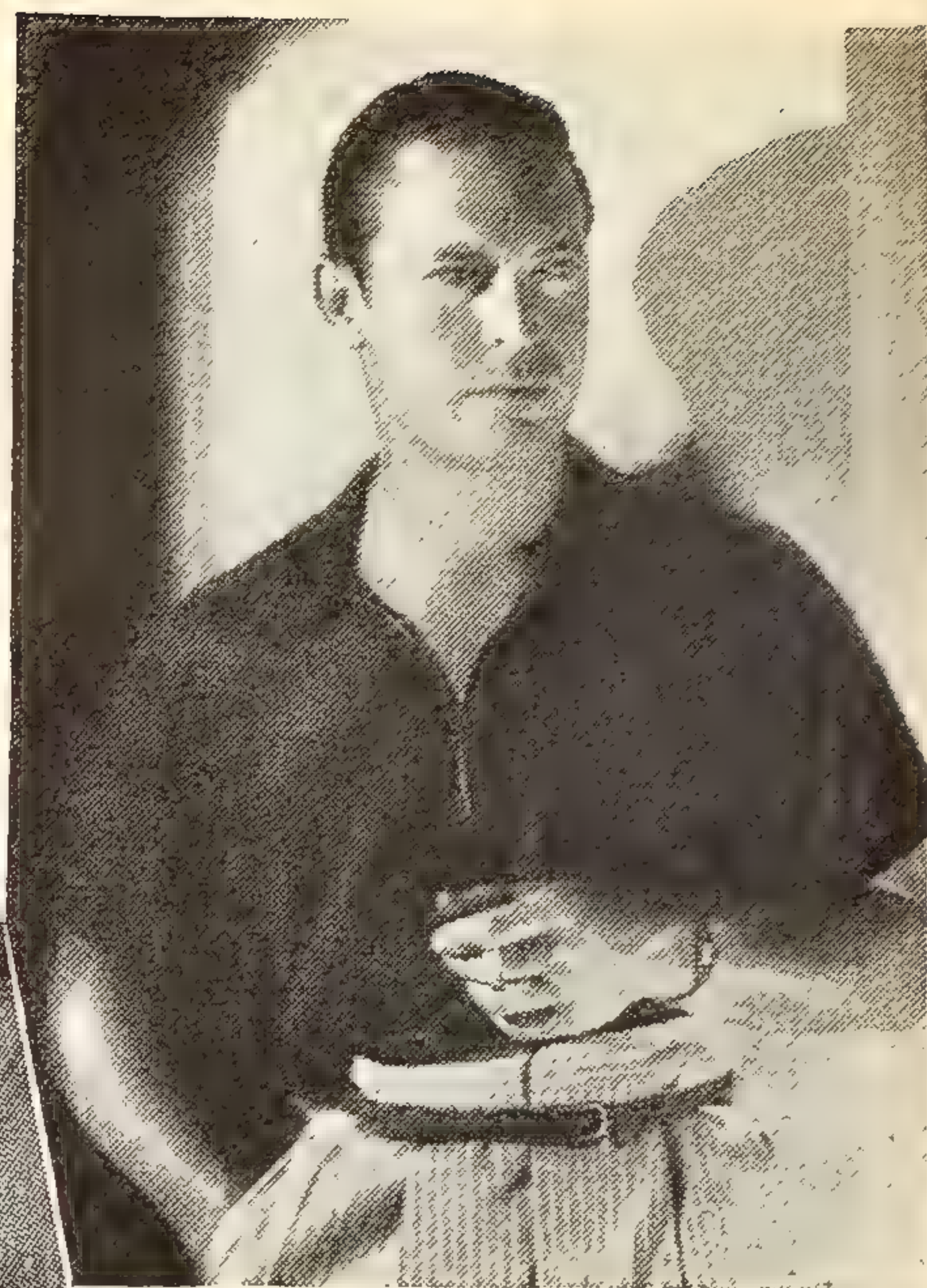
covered," by this magazine's Honor Page and others—one of the very few times that SCREENLAND has guessed wrong. What happened then? Was it that you thought, "Well, if Hollywood is this easy, I say it's spinach, and to hell with it"? Did you decide in that handsome and, I've still no doubt, high-minded head of yours, that what is so quickly won is not worth winning? It would seem so; for in "Exclusive" you played a newspaper girl with all the fire of a Kitty Clancy; and *Josie Mansfield* in "The Toast of New York" with all the appeal of a road-company Mary Carlisle.

And now what? Why, a sojourn in a "summer theatre" in the East, "for experience." Of course, you can't get experience, I mean good experience, in Hollywood? You permitted no photographs to be made at the Manhattan train; but not a ticket-purchaser was turned away from the theatre because he might have come to see Frances Farmer of the movies. You packed 'em in, I hear—whether because of your art, or because of your Hollywood build-up, there's no telling. Perhaps you're doing a deliberate Hepburn—without her color and verve. All the camera-ducking points to it. On the other hand, you may be merely a serious-minded young actress who honestly hates the motion picture medium and yearns for the stage—all right, who's stopping you?

Delight Swans



What is it, and how do they get it? Well, Zing is fully explained in the accompanying article, so we're showing you, here, classic examples of Zing-y stars, such as Connie Bennett, at left; Chester Morris, at right; and Ann Sothern, below, surrounded by Jackie Oakie and Preston Foster. Far below, see Luise Rainer reaching for the sun, and Eleanor Powell nibbling an apple. Zing?

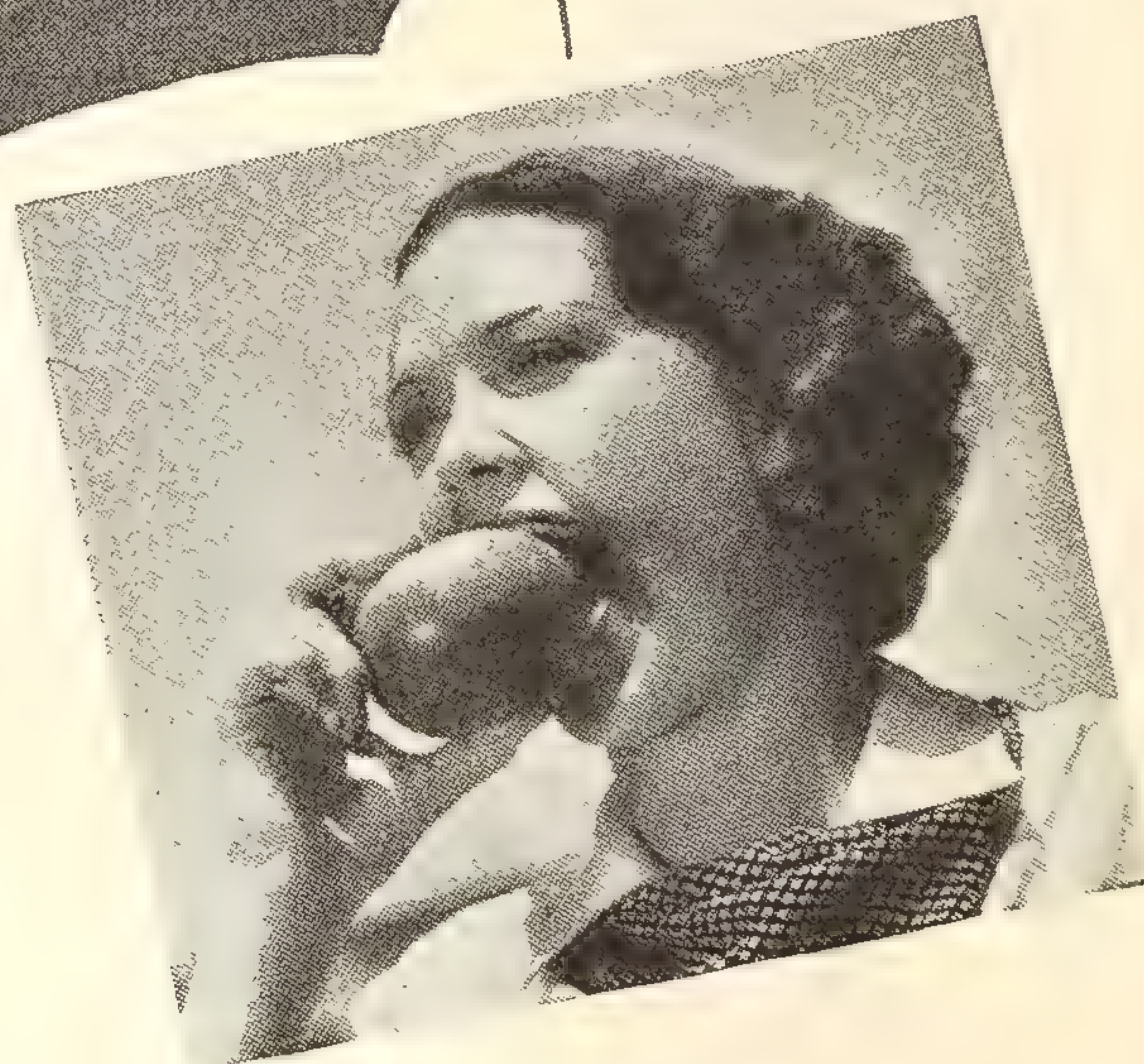
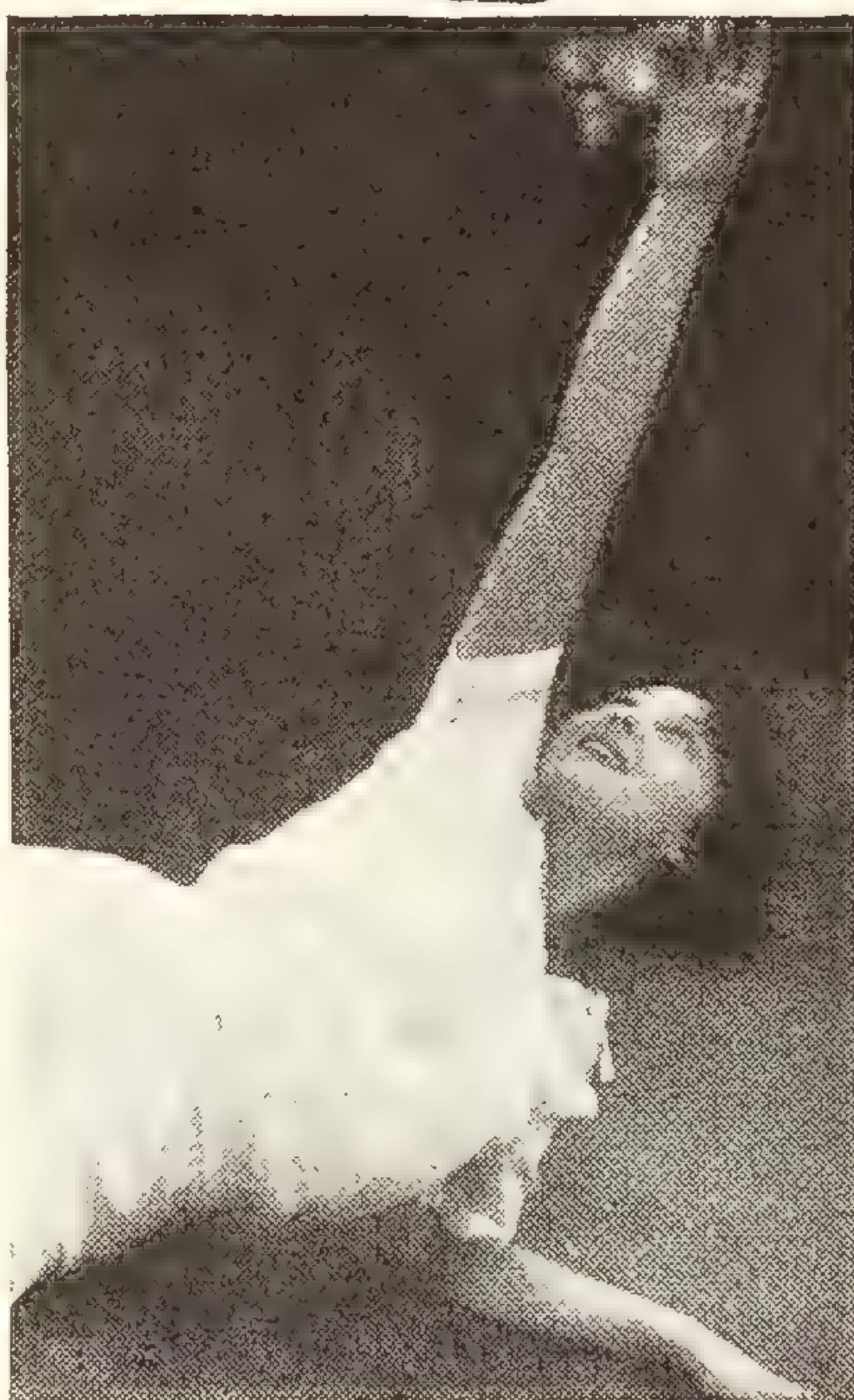


ZING

“YOU’VE got to have zing!” It sounds like the title of a Fred Astaire song, but it’s serious business in Hollywood. It’s the boys and girls with the hot-cha personalities who get somewhere and who stay there (for a while), in this business. Pep and personality count. From the first screen test to the big “take” in the super-colossal epic, there is some quality of fire, vitality, call it what you will—which must register if a player is to go on to bigger and better salaries.

The industry which spends hundreds of thousands of dollars every year searching for it cannot tell you what it is. Directors, despairing of defining it, just sigh and call it “Zing!” It has little to do with looks. The most beauteous damsel or the handsomest young man may be totally devoid of it. It took them a while, you know, to discover that Fred Astaire had it and that Fred’s zing, paired with Ginger Rogers’ zing made something which could be described at the box-office as “zing-issimo.” This to the profit of everyone concerned.

When Robert Taylor was working at Metro for an



almost invisible salary, someone looked at one of the “Crime Doesn’t Pay” short subjects and cried, “My gosh! That boy has ‘zing!’” And look where Bob is today.

So it isn’t surprising that when people find that they possess this elusive and valuable quality, they will go to almost any lengths to increase it and retain it.

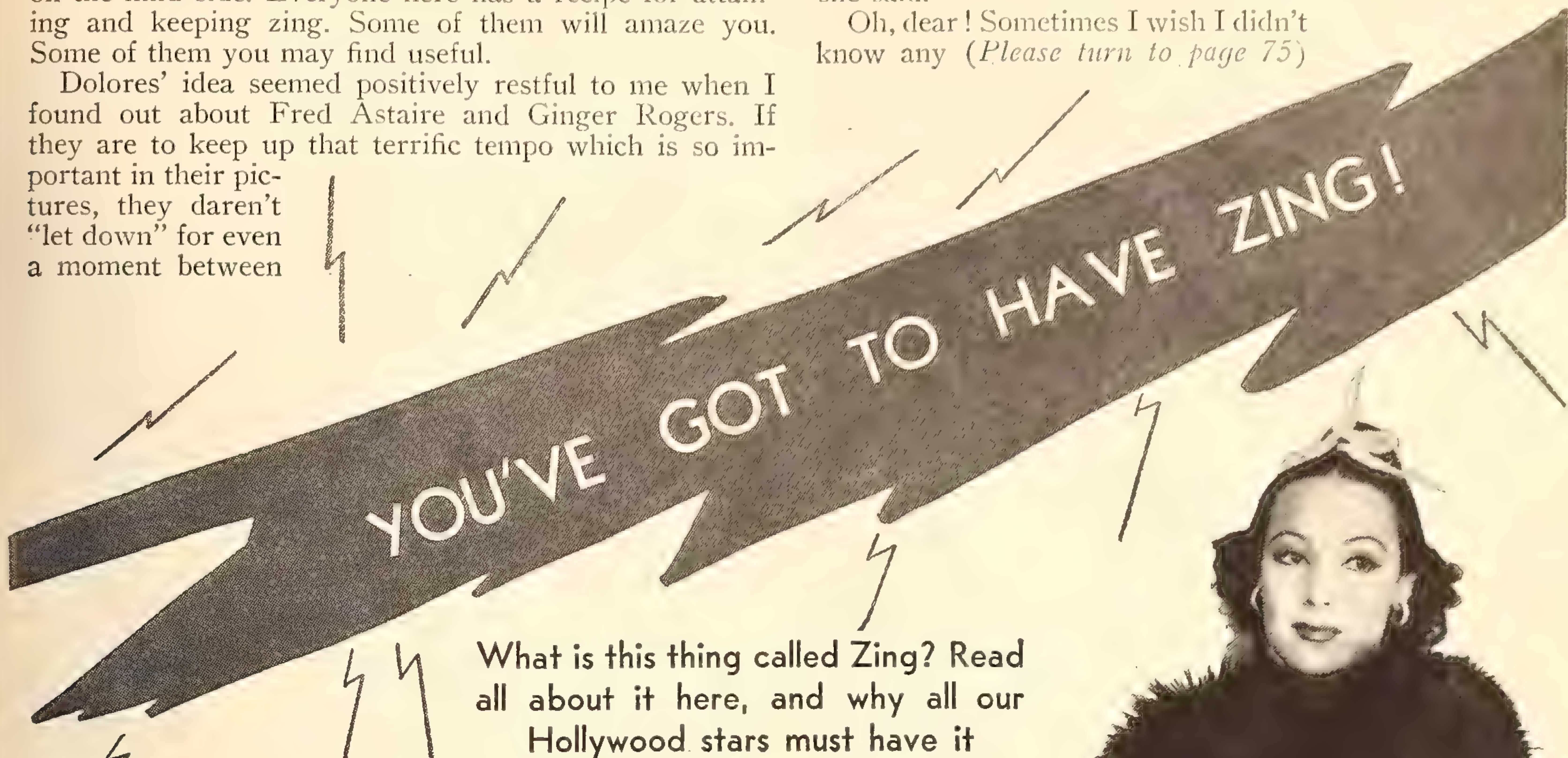
I was interested, for instance, to learn that Dolores Del Rio makes a practice of walking a-top a high board fence almost every day. She really does. She says that for her it is important. It gives her a physical poise, a sense of balance and perspective; it sends blood rushing to those centers of consciousness (somewhere at the back of her brain), which make her fit for a day’s work. In other words, that exercise gives her *zing*.

It may seem a trifle elaborate to you. (It certainly did to me when I first heard about it!) But a bit of investigation convinced me that Dolores' recipe was not fantastic at all, so far as Hollywood is concerned. It is rather on the mild side. Everyone here has a recipe for attaining and keeping zing. Some of them will amaze you. Some of them you may find useful.

Dolores' idea seemed positively restful to me when I found out about Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. If they are to keep up that terrific tempo which is so important in their pictures, they daren't "let down" for even a moment between

draining his swimming pool and saying. "Oh, let's wait for some swimming weather!" Jeanette was up with the mocking birds and splashing about in the icy pool every single morning, rain or shine. "It gives me whoosh!" she said.

Oh, dear! Sometimes I wish I didn't know any (*Please turn to page 75*)



What is this thing called Zing? Read all about it here, and why all our Hollywood stars must have it

By Helen Louise Walker

shots. They daren't relax even when they are rehearsing. A pause in the activities on the set usually finds Fred at the piano, playing away like everything while Ginger sings and sways. Some time Hermes Pan takes a turn at the piano, especially if it is during rehearsals, and Fred and Ginger do spirited burlesques of whatever number they have been practicing.

Their burlesque of one number which they did just for their own amusement, resulted in the "All My Eggs in One Basket" number in "Follow the Fleet." They have done some sort of burlesque in every picture since, mostly worked up while they were "relaxing" between shots. Wouldn't you think that they would just want to go and lie down somewhere and maybe have a nice cup of tea when they are not cavorting before the camera? Both of them agree that if they did any such thing, the "zing" would leave them. So they keep moving.

Jeanette McDonald lies down. She has the blessed knack of being able to knock off twenty minutes' sleep (with witch-hazel packs on the eyes) and come up filled with vim and renewed energy. But Jeanette has her Spartan qualities, too. Last winter when everyone was



Dolores Del Rio has more Zing of the Latin variety than any other star in screendom. Joan Crawford, far left, gets her supply of Zing from sun-bathing, she says. Oh, well!

Sonja Goes American

Found — In America, fame, fortune, romance, love! For details see Sonja Henie, who tells us here, for the first time, her hitherto secret plans for the future.

By Charles Darnton

FIRST saw her flying across milk-white ice like a winging snowbird. Then she lighted on a chair beside me with a breezy: "Phew! Oh, my God, it's hot out there!"

Hot? In congealed astonishment I buttoned up my overcoat against the chilling air as Sonja Henie waved a hand matching her rosy cheeks toward the vast expanse of studio-created rink where, with hundreds of other skaters, she had been rehearsing an enchanting ballet flashing black-and-white figures in waltz rhythm for her second picture, "Thin Ice."

"But sometimes," she added, "I'm not so hot. All day for seven days I sit in the snow. A machine here makes it out of ice. *Br-r-r-r!* Did you ever sit in the snow for a week and try to be romantic? That's what I did in a scene with Tyrone—Mista' Power, you know. But I didn't mind."

What I minded, with keen amusement, was that the lively Sonja talked as fast as she can skate. Her ringing laugh speeded up her racing words. Good nature kept pace with good health. Meanwhile her perky nose seemed to be keeping tabs on her leaping smiles, at the same time dodging her record-breaking dimples.

Nice girl. Likewise good girl. From good stock, honest and sturdy. No mistaking that. Compared to her, eupeptic, charming, vital as she is—shredded Hollywood

stars, dietetic to desperation, seemed pale and anemic, their blood turned to water while hers was rich in its capacity for work and achievement.

"Hot and cold, hot and cold, that's me," she rushed on, still running to temperatures. "But people don't know it. They see me skating and they think I am cool like the cucumber. Ha! After a number I am all wet. Then for two weeks I feel the effect. It lets me down. The cold dead air gets under my skin and I can't get it out. That makes me very, very tired, so tired I don't want to move, just stay in bed with the blankets pulled up to here."

She chuckled herself under the chin, as I wondered whether her effortless skating meant killing work to her.

"Skating," she solemnly declared, "is the hardest sport in the world. But," brightening, "I love it. If not I just as well quit it. I could not give the same performance. This is possible only when I am fresh. And love of what you do keeps you fresh—oh, yes! If I am stale the people would know it right away, so it is better I stop before I die on my feet."

Though no immediate danger of this threatened the champion of them all, I was curious to know the professional term of life of a skater.

"Years," was her indefinite answer, with a wide sweep of the arms. "And it takes years to make a skater. I started at eight and I'm now twenty-four, and all the time I am



Most famous skater in the world is still only twenty-four! Sonja Henie in her second picture, "Thin Ice," shows screen audiences still more of her amazing skill. Above, in action. Across the page at right, a love scene with Tyrone Power, and a full-length portrait.

improving. It is good for me that I am very strong. I have only to keep in condition by exercising, and that is easy, for I do not smoke or drink and I eat with great success. That is good for my legs. If I go on a diet my legs would go out from under me. I must be strong because in pictures I work from nine to seven and I am on skates all the time—well, anyway, if I don't sit down in the snow with Tyrone. But for me there must be two months between pictures, and then I sit in the sun—you like the sun here, yes? But maybe you don't like to skate, no? You would in Norway, for that is the life there. You feel it in the air, which outside is bracing, and that makes all the difference. When I was ten I felt I would be world champion. At thirteen I was."

She wasn't boasting, just making a simple statement of fact. A daughter of her native fjords, Sonja Henie had glided over their frozen surface naturally and swiftly to her gleaming destiny. It was all as much a part of her as her wind-swept eyes and her sunny hair. But did she still feel her first fine enthusiasm?

"I am crazy about it all the time," she glowingly assured me. "When I skate I feel very free, full of the joy of freedom. It's like I am master of my own world and can do anything I want in it. It is even better than ever now because in pictures I have dancing. Before it was just spins and jumps. I am still doing this, but they put music to it and that makes it dancing. I have done as many as forty-five spins, and now there is a little bit of skating in all I do. But I think of it as dancing. Shall I tell you a long-time secret? All right. Every time I put on a new pair of skates I have looked at them and talked to them and asked them: 'Where will you carry me? To what new place will you take me? To what great change in my life will you bring me?' For me America has answered all those questions. Maybe it is funny what I do, but perhaps other girls are like that, too, only they talk to their new dancing slippers and wonder what they will lead to, hoping it may be romance waiting for them that very night in a ballroom. But with me it has always been skates, just two shining blades of steel that might cut a new path through life for me."

That, no doubt, was the Norwegian of it. But instantly she flashed:

"Skating, like love, is not a matter of geography. It depends upon the sincerity of the person, whether the girl or the boy has the patience, vitality and endurance to keep practicing for perfection. A good skater can be developed in any country where water freezes, and many good ice skaters have been developed in America. Every

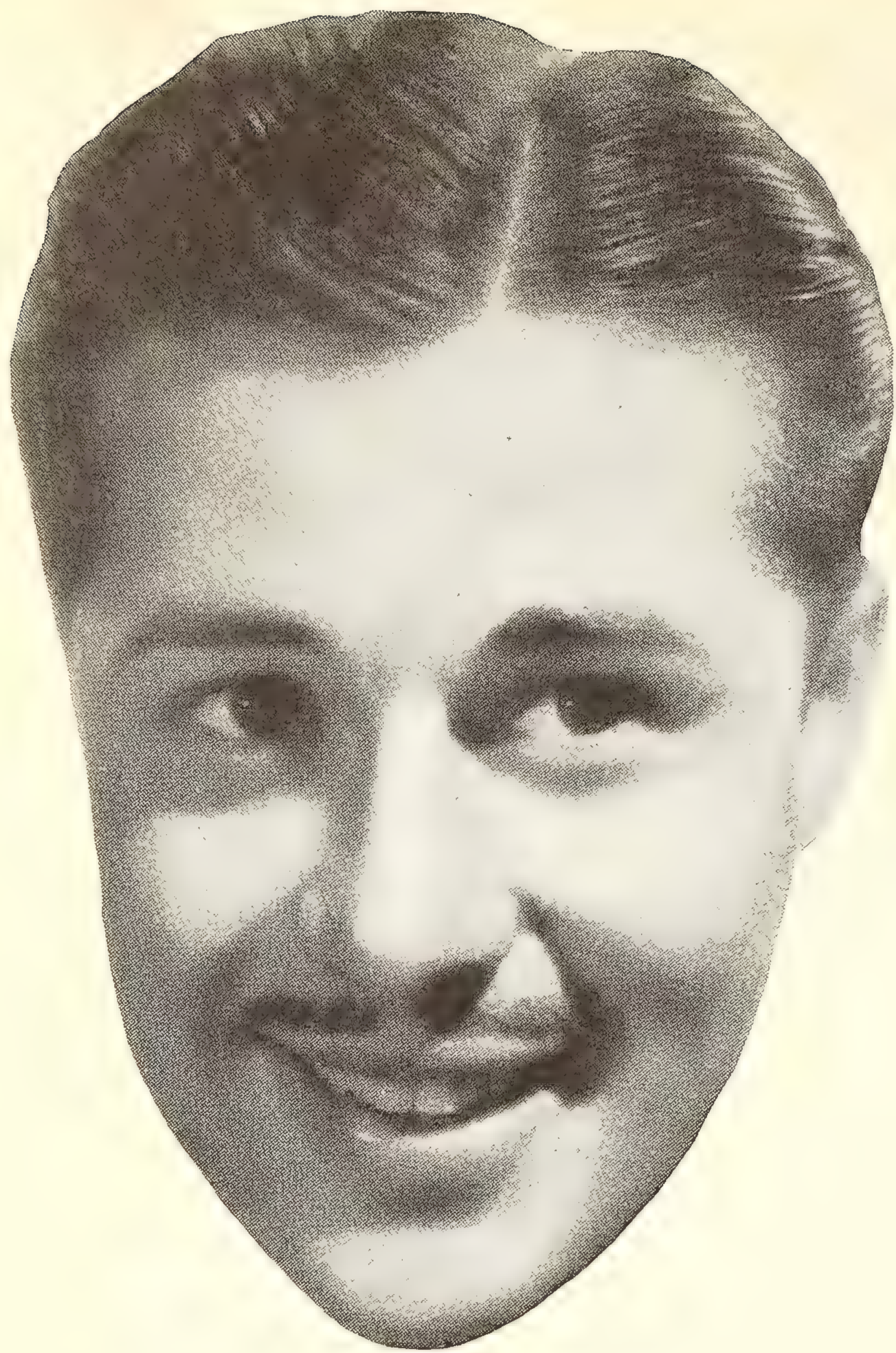


place I go girls and boys come to me and say they want to be skaters. But you know how it is—people will say, 'I want to be a writer,' but they never set to work trying to be one, they just dream about it. You can't get anywhere with your ambitions by sitting and dreaming, can you? So I never know if the girls and boys who talk to me about wanting to be skaters ever do anything about it. But I do know from my fan mail that 'everyone' wants to skate. Some ask to be given lessons in figure skating, others ask about exercises to get into condition, and many tell me to make more skating pictures. Well, I will make them so long as I draw, but not more than two a year. They are too hard, even if they do look easy. I never made a picture in Europe, and it was only here that I turned professional."

It has been said that Miss Henie has since become more interested in acting than in skating. But she emphatically protested:

"No! I would rather be a great skater than a great actress. Why? All right, I tell you. If you really want to compete with people to see who's the best you can't do it in acting. But you can do (*Please turn to page 75*)





A Real Day with Don Ameche

Charm plus action! That sums up a Hollywood holiday spent with the gay and gallant screen and radio star we meet, and learn to know, here

By Ben Maddox

ARE you awake and living? Until you have spent a real day with Don Ameche, you probably aren't! Don't be insulted. I fancied I was getting around enough, too. I just hadn't experienced the new sensation called Keeping Up With Meche. It's the best sensation in Hollywood today.

When Don is on his own, he's amazing. He's a riot. He's a revelation. He not only manages to be a movie star and, besides, America's No. 1 dramatic draw on the

radio, you see. In private life I've discovered that he forgets his super-work schedule. He proceeds to Live, Love, and Laugh in capital letters. By comparison all the other screen males seem sad, frustrated souls.

Actually, it's Meche who's able to have a keen marriage, a family, and Fun to boot. It's he who hates to go to bed until dawn and ham and eggs; who's a ringleader in larks and gags. But only by catching him unawares, entirely away from the studios, did I find out about his sweeping impulsiveness, learn from him exactly what he's thinking.

He happened to be at the Troc with Honore, his wife. They were the center of a blithe crowd, but he spied me and cried, "Come on out to the country tomorrow and have a swim!" Little did I suspect I'd be literally thrown into his pool, clothes and all. But then neither did *he* suppose I'd go to press with these intimate details of a true day with him—and of the unrivaled night that followed. (He hasn't heard yet that Hollywood's old stuffies imagine they're in a nine o'clock town.)

The Ameche home is a rambling, semi-Spanish affair in a flowering orange grove. It's away out in the rolling foothills of Encino. Honore met me at the door. "Yes, it's eleven already; but Dom isn't up. We didn't get in until four this morning and milord and master is agin' being roused when it isn't urgent!"

Honore—she's always plain Honey to Meche and he's Dom to her because that's the abbreviation of Dominic, his original title—is a tall, slim ash-blonde who looks and reasons like Ann Harding and has, in addition, the wit of Myrna Loy. In brief, Don chose a wife who'd rather be natural and skip gooey make-ups and trailing gowns.

Before we had time to discuss him, however, he strolled leisurely in from his bedroom, in white duck pants and sandals and a tan. "Honey," he questioned, "where's the shorts you were going to buy me?" He had her there; for once she hadn't been the perfect mate. Meche didn't crab, though. Instead he strolled out for a minute and returned with a large pair of scissors. Clip-clip-clip and he was in shorts!

He had breakfast of orange juice—"Fresh from the tree to him," Honore *ad-libbed*—eggs, toast, and coffee. "We came out here to live," he informed me, "for the children's sake. Back in Chicago elevator riding was their one sport. So of course we wanted a house and Beverly Hills was too foggy for them."

I was careful not to prompt him in any way; you get an accurate idea of a person only when he's being strictly himself.

"Mind if I glance through the papers?" He smiled. At first you don't consider him exceptional in appearance. But as soon as he speaks his voice gets you. Then he smiles and his friendliness is so obvious that you immediately feel like a pal from away back. He read, I observed, just the movie and sport columnists. "I like to dream I'm on the inside," he confessed. "I've only been to one major league baseball game in my life, but I check the scores!"

Two blond boys tumbled in on us then—Donny, almost four, and Ronny, who's a year and a half old. They had to clamber over Daddy, and the baby nearly lost his scanties in the process. Daddy agreed happily that we'd go swimming.

Next in walked Gabriel, who's Meche's own age (twenty-seven) and who's been a chum ever since coming as a Belgian refugee to the Catholic grammar school Don attended. When Donny was born Meche recalled that Gabriel was as kind as he was efficient; presto—Donny had a special pal and Daddy got a secretary.

I quickly noticed that Don can take as good a ribbing as he can give. Frequently he'll telephone Honore and attempt to fool her. He'll alter his voice, go into an accent, and usually she's wondering if she may really



have told Mr. Zanuck to "Stop it, Zanny!"

Gabriel's face was seriousness itself. "I wanted to get in touch with you at the studio yesterday, Don. But I didn't want to disturb you."

"What do you mean—disturb me?" mumbled Don, partially untangling himself from baby legs that were threatening to strangle him.

"Well," said Gabriel innocently, "you were asleep in Alice Faye's dressing-room, and so—."

"I was what—where?" hollered Don. "Why, why—!" He choked. Honore rocked, seemingly crushed. "Honey, I've never so much as—." He waved the baby's foot helplessly. "Honey, so help me you know I—Honey, listen to me—Gabriel, who dared to say that?"

"Nobody said you were in Alice Faye's dressing-room," continued the dead-pan Gabriel. And, as an aside to me, "Don does fall asleep most anywhere!" Gabriel suddenly realized he'd evidently made a great error. "But I phoned everywhere else you might be," he fumbled, "and—."

Then Meche got it. He roared. When he laughs you bubble. Honore roared. Gabriel fell off his chair in mad glee. The baby was tossed up in the air.

"I've no sympathy for you," declared Honore as severely as she could make it. "My poor father! He was so gullible." To me: "Dom used to rib him so and father (*Please turn to page 66*)



Camera impressions on this page show Don Ameche with Eddie Cantor, at the mike, top left. Right, reading down: with his wife, Honore — Don pronounces it Honey; rehearsing with Loretta Young for "Love Under Fire;" having a go at tennis; Don Ameche at the age of eighteen, and, left, in a new portrait.

Princess of Politics

Gay and lively fictionization of "First Lady," the new Kay Francis picture of romance and intrigue in Washington, from the famous stage play

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

*Please See Page 79
for Cast and Credits*



THE first time Lucy Wayne and Irene Hibbard met they smiled much too brightly and murmured "darling," with exclamation points in their voices and Washington thrilled to the new feud. For Washington knows sparring when it sees it.

There were a few preliminary skirmishes and then the official bout started. Over a man, of course. It wasn't a husband, for according to feminine Washington's bright code that would have been fair enough and what anybody would expect. No, Irene went further than that—and took Lucy's colored chef who had made her Sunday breakfasts the most potent political force in the capital. For presidents had been made and unmade right between the popovers.

It was Lucy's first defeat, and a bitter pill to swallow. For she was former President Chase's granddaughter and even now, years and years and years afterwards, very much grown up and married to Stephen Wayne, Secretary of State, she was still the White House Baby. Out of all the children who had ever slid down White House bannisters she was the only one to have bounced on to fame because of it.

If Irene Hibbard hadn't been such a buccaneer she'd hardly have started anything with Lucy. But she had millions behind her, the ones her father had made in the early automobile days before too many of his Baker Steamers had blown up, and she always had thought her marriage to a foreign prince gave her prestige even if she had divorced him and at the moment she was thinking her marriage to Carter Hibbard, Supreme Court Justice, meant something, too. So she was riding high and felt



"First Lady" is a sophisticated satire on Washington politics, with Kay Francis playing the part of the wife of the Secretary of State, who loves to meddle in big affairs. Top, Kay in character. Above, with Marjorie Gateson, as her secretary, and Louise Fazenda, as a crusader. Left, the rivals—Miss Francis and Veree Teasdale. Below, with Victor Jory as "the boy Senator" and Anita Louise as Kay's niece.



she'd as soon take on the White House Baby as anyone.

Gordon Keane was the latest bone to be flung between them. Not that Lucy was interested in the new senator from the West the way Irene was, but she decided he could be as useful to Stephen's interests as he was to Irene's and the western crowd she was mixed up with.

So Lucy beamed with sweet malice and tossed a smile to Irene across the crowded Senate gallery where they sat listening to Gordon's speech, for it wasn't the speech Irene expected to hear at all. Irene had practically written that one and Lucy had practically written this one.

Lucy would have liked to draw her triumph out to its full sweet content if it hadn't been her afternoon at home and if her secretary Sophy Prescott hadn't telephoned that urgent summons reminding her of it. Sophy was a treasure really and Lucy adored her but there were times, like this, when she could have cheerfully throttled her.

The house was so filled with flowers it looked like the gardens at Mount Vernon when she hurried in, her quick smile flashing as Stephen's niece came hurrying toward her.

"Emmy child, you look charming!" Her eyes approved the girl's gold and pink and white perfection. "Everything looks so lovely. I never saw so many flowers. Looks like a gangster's funeral!" Her words came rushing furiously as Sophy advanced relentlessly towards her. "Now Sophy, darling, don't say it! You'll only be sorry—and besides, I can take the words right out of your mouth. Such an unhygienic phrase, I always think. Don't look so grim, can't you ever forget you were General Prescott's daughter? You shouldn't scold me. I've been saving the country."

Her words kept pace with her running feet as she went to her room to dress, Sophy and Emmy close behind.

"Do you know what he was going to do?" she demanded. "Keane, I mean. He was going to make a speech that was most unfriendly to Stephen's treaties if I hadn't headed him off."

"I saw Senator Keane once," Emmy said breathlessly. "He's awfully good-looking. He's the boy senator from that old state out West."

"Emmy, go and fix your hair!" Sophy said with that note of asperity in her voice that was so unmistakably Sophy, and with a little moué at her aunt Emmy left reluctantly.

"Boy senator!" Lucy giggled. "That's really just what he is, Sophy. Look out for him this afternoon if I'm tied up when he gets here."

"Now Lucy, hadn't you better go easy with Keane?" Sophy demanded. "Irene Hibbard's entirely too close to him. And here's something from the W. P. P. P. and you've got to wear it."

Gingerly she held out a corsage and Lucy cringed as she touched the red, white, and blue ribbon it was tied with.

"Peace, Purity, and Patriotism!" She laughed a little as she scanned the card. "My dear, they're priceless. The capitol just teemed with them this morning. They were riding herd on all the senators. Their president was a large, dovey lady, an absolute symbol of peace. I suppose this is she." She looked down on the signature on the card. "Mrs. Creevey." "Lavinia May Creevey."

She turned eagerly as the door opened and Stephen came in. Even now after years of marriage there was still something exciting and breath-taking when she saw him. Even cynical Sophy could see that and she smiled as she closed the door behind her.

"Stephen, darling!" Lucy took his hand and held it against her cheek for a moment, and the man's gray eyes darkened as he stood looking down on her. "You look tired. That miserable state department is wearing you out."

"It's only a little while." He sat down beside her stretching out his long legs. "This is a special occasion."

"It's always a special occasion." Her eyes brooded over the fatigue lines etched across his forehead. She leaned over impetuously and kissed him. "By the way, before I forget, I think I've got a new senator for you. He made a good speech this afternoon. I practically wrote it."

"Now darling," Stephen laughed easily, "I do wish you'd give up ghost-writing for senators. You know it always gets you in trouble."

"But you can't
(Please turn to
page 78)

There's spirited intrigue, and plenty of action, in "First Lady," in which Kay Francis receives fine support from Preston Foster, playing her husband, right. Left, below, an amusing scene between Verree Teasdale and Walter Connolly, seen as a Supreme Court Justice and Verree's long-suffering husband.



Lombard, Then and Now

SOME eight years ago good old Pathé Studio—the studio that puts on a beautiful white Colonial front out on Washington Boulevard in Culver City—had a gold mine cooped up in two of its most undesirable dressing-rooms, and thought nothing of it. Just imagine having a Carole Lombard and a Clark Gable on your roster and not giving it a passing thought! Why, there are producers today who would part with their eye-teeth for the opportunity of co-starring Miss Lombard and Mr. Gable. They break into cold sweats just thinking how terrific it would be. Millions, but millions, in the box-office! Pathé could have turned the trick neatly and simply by merely dialing the casting director.

But don't blame Pathé too harshly for its lack of foresight, for after all some eight years ago our glamorous Miss Lombard was but a "mere slip of a girl," rather shy, who had recently lost her job and needed another one something awful; while our screen Lover Number One was but a hulk of a guy from Ohio who hadn't done anything more sensational in the films than a bit in "The Merry Widow" at \$7.50 a day. And besides Hollywood at that time was still in its Gay Nineties Period, depression hadn't struck its cruel blow, and little men with red ink versed in the art of subtracting hadn't poured in from Wall Street—oh my, and la la, it was all so gay and riotous. The old Pathé lot was simply lousy with allure girls, hatted and coated with sables and dripping diamond bracelets as they stepped out of aristocratic town cars in the season's best slink. There were the two Queens, Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett, and those two artistes from the New York theatre, Ann Harding and Ina Claire, and those two lovely blondes, Jeanette Loff and Helen Twelvetrees, and also Sally Rand. Now after all, what with La Swanson and La Bennett feuding over the Marquis de la Falaise, (Connie copped him from Gloria, you remember), and the Misses Harding and Claire putting art into the movies, and Miss Twelvetrees looking wistful and Miss Rand planning things to do with a fan, you can readily understand why in the lush excitement of it all Pathé might have overlooked a couple of struggling youngsters.

In fact, Carole and Clark themselves were so unimpressed with themselves and the whole set-up that they didn't even bother to get acquainted, but merely nodded absently as they passed each other on the long, long flight of stairs that led to the undesirable dressing-rooms. Pathé gave Gable his first featured part in "The Painted Desert," starring Helen Twelvetrees, and that stint done he left the studio—no one begged him to stay—and soon afterwards turned up at Metro where "The Secret Six" with Jean Harlow began making him a star practically "overnight."

Carole, under a long-term contract, maintained a discreet silence while the Misses Swanson, Bennett, Harding, and Claire fought it out in the arena; and usually teamed with William Boyd Carole made such goodies as "Power," "High Voltage," "Ned McCobb's Daugh-



Carole Lombard then—above—when she and Clark Gable were so busy being bossed around the same studio they didn't have time to nod "hello" as they passed on the stairs to upper floor dressing-rooms. And Carole today—right. What a difference just a few years make!

ter," "Big News," "Racketeer," and a whole slue of gangster pictures. She lingered on until Pathé—the termites with the red ink from the East had moved in by then—folded. Having been in on the folding of Mack Sennett's a few years before Carole knew exactly what to do under the circumstances—she gathered up her make-up case and personal belongings, whistled to Fieldsie, and went for a long ride in the country. Carole was beginning to think that she would go down in cinema history as the mysterious blonde who closed studios. But Walter Wanger had picked her for a winner some years before, and the minute she was without a contract he grabbed her off for Paramount where after a session at the Astoria Studio in New York she returned to the home lot and met and married and divorced William Powell. And somewhere along the way she became one of the most glamorous and popular of the movie stars, with a salary today that would make the Misses Swanson, Bennett, Harding, and Claire's eyes pop clean out of their heads.

It was June 7, 1928, that Carole signed a contract with the Cecil B. DeMille Pictures Corporation to make pictures at the Pathé Studio, and for heaven's sake don't ask me what DeMille was doing at Pathé; I only work here. (Even if she did ignore Gable at the time she became friendly with DeMille's art director, Mitchell Leisen, who later at Paramount directed her in two of her best pictures, "Hands Across the Table" and "Swing High, Swing Low." And Gregory LaCava who catapulted her right into the higher brackets with "My Man Godfrey" directed her in a little number called "Big News" at dear old Pathé, if you want to make anything out of it.) It was in June of this year that Carole signed a contract with Selznick-International Pictures to



Want the thrill of dramatic contrasts, highlighted by spirited gaiety? Then read these hitherto unwritten chapters in Carole Lombard's life

By
Liza

sports phaeton then and an Alaskan husky, and I would drive up with much grinding of brakes and honking of French horns. *But*—I was made to park outside the gates." Only the glamorous ones were allowed to park on the lot then, and despite the Alaskan husky and the French horns our Carole didn't make the grade. But now when her Ford roadster drives up to the gate the chains drop with electrifying quickness, and figuratively a red carpet is thrown down with "Welcome" done in rose petals, and the entire studio stops work and says "Yes, Miss Lombard." What a hell of a difference a few years can make!

When Carole first signed up with Pathé, (for peanuts as we say in the trade), she was given a small dressing-room way up under the eaves which could only be reached by steps, steps, dozens of steps, and Carole took one look at her new quarters and rushed for the paint brush. Always handy with a paint brush, that one. The ambition of her life at that time was to

make pictures once more at the Pathé Studio out on Washington Boulevard, ten minutes drive from Louis B. Mayer's Gold Gulch. Which sort of rounds things out and makes for good success-story reading. From "Show Folks" with Eddie Quillan in June, 1928, to "Nothing Sacred" with Freddie March in June, 1937, is the gamut.

It's a grand and glorious feeling to be able to return as a Queen to the place where once you worked as a hired girl, and you may be sure that Carole, who gets the most fun out of life, enjoyed the situation thoroughly. But her triumphant re-entry into the citadel lacked the flourish that a Bennett or a Swanson would have given it, for Carole arrived in slacks and in a Ford! "I used to do it better in 1928," said Carole, "for I had a very snappy

possess Gloria Swanson's dressing-room, which she thought the most beautiful thing ever. It was red and black and silver, the modernistic movement having descended upon Hollywood in all its horror. Gloria took one look at the dressing-room that had been specially decorated for her when she arrived at the studio amid much fanfare and decided that she preferred a bungalow, so one was built for her promptly, but even then they didn't give Carole the red and black and silver. Even as yours and mine, Carole's tastes have changed with the years and she no longer covets the Swanson dressing-room—she could certainly have it now if she wanted it, but she's perfectly happy in a five-room bungalow fully equipped as a model (*Please turn to page 77*)



Fourth Dimensional Stars

By
William H.
McKegg

Here's something new and daringly different!
Read this stimulating feature for unusual facts
and fancies about your cinema enthusiasms

OUR movie favorites defy
Time and Space!

Instead of trying to reduce their ages, erase from cinematic annals the exact date of their entry into pictures, the stars ought to pat themselves on the back and feel secure in the knowledge that they are furthering science not by theory but by fact!

To glance casually at popular players, if this is permissible, then cast your mind back to the day they made their celluloid débuts, causes you to wonder.

Scientists talk constantly of the Fourth Dimension. These old wise-acres declare time and space do not exist. And now with Television about to astound us, what will become of mere talkies? What an age we live in!

The movie great have exemplified this scientific discovery for years, and say they should worry. For gazing enraptured at them, year in, year out, time and space become non-existent.

Beulah Bondi told me something very pertinent for this supposition. I dropped over to Paramount, to see her. As usual, her talk was most interesting.

"It is remarkable," she said, "How an actor can hold the public mind with his power of acting. The people never notice the space between the player and themselves. Bernhardt played *Camille* at seventy, and entranced audiences with her apparent youth, with the radiance of soul she projected."

I asked her which Hollywood star she deemed worthy to fit this strange ability, to hold people by magic. Without hesitation, Miss Bondi named Garbo, whom she greatly



William Powell, above, grins up at his old self, in a silent film characterization—or is it caricature? Ginger Rogers, right, enjoys the jest of comparison with her former personality, below.



admires as a splendid actress and a remarkable woman.

Of course Garbo is not so young. Yet while watching her, we become quite oblivious of the miles between us, and forget that the Swedish Bernhardt has been seventeen years in pictures—eleven of which have been spent in Hollywood.

Garbo is one star always near her admirers. Though in private she is seclusive and aloof, her pictures project her shadow over time and space. She never seems to grow older.

Miss Bondi had an explanation for this. "When you love a person, or have a deep affection for someone, that person seems quite close to you, even though actually far away. You might say," she added, "that Love banishes time and space."

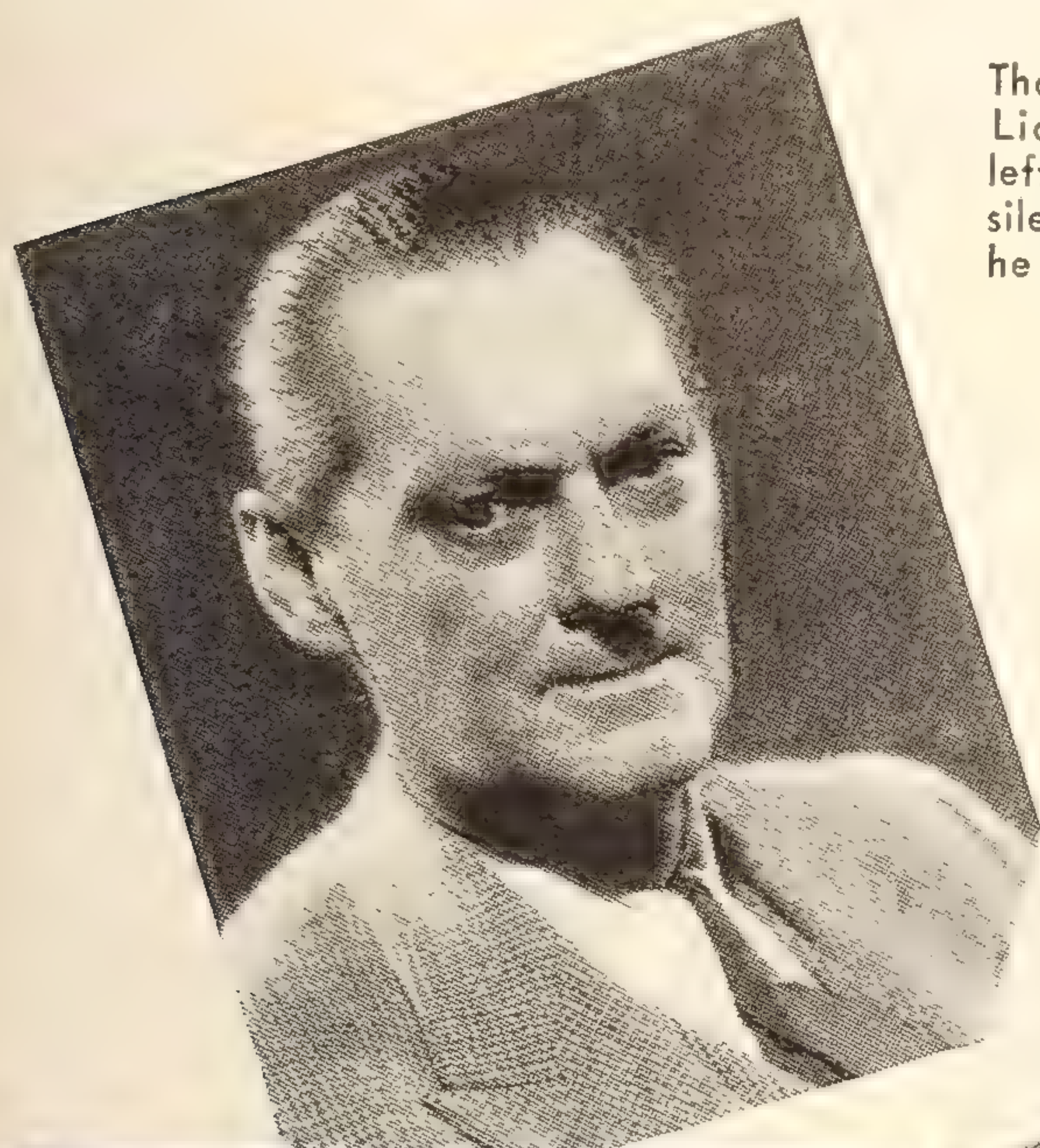
On the other hand, if you hate a person you feel a wide gulf between you, even if he chances to be standing right next to you.

But we must keep the love motif in mind. Especially our

Beulah Bondi, one of the greatest actresses on the screen, is shown below as she really is; and at right, in her wonderful portrayal of an old lady in "Make Way for Tomorrow."



That fine performer, Lionel Barrymore, left, pioneered in silent pictures when he looked like this, below.



love for Garbo. Her long standing in pictures means nothing to us. We forget hard facts and revel in her artistry, at her magic in making time and space disappear.

Though Tom Brown is only twenty-four, he is an old-timer in movies, having

started his career fifteen years ago, at the age of nine, playing in a film with Lionel Barrymore. As things look, it seems Tom has another fifteen years' acting ahead of him before he starts to direct—as he hopes to do.

Lionel Barrymore came into his own as a movie actor when talkies appeared. But he was an old hand at the game, having started way back in 1910, with Biograph.

Brother John made his movie début in 1911, in comedy. Pictures have always held the youngest of the Barrymore trio. Today, no longer the dashing handsome hero, John is revealing a new phase of acting—character portrayals of remarkable

force and individuality, as his fine performances in "Romeo and Juliet," and in "Maytime" so plainly prove.

Ginger Rogers seems still a newcomer, sprung into notice with Astaire. In a way, this is true, but Ginger has some eight years of picture work and struggle behind her. The fans seem to forget that for several years Ginger floundered in Hollywood, and was overlooked by unwise movie moguls. Today, her "struggle" years have disappeared. We see only Ginger the glamor girl, dancing on air.

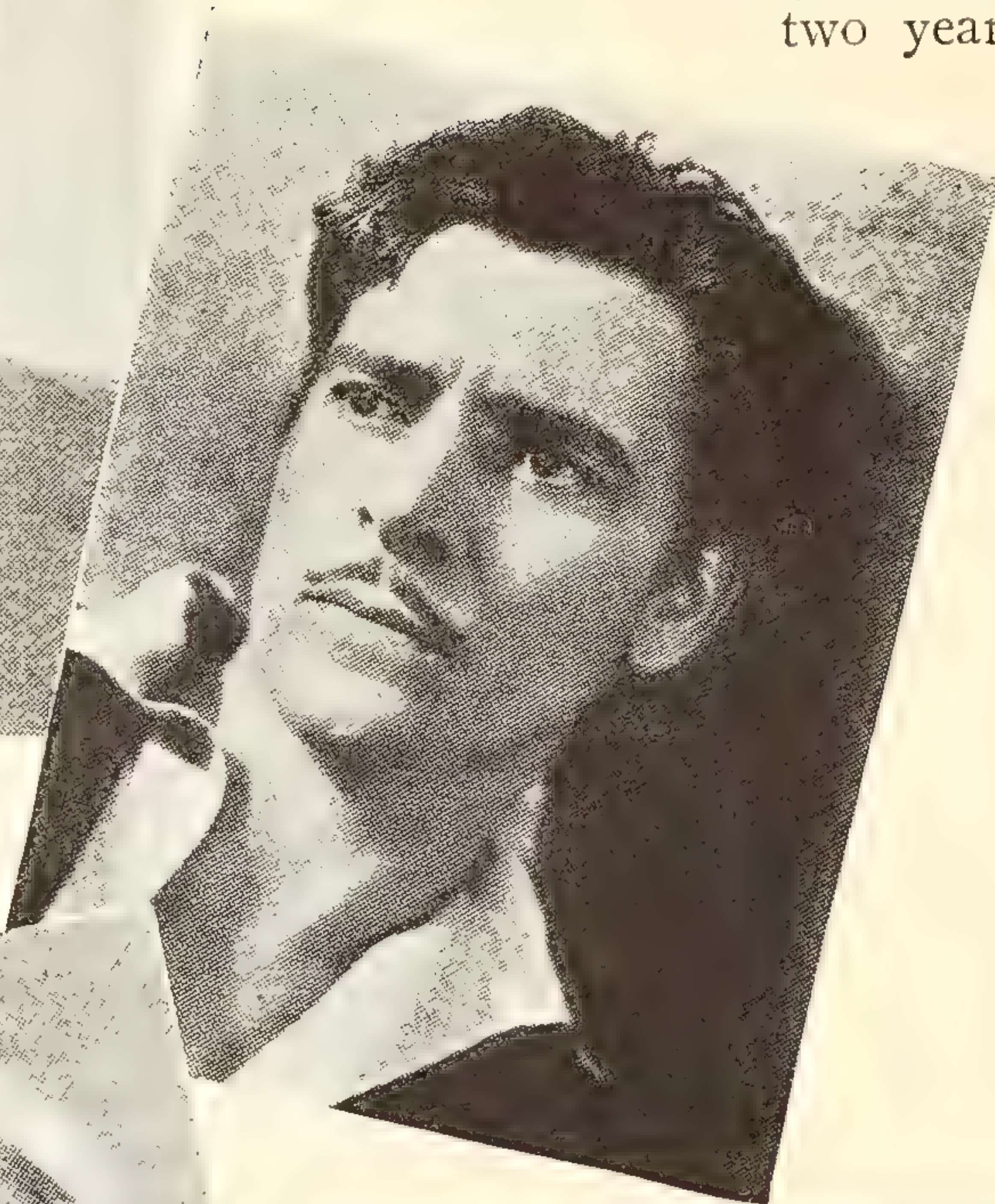
Many years ago—twenty in all—I saw a film production of "La Bohème" in Europe, with an American actress, Alice Brady. I thought of *la* Brady for long enough, for her death scene was so touchingly real. She was a big movie star from 1916 till 1924. A stage star, too. The stage claimed her until



If Myrna Loy, left, seems slightly bored by the Myrna Loy who used to pose for pictures like this, below, who can blame her? It wasn't so long ago, either, that Myrna obligingly posed for "leg" art.



Colman today, left, glances at the Colman who first came to the screen, below. Not so much change, at that, is there?



With a firm background of picture work—a background of fifteen years—Richard Arlen knows all about Hollywood. I recall back in 1924 when Dick used to long for bits of Paramount, where he was then under contract as a newcomer, at seventy-five dollars a week. Dick has been seventeen years in Hollywood. The first two years were spent in starving and striving. Then came fifteen years of film fame. And he's still popular.

There's no denying the fact, Norma Shearer is a leading figure of Hollywood. She is a fine actress, need I add? She should be, I must add, for she's been in pictures lo! these twenty years.

With the appearance of "A Star Is Born" the entire country declared Janet Gaynor had entered a new phase of screen acting. For twelve years, Janet has made picture after picture. She has become a household word.

From extra work, in 1924, when Clark Gable also worked with her, Janet has learned the business. Since 1926, she has held the fans by her stardom. In looks she seems always the same. Of all the fourth dimensional stars, Janet seems to defy time. She is still a comparative youngster in years—but a new Gaynor.

Clark Gable has done picture work, on and off, for fourteen years. The stage, of course, claimed him for a time. And as Hal K. Dawson he trod the boards of Broadway, playing opposite Zita Johann in "Machinal," in the season 1928-29. From that time on, Clark has been one of our leading stars. He makes us quite forget his fourteen years of high emotion.

Myrna Loy has been in shadowland for thirteen years. An odd-looking gal in studio make-up, her yesterdays with Warners presented her as an exotic. Oriental parts were her assignments. Myrna flourished, fell in love, and married. Today, she is designated as "the perfect wife." Since she is a perfect actress, I'm sure Mr. Hornblow finds her wifhood perfection itself.

When Myrna was a be-
(Please turn to page 70)

The great Garbo seems to turn away from our unusual, and rare, photograph of herself at right, showing just how Greta looked when she first came to Hollywood.



talkies called for acting talkers. La Brady, the tragedienne—and she's a fine one, take my word for it!—became Alice, the comedienne.

Loretta Young lives up to her last name. Yet Loretta has been before the camera for twelve years. She was only fourteen, rumor has it, when she started with Metro-Goldwyn. Twelve and fourteen make twenty-six, I think—despite my reading only recently of Loretta celebrating her twenty-first birthday.

Carole Lombard does not claim to be twenty. I recall Carole as a potential Fox star—in the dim, dark days of '24. Thirteen years a movie maker! Today, Carole is a star. When we see her, we forget dat ole devil Time.

Joan Crawford never seems to change her standing as the screen's most glamorous star. Yet when we consider that Joanie has been glamoring for thirteen years, after night-club and musical comedy work, we must conclude she has changed quite a lot. From extra work to bits, to leads, to stardom—a decade has passed by several years. Yet though time and space separate them in reality, Joan is near her army of fans, for they love her so much.



Janet Gaynor, who doesn't like being told she made a "come-back" in "A Star Is Born," nevertheless must find contentment in the fact that she has grown up gracefully from the eager little girl she used to be when first in films, as shown above.





**RAH!
RAH! RAH!**

The mad gyrations on this page give you some hint of the wild spirit of enthusiasm permeating the entire cast of "Varsity Show," in which Dick Powell not only sings, but dances, assisted by Fred Waring and his band, the talented Lane Sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, Lee Dixon, and chorus.

Dick Powell and Fred Waring's boys and girls cut collegian capers for "Varsity Show"



Co-starring with Leslie Howard for the third time in "It's Love I'm After," a rousing comedy romance, Bette recalls her previous Howard hits, "Of Human Bondage" and "The Petrified Forest." Above and below, slightly goofy scenes between Bette and Leslie. At bottom of page, the three-times-a-hit co-stars converse between scenes with the assistant director. At left, Bette in close-up as she looks ahead—this time to future co-starring with Dick Powell in a forthcoming singing-and-dancing film..

Elmer Fryer



What Next?

We're asking Bette Davis that question! For she has turned from deepest drama to uproarious comedy, and next she'll do a movie musical





The MacMurray Menace

Suppose Fred, who has won screen popularity by being "just himself," sets a dangerous precedent and encourages all Hollywood actors to start "acting natural"? Where will it all end?

We like Fred MacMurray. Like the rest of the picture-going world, we can't help it. He's genial, sincere; he doesn't "act," he's natural. Which is all very well for Fred MacMurray. What we hope is that he hasn't started a cycle of winsome masculinity. Other actors lacking Fred's appeal should stick to technique. Our portraits of MacMurray above and at right shout "Success" in its most masterful Hollywood manifestation. Below, Fred with a current heroine, Frances Farmer—a "natural actress."

Eugene
Robert
Richee



"The Life of Emile Zola" is one of the few great pictures. One reason for its impressiveness is the devotion to detail which distinguishes every scene. The sequence for which the elaborate street set in falling snow was created, for example, (at right), occupies the screen for only a few seconds; yet it is as faithfully reproduced as though a long and important sequence were to be enacted in it.



No Faking Allowed!

No "tank stuff" or "trick miniature shots" for "Submarine D-1." On the contrary—the broad Pacific off San Diego provides the background for the outstanding outdoor scenes; and the U. S. Navy co-operated. At right you see the camera crew, aboard the U. S. S. Ortolan, filming a scene in the life-saving buoy alongside, with Pat O'Brien, wearing cap, about to descend, and two sailors assisting. Don't miss the microphone. Above, a close-up, just to prove it! This time George Brent has joined O'Brien in the buoy. This is when Hollywood actors really earn those big pay-checks!





More realism from "Zola." at left. Again, a scene which lasts for less than a minute is set, staged, and acted with "epic" fidelity. It represents the Seine embankment with Paul Muni shown halfway down the steps, and extras for atmosphere. Note the wind-machine in center foreground. The lighting for this brief sequence is especially interesting—and no less than twenty-two technical men are required.

Picture public demands realism, and Hollywood spares neither research nor expense to give it to 'em! And here it is



"The Hurricane," Samuel Goldwyn's picturization of the book by the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty," promises to be an exceptional production. Part of it was actually filmed in the South Seas; but those scenes requiring the principal actors had to be filmed in and around a huge tank on the Goldwyn "lot." Powerful rain and wind machines beat down the actors as they portrayed the terror induced by nature's deluge. At left, Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour, and a native girl battle the elements. Above, Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell, and native actors in an exciting close-up.

Toasts of the Town!

Talk about Art, talk about realism. But the real secret of Hollywood's success is—its lovely ladies.

Glamor=gals, to you!



Devastating Dietrich, left, a symphony in white chiffon, feathers, and rare jewels. Dolores Del Rio, below, most beautiful of all Hollywood's little Latin imports. Ida Lupino, right, indulges in a new hair-do for more glamor.





Rochelle Hudson, above, still screenland's most adorable débütante. Gail Patrick, right, as our special Dark Lady of the kleig lights. Below, a charming newcomer, Dorothy Haas, who makes her bow in "Artists and Models," the Jack Benny show. Upper right, another "Model" young lady, Sandra Storme, "Artists'" delight. No charm collection, of course, would be complete without Irene Dunne, lower right.



New Teams

When New Boy meets New Girl, Hollywood history is often made. Movie mating of strangers adds excitement to your picture-going—and keeps stars amused and directors busy!



Top, new team, created by Mervyn LeRoy: Olivia de Havilland meets Brian Aherne in "The Great Garrick" with the usual romantic results—on the screen, we mean. Nino Martini sings sweet nothings to Olivia's sister, Joan Fontaine, in "Music for Madame," in which they do a "Romeo and Juliet" sequence, at left above. Center, Dolores Del Rio encounters George Sanders, making life gayer for a "Lancer Spy." Metro's best new team is the Spencer Tracy-Luise Rainer inspiration, at right above, for "Big City." Gary Cooper, with a courtly bow, greets Sigrid Gurie, right, for "The Adventures of Marco Polo."

Home photographs
by Longworth



New

Hero at Home

Wayne Morris is frankly thrilled at his sudden success and new home, first pictured here

The nicest thing about "Kid Galahad's" sensational success is his own enjoyment of it. He's having a wonderful time! SCREENLAND is first, as usual, to show the new rave in his brand new home. Reading down, from top left: Wayne's first car; his first big bundle of fan mail; his first fireplace; and, lower left and below, exterior of his home and the living room. Right—didn't know he could sing and play the piano, did you? Well, he can; and Warners will let him prove it from the screen soon.



Not=So= Dumb Waiters

Ginger Rogers, right, "holds it" while the technical man holds the sequence number to be photographed with her, to keep the scenes straight for "Stage Door."



Sylvia Sidney, at left above with Joel McCrea and director Wyler on the "Dead End" set, enjoys acting but hates the waits between scenes. Anita Louise, above, kills time on the set with some needlepoint embroidery. It's a current Hollywood custom.



Clark Gable, with director Conway and Lionel Barrymore at left above, sends out for lunch while the crew sets the next scene. Right, Joan Fontaine is still new enough to pictures to be interested in everything going on in the studio.



Highest-paid "waiters" in the world are the movie stars, part of whose work is just waiting around the sets while technicians toil with lights, cameras, props, sound equipment

Errol Flynn, May Robson, and Joan Blondell wait more or less patiently for the cameraman to focus on them for a location scene in "The Perfect Specimen."



Measuring the shot"—right, above, Ray Francis sits just outside camera range while a steel tape measure checks distance from camera lens to the faces of Verree Teasdale and Victor Jory for a close-up for "First Lady." Above, is Hugh Herbert dozing?



Of course Ronald Colman, at right above, isn't really bored with vivacious Mary Astor to talk to, as both await their calls to the set to emote in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Chester Morris, left, talks polo with Whitney Bourne.

That old "We-want-Cantor" refrain has an echo which seems to say, "And let him be silly." Ever one to strive to please, Eddie launches into the business of making you laugh with "Ali Baba Goes To Town." Right, Cantor has the ladies — June Lang and Louise Hovick—with him. But June likes tenors as well as Cantors, as her scene below with Tony Martin shows. Far right, Eddie sings of love; and Louise again, center right, seems to find it soulful.



The Silly Cycle

With a ho=ho=ho and a ha=ha=ha, goofiness, gags, and giddiness are on the upbeat. What, do we hear a "Ho hum"?

One of the perpetrators of the silly cycle starting with "My Man Godfrey" is the facetious fellow below, Mischa Auer, tuning up for a symphony of silliness in "100 Men and A Girl." Mischa seems to find that flute appetizing as well as amazing.



Ann Sothern and Jack Haley, left, are not so silly as they look—we hope. They're just toiling for laughs in "Danger—Love At Work." Extreme left, a new scream team—Ella Logan and Sid Silvers, of "52nd. Street." Below, the roistering Ritz Brothers shoot for a new high in film fooling.



Even Wendy Barrie casts away dull care for the silly cycle, as she joins up with the comedy boys known as the Three Diamond Brothers, all for "A Young Man's Fancy." Left: for tricks that are supremely silly, but high art in pantomime, there's silent Harpo Marx always ready to oblige. The dog would rather be in a Garbo picture.



The Technique of Hands



Mary Livingstone Benny's hand, above, is chiefly expressive of her expensive star sapphire. But Verree Teasdale and Anita Louise, below, are linguists in the language of hands. The gals are just chatting on the set, but there's a good week's salary's worth of acting in their fluent hands, especially Miss Teasdale's.



Trained in European acting technique, Dietrich, shown above with Herbert Marshall in "Angel," has long, artistically expressive fingers. The long, pointed, painted nails may help! Errol Flynn, at left in group below, and Dick Foran at right, express humor as they listen to trainer Callahan's joke. Gertrude Michael, right, uses black gloves as aids to emotion.

Critics say a great artiste may be judged by the power of hands to express mood and emotion. How expressive are the priceless paws pictured here?



Sylvia Sidney, one of the few real actresses on the screen, uses her hands to great advantage in her highly dramatic rôle in "Dead End"—above. Alice Faye, right, has delightful digits expressing allure. Below, what does Hepburn think she is expressing as she spreads her thin hands? However, Constance Collier's really talk.



The importance of picturesque hands in a scene is illustrated above by Loretta Young and Warner Baxter in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse." As Loretta yields to "Dr. Baxter's" ministrations her hands express complete complacency. Below, the lovely hands of Kay Francis, in quiet mood.





Joan likes her role in her new picture better than any part she has played in a long time. She impersonates a water-front waif who becomes a great lady. Above, a close-up of Crawford in this Cinderella characterization. Below, with Franchot Tone, one of her two leading men; and at bottom of page, with Robert Young, the other.



Photographed exclusively for SCREENLAND on location in the high Sierras by Frank Tanner, M-G-M.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Joan Crawford in "The Bride Wore Red"

Muscular and of a rugged physique not generally associated with romantic leading men, Allan Jones earned his first salary as a laborer. Across to right, Allan and his wife, Irene Hervey. Center, rehearsing for "The Firefly" with his co-star, Jeanette MacDonald; and lower, a solo rehearsal, self-accompanied on the piano, with Margaret Hart of the studio orchestra standing by.



Once a Coalminer

Allan Jones, handsome singing star of today, is the hero of a real-life success story that will inspire you

By Ida Zeitlin

"IT LOOKS like sunburn, but it's mostly dirt," said Allan Jones, with a glance at his muscular brown arms.

His boots were muddy, his blue denim trousers the worse for wear, his short-sleeved shirt was open at the throat. There was nothing to suggest the silken *Ravenel* of "Showboat," till your gaze traveled upward to the firmly chiselled features, the brown eyes and turbulent mop of hair. But where *Ravenel's* eyes had held mocking glints, Jones's shine steadily, and his poise seems to proceed from a deeper serenity than poor *Ravenel* ever knew.

Another man might have deprecated his appearance. Not Jones. He has a gift for ignoring non-essentials. Or rather, non-essentials don't exist for him. He brushes unseeingly past them to the point. "I've been digging a roadbed in front of the stables," he explained. "I like to do things myself and get them done."

Which sentiment, if you opened his heart, you'd probably find engraved inside it. From the time he was eleven, he's been doing things himself and getting them done. He had a voice and meant to train it. He knew his

parents couldn't afford to do it for him. The idea of wealthy backers never entered his head. He went to work.

Two portraits hang in the Jones living-room—fair-haired little Gail, Irene Hervey's daughter and Jones's by adoption. The other is that of a rugged-faced man, with kindly, quiet eyes. "My dad," said his son. "He's been helping me with the roadbed. I persuaded him to retire from the mines, but he doesn't take to idling."

Looking at the father's face, you understand more readily why Allan Jones is what he is—a young man of fibre and purpose who, from his earliest thinking days, envisioned a goal and drove his way toward it. His grandfather, a Welshman, had been a musician. With no money to leave his son, he left him instead a love for music. That son worked in the coal mines of Scranton, until he became foreman of a colliery. Himself the possessor of a good singing voice, he recognized the same gift in his four-year-old boy and taught him what he could. Allan soon acquired a logical, realistic view of life. He meant to be a singer, he'd need money, his father's salary wouldn't cover (*Please turn to page 62*)



THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—Warners



BY FAR the most distinguished production on current screens, this dignified dramatization of the career of France's great literary crusader is something to be seen, cherished, and long remembered. Certainly it is Muni's finest contribution to screen portraiture—a supreme example of a great actor's complete submergence in his rôle. Muni's is a magnificent characterization of *Emile Zola*, who believed in the brotherhood of man and, when the time came to defend *Dreyfus* and confound his accusers, practiced what he wrote. A superb, full-length portrait, this of *Zola*—painted in bold and brilliant strokes as his true friend *Cezanne* might have painted it. The story, after a slow start, holds your interest to the end. The Dreyfus Case, of course, provides the stirring climax, with *Zola's* great speech in court the high spot of the film. No mawkish sentiment or manufactured romance is intruded upon the sublime human drama. The *Nana* episode is sincerely and sympathetically treated; scenes of *Zola's* early struggles, his later successes and prosperity, and always his burning zeal for reform and above all, his utter conviction of *Dreyfus'* innocence—are never in doubt. Joseph Schildkraut as *Dreyfus* is a revelation in fine acting.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



TOPPER—Hal Roach—M-G-M



NOVELTY of the month! Here's piquant entertainment for all of you who have been crying—yes, I could hear your pitiful sobs above all the noise the Ritz Brothers have to make to be funny in "You Can't Have Everything"—for more real sophistication in your cinemas. "Topper" is by, of, for, to, etc., sophisticates; so if you're one, or even two, you can see if you can take it by tripping out to "Topper." But don't take the children. They'd understand it, all right—all too well; but it just might give them the idea that drunken driving is very, very funny, and then where would you, and the family car, be? But for those who can take it, and not too hard, and appreciate it, "Topper" is truly tops. Thorne Smith's mad, bad tale of two charming corpses who appear and disappear in and out of their usual earthly haunts to taunt a tired banker into becoming a wicked man of the world, has been deliciously done, with all sorts of camera tricks to delight you. The enchanting ectoplasmic couple, played by Connie Bennett in her merriest, most mocking mood, and Cary Grant, float about in gay abandon until their "good deed," demoralizing *Mr. Topper*, is done. Roland Young in the title rôle is the real star, stealing scenes right and left.



CONFESSION—Warners



HAVING laughed until we cried at several of the movies this month I suppose it is only fair that we should have at least one film to make us cry until we laughed. The new Kay Francis picture is something like that. It's a maudlin melodrama of mother love, but more in the "Madame X" manner than the "Stella Dallas." What, are we in for a sob cycle? Fortunately for the Francis film, it is a *movie* from first to last—Joe May, famous European director, guides its dubious destinies with such pictorial piquancy that "Confession" is always absorbing to the eye even when it is busy insulting the higher intelligence. It has, at least, a flourish and a flavor that distinguish it from the Hollywood dramas of its genre; and it affords its star an opportunity to emote with fine fervor, and offers a big chance to little Jane Bryan—and if you recall her from "Kid Galahad" you won't be surprised to hear that she jumps at that chance by turning in a splendidly sensitive performance of a young girl in the throes of infatuation for a fascinating older man—and perhaps you won't even be surprised when I tell you that she is saved from worse-than-that by Miss Francis, just in the nick of time, too. Basil Rathbone is the very sinister satan.



ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount



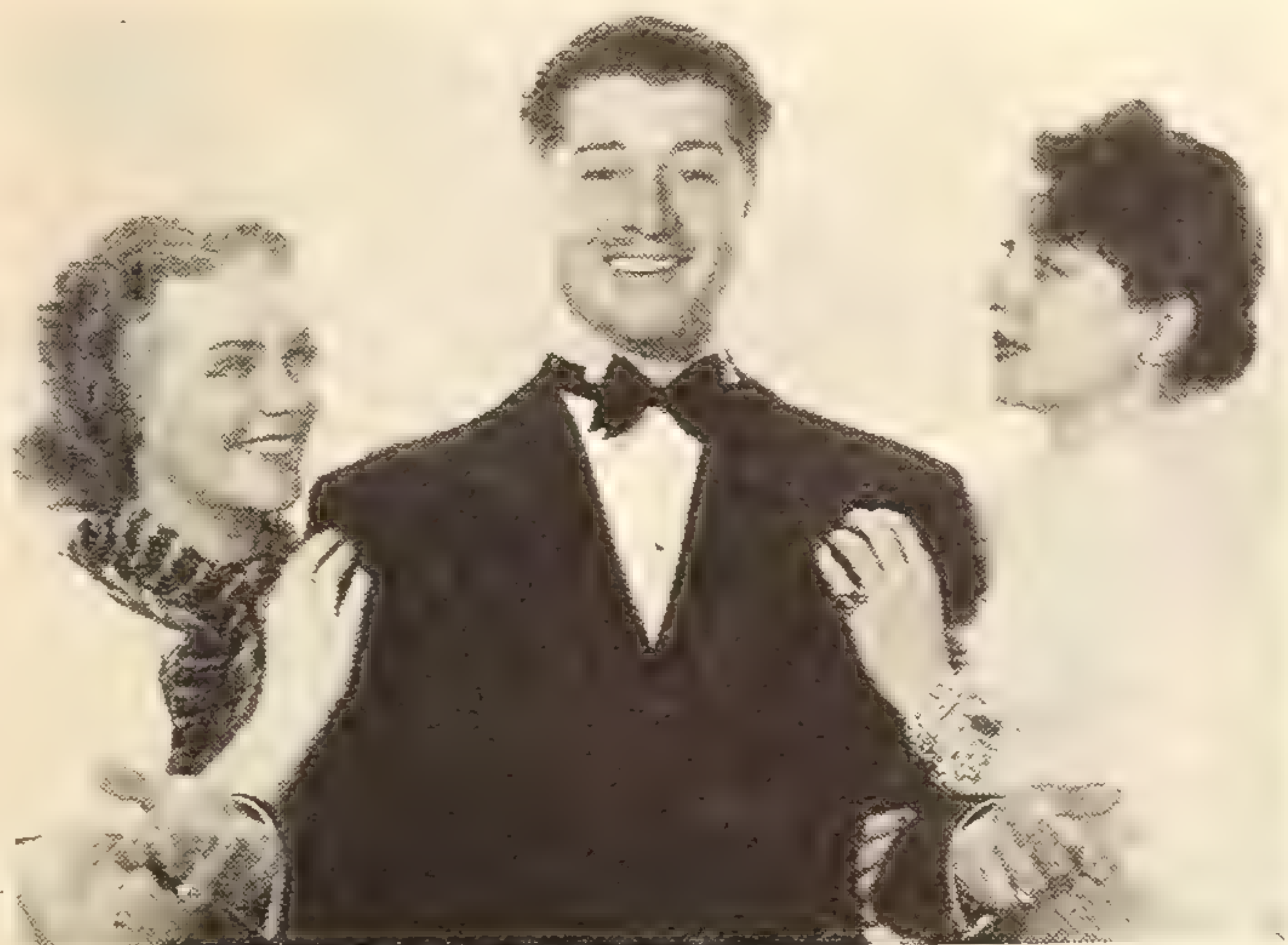
INSTEAD of "Artists and Models," with Jack Benny, the title of this gorgeous and glittering musical movie should be "Jack Benny"—with Artists and Models. For Mr. Benny is the whole show. He has always been a great clown, with increasing popularity as the public taste has been educated by radio to appreciate his drolleries; but he has never before had the material with which to prove it on the screen. Here, with a chance to be charming as well as comic, his quiet art triumphs over and above big girl numbers, the antics of other clowns at their best, including Ben Blue and Judy Canova, spectacular settings, and spirited competition from a star-studded cast. In his fascinating, casual fashion Jack Benny becomes with this one picture the important comedian of the screen; and I venture to predict that, if his material can be made to measure up, he will set a new style in screen humor that will start a fresh cycle, no less. I hope so. Mr. Jack Benny is my favorite entertainer. If he doesn't happen to be yours—yet—see this show anyway. You will also like Rube Goldberg, one of the authentic "artists," for whom Mr. Benny obligingly acts as stooge, to hilarious effect. You'll like Gail Patrick, Ida Lupino, Dick Arlen.



STELLA DALLAS—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists



THE screen's classic tear-jerker in its new, 1937-38 dress is "Stella Dallas" still. Did I say "new dress?" Well, it's an elaborate new production, with handsome settings and lavish trimmings; but poor *Stella*, herself, worries along in pretty much the same old style, wearing clothes which look little different from those worn by the first *Stella* in the silent screen version—a caricature of bad taste, in costume, manners, and general messiness. This is not the fault, I feel sure, of Barbara Stanwyck, today's *Stella Dallas*. She's a poignant picture, always, as the ambitious mill-town girl who marries the dignified and stately *Stephen*, only to become a thorough nuisance as a wife, but a slavishly devoted mother to their baby girl. "Stella Dallas" dates from the start, and throughout; but once *Laurel*, the daughter, grows up to be Anne Shirley, the picture takes on fresh interest, thanks to her exquisitely realized performance of the bewildered child whose devotion to her mother wars with her naturally nice instincts, until she is forced to choose. There are some unforgettable scenes in which Stanwyck rises to heights of emotion; and little Miss Shirley never fails to impress with her delicate and movingly poetic portrayal.



YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox



OH, BUT you can—you have everything right here to make up the maddest and merriest movie of the month. Make it two or three months. You have supremely silly entertainment, and you will laugh yourself sick at the Ritz Brothers, at their best; and you will get runs in your stockings and elbows in your ribs trying to fight your way in to see it, as I did at the Rivoli in New York; but heigh-ho, it was worth it. An hour with Harry Ritz and Don Ameche makes up for everything. They are not "everything," though, to this big and brilliant show; Alice Faye is the singing siren, looking particularly luscious and even giving off bright sparks of acting ability now and then; Louise Hovick, née Gypsy R. Lee, is the sultry siren, who teases, but does not strip; Phyllis Brooks is blondely decorative as a dumb prima donna; and Charles Winninger and Tony Martin are valuable aids. You'll enjoy Don Ameche as a Broadway celebrity who likes, but too well, to look upon the wine and the spaghetti when it is red, until he reforms to please the radiant Miss Faye. Gordon-Revel hit songs are introduced at crucial moments, the staging is casually clever, and the Ritz Brothers never looked lovelier, especially in their long underwear.



HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Paramount



THIS way to the Big Show, folks! Fun for all, and all for fun—and Randy Scott, and Irene Dunne. Sorry, sorry; but "High, Wide and Handsome" takes me right back to the old days when Mr. Griffith was making pictures and a movie wasn't a movie unless it had a love scene among the apple blossoms, in which a petal floats slowly downstream; and a rise to the rescue before the hero is beaten quite to a pulp—although the elephants are a new touch. Oh, yes, elephants, too—this is no quickie; this is an epic, and don't you forget it: a huge cinema circus directed by ex-Theatre Guild Mamoulian; tuned by Jerome "Show Boat" Kern; and produced by Paramount in its most lavish mood. Miss Dunne is a carnival girl befriended by Randy and his nice old crochety grandma, Elizabeth Patterson. Before she knows what's happening she is married to Scott; but then the big oil rush rears its ugly derrick, and "High, Wide and Handsome" goes melodrama, with Charles Bickford running berserk with villainy, Mr. Scott mussing his marcel protecting the farmers' oil from the big city fellers—and neglecting Irene so that she rejoins the carnival, aided by Dorothy Lamour. Nothing lacking except Bill Fields and Charlie McCarthy.



Illustrated By
Georgia Warren

Great Lover

A famous novelist captures the exciting contrasts of glamorous Hollywood in a great serial story of love and reality behind the glitter of studio life

By Vicki Baum

PART III.

HILDA had dinner with Ferdinand that evening at a little French restaurant, where the furniture was shabby, the food excellent, and travel posters beckoned them to Brittany and the Loire.

Ferdinand was gay—with a child's elation before a party. He vetoed all talk of the preview. "I have been too troubling, and you too patient. Besides, all has been said. Will it be good? Will it be bad? Will they say: 'All my life I wait for this man.' Will they say: 'Bah!' Tonight we shall know. And for this hour, let us laugh. I find it pleasant to laugh with you, Miss Hilda. Before, I have laughed only with Annamarie, who is a child."

Ferdinand was unable to accommodate himself to the Hollywood tradition of first names on a three hours' acquaintance. He still "mistered" and "missed" meticulously. As a compromise between over-formality and intimacy, Hilda now openly called him Shaybar. This he found mildly curious, but agreeable.

"All right," she agreed. "But before we drop it, my mother said to wish you good luck."

"Will you give her my hearty thanks?" Hilda wriggled with secret pleasure. She was making a collection of what she called Shaybarisms. "I have also this." He drew from his pocket her four-leaf clover.

When the cheery little waiter had left with their order, he leaned toward her. "This man has two children."

"How do you know?"

"All Frenchmen have two children. Occasionally three, but by mistake. Two is a more sedate figure. The boy will learn the business of papa. The girl will promenade with *maman*. She will drop her eyes modestly before all

men, and in her eighteenth year, she will marry modestly."

"How many French families do you know?" she demanded.

"Not any. It is, so to speak, an impression."

The waiter returned with a soup tureen and served them both. "Pardon, monsieur." Ferdinand addressed him in French. He broke into smiles and speech, bobbing, gesticulating, holding up two fingers with an air of unmistakable pride, finally bowing himself off in a glow.

"You see?" Ferdinand held up two fingers in the same gesture. "One son. One daughter. He will have trouble to find the girl a *dot*. When I am a star, we will make him our steward on long-term contract. Once every week we will take his option with a raise."

Hilda glanced up, startled. But he looked so completely unconscious that she decided the plural had been a slip of his Austrian tongue and held no significance. "Take up his option," she murmured, and returned to her soup to hide a slight confusion.

But as they drove toward Pasadena, he fell silent. The festival mood gave way to one of tension. Seeking to distract him, she pointed out the shafts of white light that cut through the blue evening haze. "Preview searchlights," she told him. His brown eyes followed them obediently, but he said nothing.

Then they were passing through the roped-off lobby, eager-faced crowds, autograph books in their hands, pressing against the ropes. Ferdinand, ordinarily curious about all phenomena of the film world, stared unheedingly ahead. Once in their seats, he turned to Hilda and managed something distantly related to a smile. "If I do

not speak, you will forgive me. There is here a ball," he touched his throat, "which makes it difficult."

She nodded; then to her astonishment, felt surging within her a sudden fierce wave of protectiveness. "Say, what is this, woman?" she admonished herself sternly. "Don't you go maternal on me."

The house lights went on. In the block of seats reserved by the studio, summer furs were adjusted. Here and there a film celebrity sat, some with eyes downcast, genuinely anxious to avoid the limelight; others rustling selfconsciously, chattering to their neighbors, trying to discover out of the corners of their eyes how much notice they were attracting. From other parts of the house necks craned. A stir of excited whispers marked the public's discovery of a favorite in the flesh.

At one point heads turned toward the door, where a generously curved woman had started a sprightly monologue, her victim an usher. "What a splendid house!" she boomed. "Do you always have such crowds? Now you watch this picture, young man, and when it's over, I want your frank opinion of my performance. I don't give *that* for reviews. It's the common people, and I'm one of them, thank the Lord, who make us or break us. Don't forget now. It's a date." She tapped his shoulder and sailed happily down the aisle.

Baleful-eyed, he glared after her. "So help me, next time she pulls that stunt, I'll sock her one," he muttered to a grinning fellow-worker.

An occasional tightening of his grip was the only suggestion of nervous strain, as Ferdinand and Hilda watched the film on the screen.

The house darkened, the curtains parted. On the screen were flashed the words: "This theater is proud to present—" The title drew applause. So did each name in the long list of those who had contributed to the picture, an explosive burst from this quarter or that betraying the whereabouts of each contributor's friends.

The names of the cast appeared. It was a large cast. Hilda's practised eyes darted to the bottom of the screen. Failing to find what she sought there, she ran frantically over the list from top to bottom. It wasn't there. Her mind churned in a chaos of wild surmises. Was it a slip of some kind? Could they have changed his name? Could she have missed it in her haste? Could they—but no, they couldn't have done that. His scene was a pivotal point in the picture.

She turned to meet a pair of bewildered eyes, pleading for reassurance. With a swift (*Please turn to page 73*)

*Please Turn
to Page 73 for Synopsis
of Preceding Chapters*



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Olivia de Havilland



Above: Olivia's most amusing Winter outfit—a baronduki fur sports coat topped by an off-face beret of black felt, with handbag and gloves of black suede. Far left, for a California football game, a three-piece spectator sports suit of raspberry wool. Olivia's brimmed felt hat and suede pull-on gloves are several shades darker in the same tone, while her shoes and bag are glazed brown alligator. At left, a truly charming frock of black chiffon, its sombreness relieved by a double sash of salmon and powder-blue taffeta ribbon. The colors are repeated in the beaded motif in the bodice.

Hollywood's loveliest and most unspoiled young actress gives us first exclusive glimpses of her new Winter wardrobe, with particular emphasis upon practicality as well as real fashion importance, especially in furs and accessories

SCREENLAND Glamor School pictures especially posed by Scotty Welbourne, Warners.



Black Alaska sealskin, once worn only by the more mature, is now a favorite "younger" fur. Above, Olivia de Havilland chose a coat with turn-down collar and broad shoulder line, to wear over a frock of black wool relieved by bright embroidery. Her black felt pill box has brilliant red, blue, and green grosgrain ribbon trim. Far right, one of the new season's best little dresses, with tucks at the shoulder line to give width, and gold braid trim for a military air. Right, a pleasant paradox: evening dress of peasant inspiration, ivory satin splashed with water lilies, with brown velvet cummerbund and square neckline.





By
Elizabeth
Wilson

The Arthur Horn-
blows—she's
Myrna Loy to
you—arrive, at
right. Below, big
Arthur "Jeeves"
Treacher and his
charming mother.



AMID a leitmotif of exploding cameras and whirring electric arc lights (theatres and meat markets on the West Coast copy-cat the movie premieres, if it means anything to you besides a bad pun on the word ham), and accompanied by the swish of organza and summer furs, the howling of enthusiastic fans whooping it up for their cinema favorites, and the caustic comments of John Caliban Barrymore, the New York Theatre Guild came to Hollywood in the summer of 1937 along with a heat wave. Despite the fanfaronade it was the most refined first night there has ever been West of the Rockies.

If we must be accurate, though it isn't half as much fun really, the Biltmore Theatre is in Los Angeles, not Hollywood, but at times like this Hollywood simply overlooks a little thing like mileage, though as anyone can tell you—perhaps there are a few stick-in-the-muds who can't but I don't know them—from the Trocadero Bar in Hollywood to the Biltmore Bar in Los Angeles is a long time between drinks. And of course the highly delightful and pleasantly insane "Amphytrion 38" wasn't the first Theatre Guild production to play Hollywood—Los Angeles—but it was the first time the Guild has deigned, albeit *dared*, to open a play here before taking it in to New York. Sensitive producers just *don't* try out plays on Hollywood. It simply isn't done. Movie stars are supposed to be a very tough audience. They usually put on a far more triumphant performance in the orchestra than the actors do on the stage. They come to be seen, they come late, they never pat their little mitts, and their sole thought is, "This would make a grand picture for me. Adrian could make me something utterly mad for the second act. I'll tell Sam to



First Night! Glamor running rampant in ermine and silver fox as famous stars fight the crowds and cameramen at a big opening—but how they love it!

Above, Claudette Colbert looks self-conscious, her husband in a hurry, as they enter the theatre. Those chums, Madge Evans and Una Merkel, laugh it off, right.



in Hollywood



buy it in the morning. If he lets Colbert get this one I'll break his neck." Some Broadway actors and actresses have been known to take six aspirins, a soupçon of spirits of ammonia, and a slug of straight gin as a bracer before having the nerve to face a Hollywood audience.

But something happened, something most mysterious, at Hollywood's biggest and best first night. The film celebrities let down their hair, in a nice way of course, and applauded so loudly and so enthusiastically that they must have cracked their nail polish. I have never witnessed a more hearty welcome than they gave Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne that night; in fact, it was so hearty that after the steenth curtain call Mr. Lunt was moved to make a speech. "You are supposed to be the toughest audience in the world," he said, "—but you aren't." Yes, I'm afraid Hollywood is slipping.

But I guess it was only inevitable that the Theatre Guild should cause a renaissance of culture in Hollywood, for there is something so frightfully re-feened about the Geeld. The night of the opening most of the place fairly dripped with culture and beaux arts and stars went into their stained glass window mood, and Theatre Guild alumnae. And a fragrant suspicion of Haig and Haig. The fans who jammed the Biltmore lobby didn't gave a row of haricots for the alumnae, but were mighty pleased to see Myrna Loy and Janet Gaynor and Jack Oakie. Before the curtain went up the stars were feeling so subdued and intellectual they were delving promiscuously about in Greek mythology desperately trying to recall the family trees of the gods and goddesses. And, my dear, Hollywood hasn't been interested in family trees for years. Believe me, they were so intent on geneology that they completely forgot to



The Charles Boyers—she's Pat Patterson—don't mind a little camera notice, as you can see at left. While Connie Bennett, below, revels in it.

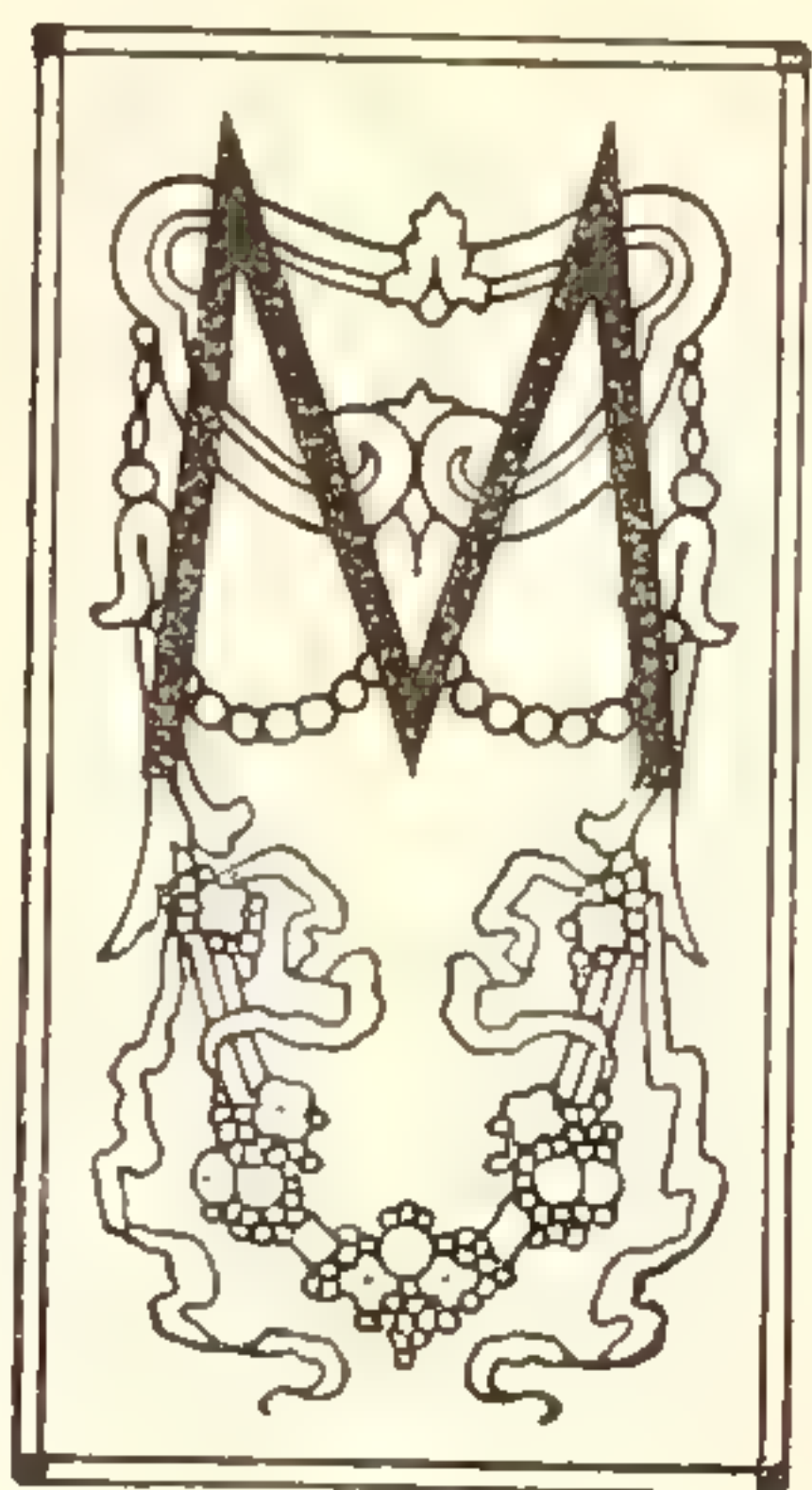


The Jack Oakies, all dressed up and a place to go. Sophie Tucker, above, loves premieres, whether in Hollywood, Manhattan, or London—and admits it.



comment on the fact that Miriam Hopkins had worn that same dress before.

"If Jupiter was the father of Mercury, who was the mother?" asked Madge Evans. "She was an Akron girl," flipped Una Merkel, "Jupiter came to her disguised as a rubber tire." Madge giggled, the alumnae looked (Please turn to page 69)



MY LIFE

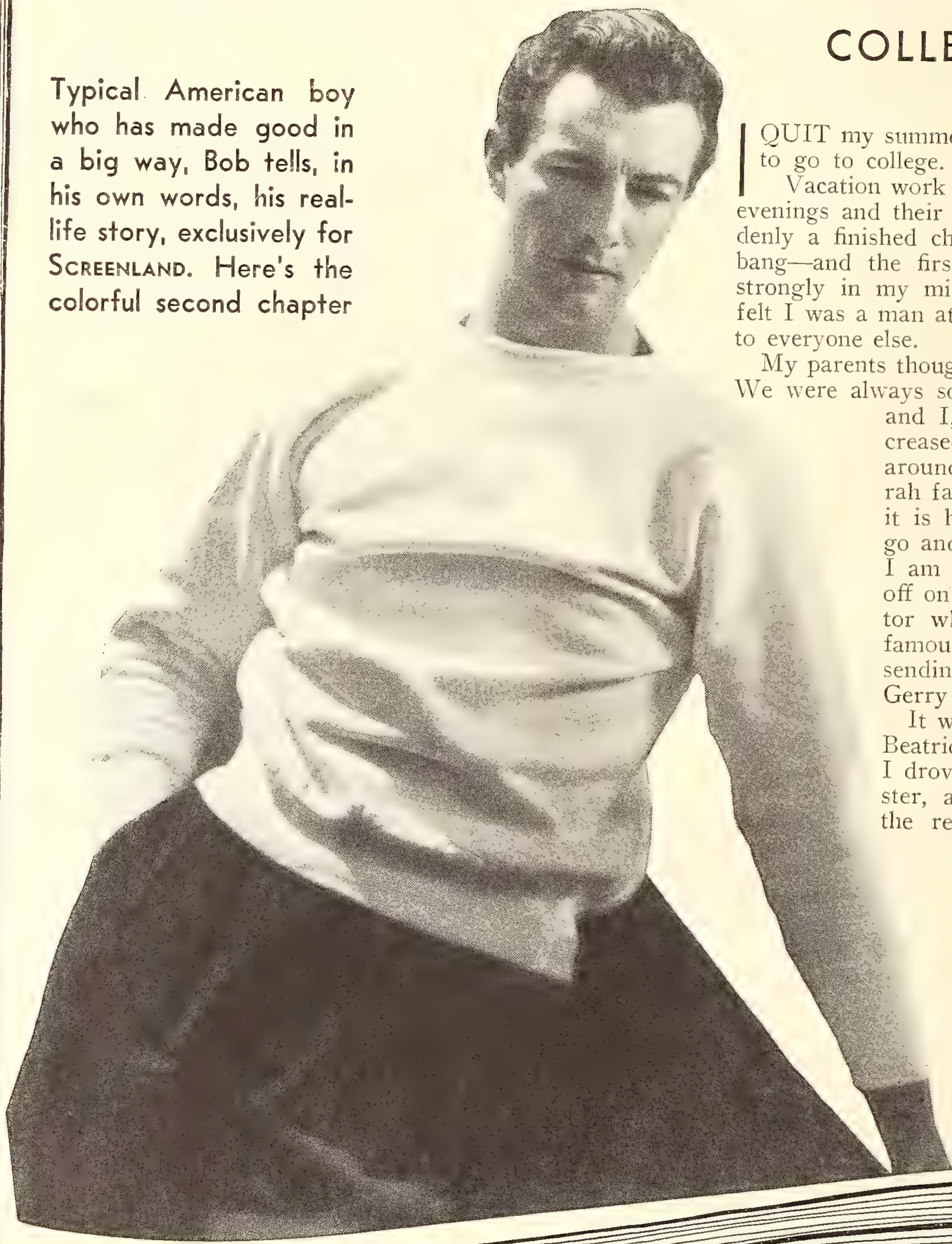
By

Robert Taylor

As told to Ben Maddox

COLLEGE DAYS

Typical American boy who has made good in a big way, Bob tells, in his own words, his real-life story, exclusively for SCREENLAND. Here's the colorful second chapter



QUIT my summer job in the bank at home to go to college.

Vacation work ended abruptly. Those lazy evenings and their moonlight dates were suddenly a finished chapter. It was Fall with a bang—and the first autumn that stands out strongly in my mind. Because, I suppose, I felt I was a man at last and now it was plain to everyone else.

My parents thought I was going to Europe! We were always so close, mother and father and I, that their excitement increased mine. Not that I went around whooping it up in a rah-rah fashion—as a matter of fact, it is hard for me to let myself go and show exactly how deeply I am really reacting. But I was off on my own to become a doctor who would make Nebraska famous. And they were not only sending me, but my buddy, Gerry Weber, too.

It was all of forty miles from Beatrice to the campus at Crete. I drove Gerry in my new roadster, and the folks brought up the rear with all our baggage piled in their car. We made a swoop through the grounds of my alma mater and then headed for the place where Gerry and I were to room. There's nothing like trying to make a furnished place look swell. It's a triumph you have to struggle for. We changed the furniture about half-a-dozen times, hung pic-

tures, tacked pennants, and finally I was sure we were unmistakably men of the world. Suave old bachelors with undisguised aplomb! As soon as the folks left I rushed Gerry uptown. There we each bought a pipe, being choosy with all the self-possession the most bored boulevardier could have possibly mustered.

It was unadulterated fun to be grown up. I had all the advantages and none of the drawbacks. No worries then. No doubts as to whether or not I was doing the right thing. Life was simple. You could be quite mathematical about every situation. Black could never shade into white and I certainly could trust everything I read and heard to be genuine gospel.

I didn't get a parting lecture from my parents on how to behave. They realized that you can't put blinders on an individual who is going to have to make his own way. They didn't attempt to hide the uncouth. Rather, they conscientiously set an example. Father had never shirked and he'd become a success. Mother had high ideals and they'd made her happy. They gave me credit for having good sense.

So Doane College days were great ones even though, actually, I was not plunged into any terrific adventures. The college was a small, church-endowed institution on the edge of a small town. I remember how we were away from the bustle and problems of big cities and how I liked that isolation. Our buildings were a comfortable red brick and classes were a pleasant divertissement. I never exerted myself too much in my studies. The countryside was too rolling; there were too many beautiful elms and maples, and there was that winding river that was a keen spot for canoeing. I ate whatever I wanted, slept like a log whenever the spirit moved me. Gerry was the kind of companion I prefer still. I found him congenial, the instigator of flocks of laughs, and curious about what was going on in a balanced way. I had no difficulty in getting acquainted; soon everyone was knowing everyone else. There were fraternities and I was thrilled when I was asked to join what I thought was the best gang. It was important, of course, to "rate." Slyly, then, I watched the big-shot seniors and wondered if I'd ever be as confident and as impressive as they were. The fraternities were, in reality, athletic clubs, and none had houses. But our clubroom was wonderful enough.

For extra-curricular activity I decided on oratory and the college plays. I didn't make any credits for either, but they were more profitable as well as more kick than the regular courses. Oratory netted me my first trip to a metropolis. Contests were held in a number of colleges for the best speech on some topic I can't recall now, and the winner at each school was awarded a visit to Detroit. I won at Doane and I was speeding to Lincoln to meet the others there. Then we were even taken across the border to see a bit of Canada. The people in Detroit looked as though they had lived in apartments all their life and didn't go to the country often enough. But when I returned I knew I was a seasoned traveler!



Directly above, The Harmony Boys of Filley, Nebraska, of which Bob Taylor was a member when a college boy. Bob is shown at the right in the picture—he played the cello; the other two boys played the violin and piano. Top, conquering hero visits his alma mater—Bob has a reunion with his professors at Pomona College.

The college plays were a lot of rehearsals, which took up at least four evenings a week, and ultimately the magnificent performance. It was excellent training, yet I didn't have the slightest suspicion of that then. I never once thought of those plays as the initial (*Please turn to page 71*)

Once a Coalminer

Continued from page 51

the cost of education. Therefore he'd have to earn it himself. Simple as ABC to Allan Jones, aged eleven.

If you had belonged to a Scranton lodge in those days and gone forth to attend one of its social evenings, you'd have found yourself being entertained by the following turn among others. A small figure in a girl's hat and coat, golden curls bobbing, appears and sings in a sweet soprano "The Last Rose of Summer." Applause. Curtsey. Another verse. With the final high note, the ostensible girl sweeps off her hat, to which the curls are attached, removes the coat and discloses herself as a boy in Scotch kilts. Sensation. In Scotch dialect and a true boy's alto, he sings "I Love a Lassie," topping it off with a Highland fling. Then he runs to the wings, peels off his kilts, revealing the final layer as a sailor suit, with the trousers rolled up. He rolls them down and dashes out to sing his last song, "I Love to Be a Sailor."

At home that night Allan would give his check to his mother, who had sewn the golden curls into the hat and made him the girl's coat. "Well, that'll be another twenty-five in the bank for your music," she'd say.

Still, he knew he'd never reach it by means of an occasional job at night. Doggedly he hunted for work, eager to fill every hour unclaimed by school. During his freshman year at high-school, he ran errands for a bank. He sang at church. He acted as chauffeur for a cantankerous widow, who made his life miserable. But what did that matter? She paid him eighty a month. He gave that up during his senior year and went to work in the mines as a carpenter's helper at fifty-eight cents an hour. Feel sorry for himself? Not at all. "It was good hard work, and I thrive on it." Transferred to the riveters' gang, he got careless one day, fell fifteen feet from a girder and smashed his wrist. Now he wears an aluminum plate where the bone should be.

He was graduated in February. He couldn't enter Syracuse, where he was enrolled, until the fall. A friend of his father's who had been buying up coal waste, material escaped from the refining machines, offered Allan the job of driving a truck at twenty-five a week. Two weeks later the miners went on strike. Coal was at a premium, and a great demand arose for this waste material. Though it had been mined before the strike, the miners naturally didn't want it sold. The 16-year-old boy was sworn in as deputy and given a gun. Laborers were imported from outlying towns. Allan had to get up at four in the morning, take them to work, haul coal all day, and take them home again at night. Meantime, the steamshovel engineer, who was making \$75 a week, went off on a bat.

Allan had watched him manipulate the machine, had asked questions about it. "I think I can work it," he told the boss.

"If you can, I'll give you the job." By the end of the week, he was loading as many cars as his predecessor had.

In addition to his ten hours on the shovel, he was still spending two hours night and morning, driving the men to and fro.

On a snowy night he was driving his workers home. Suddenly, out of a side street, shot a car. He recognized it as the boss' car. The boss, drunk as a lord, was flourishing two guns. He had heard that the strikers intended trouble and had dashed to the rescue.

"I hate to tell this," says Jones. "It sounds like a fairytale. I was scared, don't worry, but I knew I had to do something,

so I did the first thing that came into my head."

That was to stop the truck, jump down and take the guns from the boss, who grew suddenly docile at the sound of Allan's voice. He knew that the man always carried a wad of bills with him. He asked for it and peeled off two hundred dollars. With this he turned to the leaders of the crowd, still watching silently. "Give that to your men," he said, loaded the boss into the truck and drove off.

That fall he entered the music school at Syracuse. He had been there only a month when a wire came from his friend, Roy Eltringham. Eltringham, a young curate in Scranton, had given him sympathy and encouragement. He was in New York for the week-end, he knew some singing teachers, he wanted Allan to come down and sing for them.

He had arranged the appointments beforehand, and together they made the rounds. It became a depressingly monotonous business. Allan would sing. "Hm—yes. You've a good natural voice, but it's a hard



Vacation for Madeleine Carroll, seen here as she arrived in New York.

struggle. Better stick to your mining." "Not bad, not bad. Still, in your place, I'd go back to the mines. It's easier."

Allan's heart sank lower and lower. Now for the first time he was out in the world, among people who felt no interest in him as a human being, and they thought he wasn't good enough. "Cheer up," said Eltringham. "We've another name on the list."

They went to Claude Warford's studio. He and his accompanist, Willard Sektberg, listened to Allan sing. When he'd finished, there was a few moments' silence. Mr. Warford broke it. "I'll tell you what I think of your voice. I'll give you three lessons a week this year for nothing."

"And I," added Sektberg, "will try to wangle you a scholarship in the Arts Course at N.Y.U."

It was almost too much after the buffetings of the day. Allan's knees felt weak. Eltringham patted his shoulder. "I told you there was another name on the list."

They celebrated by going to see "The Desert Song" that night. His first real grief came to Allan later when his friend Eltringham, working in his garden, dropped dead of heart failure.

But that was in the future. Next day he sang for the dean of the Arts School at

N.Y.U. He got his scholarship, in return for his services as soloist to the Glee Club. He got his three lessons a week from Warford. And, on Sektberg's recommendation, he got a job as soloist in a church.

Every summer Mr. Warford took a class to Europe to study opera and languages. The next thing that began to worry Allan was how he could afford to join that class. An inspiration was born, and he wrote to his father: "Do you think we could swing a concert in Scranton?" His father wrote back: "I've got two thousand men working under me. They'll listen to you and like it."

On the \$1100 the concert netted, he went abroad. His voice had so improved by the time he returned that concert managers began finding him dates. When he went to Europe again the following summer, he was engaged to sing for the Deauville Casino Opera Company.

One night a stranger named Raoul Duval came to his dressing-room, complimented him on his voice, and said: "I'd like to do something for you. My sister-in-law is connected with the San Francisco orchestra, and might be able to help you. Will you sing for her when you get back to Paris?"

So it was arranged. Sektberg went along to play for him. He found a party in progress, which disconcerted him. He had understood he was to sing for the lady alone. He was introduced to Lord This and the Marquise That, and finally to a Mrs. Armstrong, an elderly lady with an air of authority.

"Well, young man, and what are you going to sing for me?"

He thought: "Who the devil are you? One of these officious society dames, I suppose." Aloud he said more politely: "I haven't prepared a program—just brought a lot of music along."

"Oh, that's bad. You should have prepared a program for me."

Jones went over to Sektberg. "Who is that woman? She's going to get into my hair." Sektberg smiled.

Despite his annoyance, Allan gave an excellent account of himself. None was more bountiful of praise than Mrs. Armstrong. Allan cornered Raoul Duval. "WHO IS this Mrs. Armstrong?"

The lady came over. "Mr. Jones, there's a fine future in store for you, if you can keep your head. I'd like you to write to me. If there's anything I can do for you, I shall be delighted."

"Allan," said Mr. Duval. "I have an apology to make. I introduced this lady as Mrs. Armstrong by her own request. She didn't want you to be nervous and Armstrong is her name by marriage. Now allow me to re-introduce you to Dame Melba."

Dame Melba died before having a chance to redeem her promise. But it didn't look as if Allan were going to need much help. A niece of Walter Damrosch heard him sing and raved about the young tenor to her uncle. After an audition, Damrosch engaged him as tenor soloist to the New York Philharmonic. Concert dates piled up. Allan was earning good money. The market was booming. A friend showed him how he himself was making a monkey out of Wall Street. Like many another, Allan thought: "If he can do it, why can't I?" and proceeded to act on that theory.

Came the crash, and he lost his all. Calling himself a fool didn't help matters. He found that the crash had taken more than his cash. The concert business went to pieces.

Those were the dark days, and they lasted long enough. Eventually a light pierced the gloom when Charles Wagner gave him the lead in "Bocaccio." The opera failed, but the tenor won a personal triumph. Offers came pouring in—the best from the Shuberts—and he signed a five-year contract with them.

Shubert came to him one day. "I've got a terrific opera here for you, Allan. This is really going to make you."

Allan read it. It was the "Life of Stephen Foster." "It's a grand idea," he said, "but badly written."

"I wrote it," announced the producer.

This exchange did little to promote good feeling between the two. Metro had been trying to get Jones, but had found themselves balked by the Shubert contract. When "Stephen Foster" flopped in Boston, Allan bought his release and went to the coast.

He arrived at 7:30 one morning. At 10:30 he was learning a song for "Reckless." You may have seen the picture without ever seeing Allan Jones. You had only to blink your eyes at a certain point and zip! he was gone.

Then came "A Night at the Opera," a singing sequence in "Rose Marie," and at last "Showboat," in which he made his first substantial impression. But even after that impression had been made, weary weeks dragged by while he twiddled his thumbs.

"We've got to find the right thing for you," he was told.

Finally Hunt Stromberg sent for him. "I've found it, Allan," and told him the story of "Firefly."

I asked him about his marriage. He smiled and went to the door. "Irene," he called. "You'd better come and help me with this."

Irene came, a slender, chestnut-haired girl in skyblue pajamas. With a grimace for her husband, she tucked herself into a corner of the sofa.

"I first saw her the fifth day I was here," he began. "Betty Furness took me to a studio play and Irene had the lead. I asked Betty who she was. After that I saw her on the lot now and then, but she never saw me and didn't know who I was."

"Till I went to the preview of 'Night at the Opera,'" she chimed in. "Then it was my turn to ask: 'Who's that?'"

She had taken a fancy to the song he sang in that picture—a song called "Alone." Crossing the lot one day, she began singing it softly to herself.

Suddenly a voice behind her, a man's voice, picked it up.

She stopped in her tracks, and turned and saw Allan Jones. She was a little confused. "Hello," she smiled. "Hello," he smiled, and they went their separate ways.

Again he went to a party with Betty Furness. Irene was there with Cesar Romero, known to his friends as Butch. Betty didn't see much of Allan, nor Butch of Irene.

"Look," said understanding Betty to Allan as the party broke up. "You don't want to take me home, do you?"

"No," Allan grinned.

"O.K. I'll fix it. Butch," she called. "They've changed the script on us. You're taking me home."

"From there," said Jones, "it went steadily on." He lifted his eyes with their quiet smile to his wife. "Until we became engaged, b'gosh."

Her eyes smiled back. "And married, b'gosh."

"And that's all," they chorused.

"Unless you want to come down and see the governess cart Gail's getting for her birthday."

We saw the governess cart, carefully stowed away in the stable. We saw the four horses, one an enchanting, month-old colt.

The garden was brilliant with flowers. The sky stretched blue over two young people, happy in each other, in the antics of a frisking colt, in the pleasure they were planning for a little girl's birthday. In his coalmining days Allan Jones had set himself a goal for his ambition. In reaching it, he had reached a goal for his heart as well.



Don't envy milkmaid complexions—use Duart Creme of Milk yourself.

ALL through the ages there have been tales of famous beauties who bathed in milk. The skin-beautifying qualities of this dairy product have long been recognized. But it remained for the Duart Company to extract the glandular oils from fresh milk and put them into an inexpensive and easily used face cream called "Creme of Milk." The very first time you use Duart Creme of Milk, you'll be thrilled with its effect on your complexion! It made its debut only a few months ago, and we're told that already a million women rely upon it for complete beauty care. It's an excellent cleansing cream, leaving your skin smooth and soft, without a trace of greasiness. It softens rough skin and clears the kind that's inclined to be sallow or blotchy. Daily use of Creme of Milk refines the texture marvelously. You'll find it's a dandy make-up base, too.

AN INVITATION to romance is the best description we can find for Richard Hudnut's new R.S.V.P. perfume. It has that indefinable something that arouses curiosity but is never too insistent or obvious. It's slightly heady, decidedly haunting, and we suspect it of having a come-hither quality that's too well disguised to provoke criticism, even from the most conservative. We're convinced it's a perfume after a man's heart because we've tried it out on the nostrils of several and the unanimous verdict was "I like it." Hudnut's R.S.V.P. would be a success at the gayest party. Yet it's not too heavy for day-time.

A GREAT big vote of thanks goes to the five Westmores, famous Hollywood make-up artists, for passing their secrets of loveliness along to us! They've

Femi-nifties

Your Beauty at its Best!



Let Kurlash turn up your eyelashes into an alluring sweep!



The belle of the ball will wear Hudnut's new R.S.V.P. perfume.



New Brit-Tex cream keeps fingernails in the pink of condition.

already won their laurels for making movie stars glamorous. Now they've launched the House of Westmore Type-Harmonized Cosmetics to help you "star" your own good looks. A complete combination of make-up, (powder base, powder, rouge, lipstick, and eye make-up), has been worked out for each complexion type. And, in addition, the Westmores give you the benefit of their unique experience in a Gold Book that shows you just how to apply your make-up to bring out your best features. There's a Gold Book for blondes, one for brunettes, and another for red-heads. Each one explains the seven basic types of face and shows how they should be "starred" for beauty. You'll love the way the House of Westmore cosmetics are dressed up. The face cream and rouge jars are white with shiny gold tops. The rouge compacts, lipsticks, and eye make-up boxes are gold and jade. And the powder box looks like a treasure chest of pure gold. Each bears the famous family crest of the House of Westmore.

WHAT a world of difference curling eyelashes make in a girl's attractiveness! If you don't believe us, just watch how the men at a party flock around the girl whose lashes curl up in a piquant sweep. And the best of it is, this beauty asset is one anybody can have, thanks to Kurlash, the tricky little gadget that curls eyelashes in a jiffy. There's something about curling lashes that lends beauty to every pair of eyes. The upsweeping frame makes eyes seem larger and brighter, and it adds a lot to that profile view. We've found

that the best time to use Kurlash is after you've applied your mascara, for then your eyelashes will stay curled 12 to 14 hours, or even longer.

YOU'LL have a perfect right to be proud of your fingernails if you keep them in condition with Brit-Tex! You can't expect polish to go on smoothly or "stay put" if the nails themselves are brittle or ridged, or if the cuticle surrounding them is rough and split. Give your fingernails a chance to look their loveliest by massaging Brit-Tex into them before you go to bed and, if possible, after each time you wash your hands. It's a fine pink cream, rich in oils.



LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years...

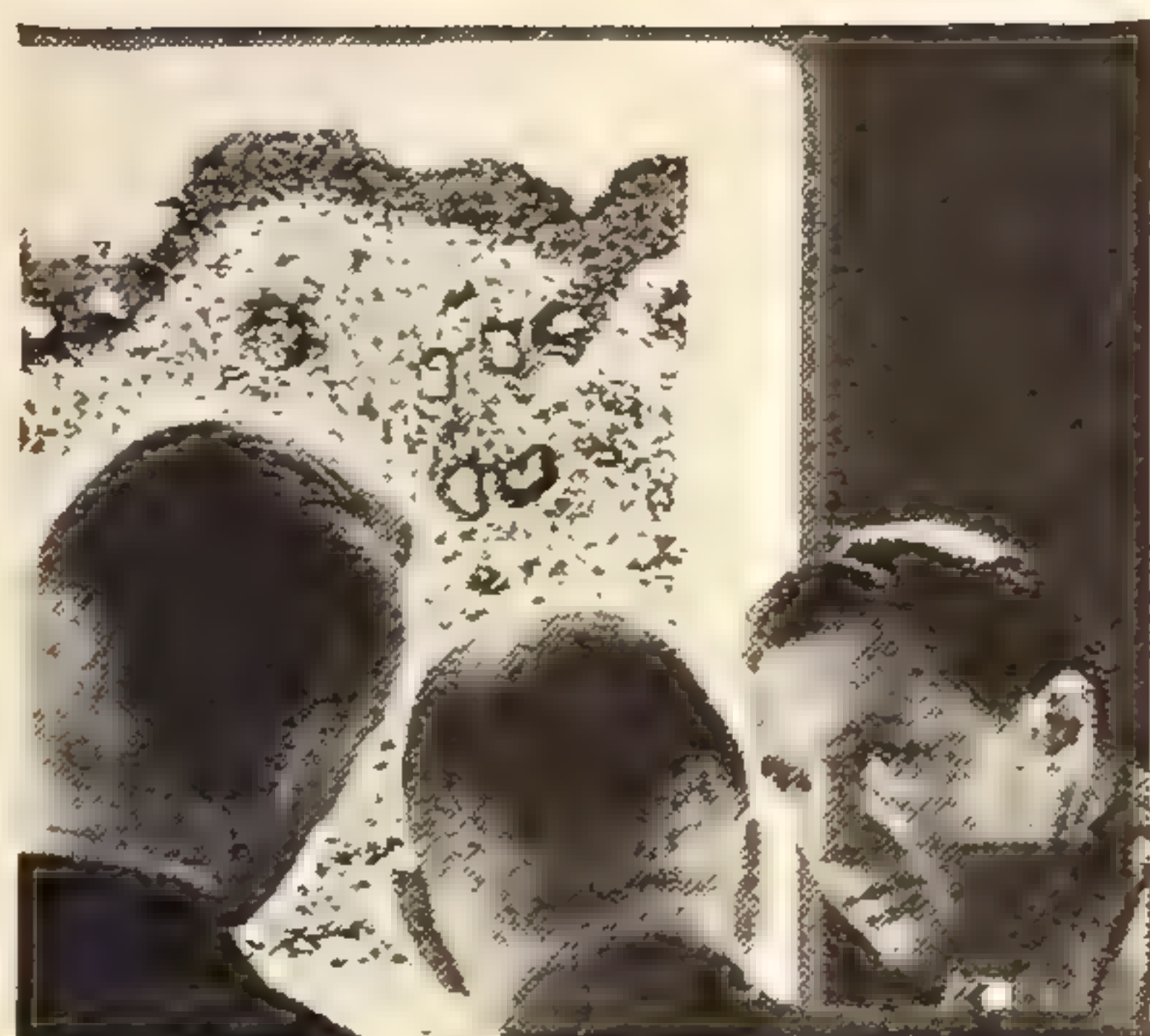


1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.



2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"



3 Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!



FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now."

"Lines are disappearing"...

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new

Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

1 1 1

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*



NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative" . . . "Ex-Lax is *everything* a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products *better*! And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

- **TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!** No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!
- **ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!** Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even *more effective*! It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.
- **MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!** Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a *gentle nudge* at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but *easily* and *comfortably*!

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

A Real Day With Don Ameche

Continued from page 27

could become a wild Irishman so easily!" "Let's go down to Grandma's," interposed the heir of the family. "Bert's home."

So Don, his elder son, and I sallied forth in the noon-day calm for the half-mile hike. When Meche knew he wouldn't be merely a flash in the Hollywood pan he moved his parents from Kenosha, Wisconsin, to Encino, too. Bert is his youngest brother, whom he's sending to college. "He's starting East for the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., shortly. He's majoring in architecture and he got straight A's last year!"

Don himself tried four universities, including Georgetown at the capital. "My parents were patient. They expected me to be a lawyer. But somehow I had so much fun. I was pretty busy on the football, basketball, and baseball teams. And in college plays; they were swell. I went from one college to another in the hope the next would have a more exciting law course." He kicked a stone for his son's edification. "But I had the nerve to audition for the radio and radio took me."

I wanted to meet Grandma and Don's father, but they weren't in. Bert, a husky fellow for so excellent a student, accompanied us back to headquarters. For an hour and a half we played tennis, with Honore joining us to make it doubles. It was then and there I began to learn that Meche is charm plus action.

Jimmy, the younger brother who's a radio name, and his bride appeared on the scene so we stopped for lemonade. "How was the preview of 'You Can't Have Everything'?" queried Jimmy. Don shook his head. "It's downright amusing but I wish I'd been better!" Having seen it myself I could truthfully reassure them that he'd done nobly. "Honey won't go to my previews with me, so I never know," Don stated with a mock moan.

"I went to his first picture with him," Honore retorted. "He wants me to be honest. Until the middle of that effort I thought we'd pack the next day and go back to Chicago and the radio alone. In the last half he overcame his greenness, though. But then and there I decided I wouldn't go to any more of his pictures with him."

"You should have seen my prized critic when I was about to go into my first important movie love scene," interrupted Don. "We made 'Ramona' on location, and Honey and I slipped off to the beach at La Jolla to swim. In the Atlantic the stingarees float, so you can see them coming; in the Pacific they lurk where you can step on them. Yes; I stepped!"

Honey took the tale away from him. "The doctor didn't believe he could go on working, but I bathed his foot most of the night, and we split his moccasin so he could get it on for a 'take.' Two men carried him down a wooded hill. He was in terrible pain, but he joked. 'All I need now is a snazzy rattlesnake!' Well, I raised my head and I saw a rattlesnake several yards long. I ran like fury."

"When she got to the top of the hill she turned around and screamed, 'Somebody go get him. He can't walk!'" Don chuckled indulgently.

"I'll concede that I thought of myself first," Honore shot back, "But if that snake had come anywhere near you you'd have risen and run very snappily!"

Don topped her by doing a jack-knife dive into the pool. When Bert was napping,

Don shoved him in the water. The two of them yelled with glee. Jimmy was their marked victim. They chased him until they threw him in. And I—yes, clothes and all! Honore was next, the marked woman. Urged on by Don, we started after her, no doubt looking for all the world like the Marx Brothers after a blonde. "This dress cost \$30!" she cried. "I'll buy you another!" Don yelled. "But this girdle—it's a jewel—it's a gem—it's a—"—and with a final shriek she made the front door, skidded inside, and locked it triumphantly.

The Ameche clan drifted away, Gabriel garnered the kiddies, and Don pondered a matter which has been puzzling him for some time. Apparently his studio has the notion that his marriage should be soft-pedaled. Presumably picture-goers will not like him quite so much if they know that he has been so happily married for almost five years.

But theirs is the kind of marriage everyone dreams of having. "We have known one another since we were high-school age. Neither of us ever cared for anyone else. And, Ben, she's an integral part of me—of whatever I have or can achieve. She's a wonderful mother; but more—she's a wife who's an ideal companion. I have more fun with her than with any woman or man I've ever known."

He was sitting, now, alone in the living-room with me. It's a comfortable, homey room where children will inevitably romp and grow up and bring in their friends.

So it wasn't the man who is receiving the most fan mail of any male star at 20th Century-Fox who was talking. It was Meche, the loyal, unaffected husband.

"Frankly I don't believe people who like my work will resent my personal luck in getting a girl like I got. Of course, I'm new at the picture game; I acknowledge that I'm a novice out here. Still, when I stood before an altar and exchanged vows I wasn't fooling. And it's my own opinion that my wife deserves to share every break, every privilege I can earn. I'm proud as punch of her and—." For the only time Don's spirits touched an approach to low ebb. I told him what I thought, that I was glad to know a screen hero had that much respect for the woman he married before sudden fame was splattered on him. You would please him, I'm sure, if you'd write him your attitude on this perplexing situation he's stumbled into.

His brown eyes lighted, his lips leaped into the widest smile as Honore returned to us. "Where are we eating tonight?" she demanded.

"Oh, for a gal who could cook," sighed Meche, and dodged a pillow.

"Cook indeed! He may be living out here like a gentleman farmer, but don't let that deceive you. Every evening Dom wants to go into Hollywood for dinner"

Whereupon Honore hastened to explain that anyone who maintains the extraordinary work schedule that Don does is deserving of a whim once in a while. In addition to acting in pictures, he has to rehearse his radio show several evenings a week. The previous Saturday night he'd been at his radio rehearsal from 7:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. Then on Sundays he reports to the broadcasting studio at 11 in the morning and rehearses until 4, when he goes on the air. "It relaxes Dom to run away from routines, to eat in a popular restaurant. He likes the bustle, the sense of being in the midst of things; he likes to be with friends."

The object of our conversation interrupted. "You must come to dinner with us, Ben! And, Honey how about getting Toughy and Liz to join us?" Toughy and Liz materialized as Abner (of Lum 'n' Abner radio fame) and his attractive brunette wife; they live next door to the Ameches and have been chums since Chi-

Lady in danger..

OF LOSING HER MAN!



Isn't it a shame she doesn't know
this lovelier way to avoid offending?



BEFORE EVERY DATE, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.



YOU FEEL MORE GLAMOROUS when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin—keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!



SO ALLURING TO MEN—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special *lingering* quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the lovelier way to avoid offending!



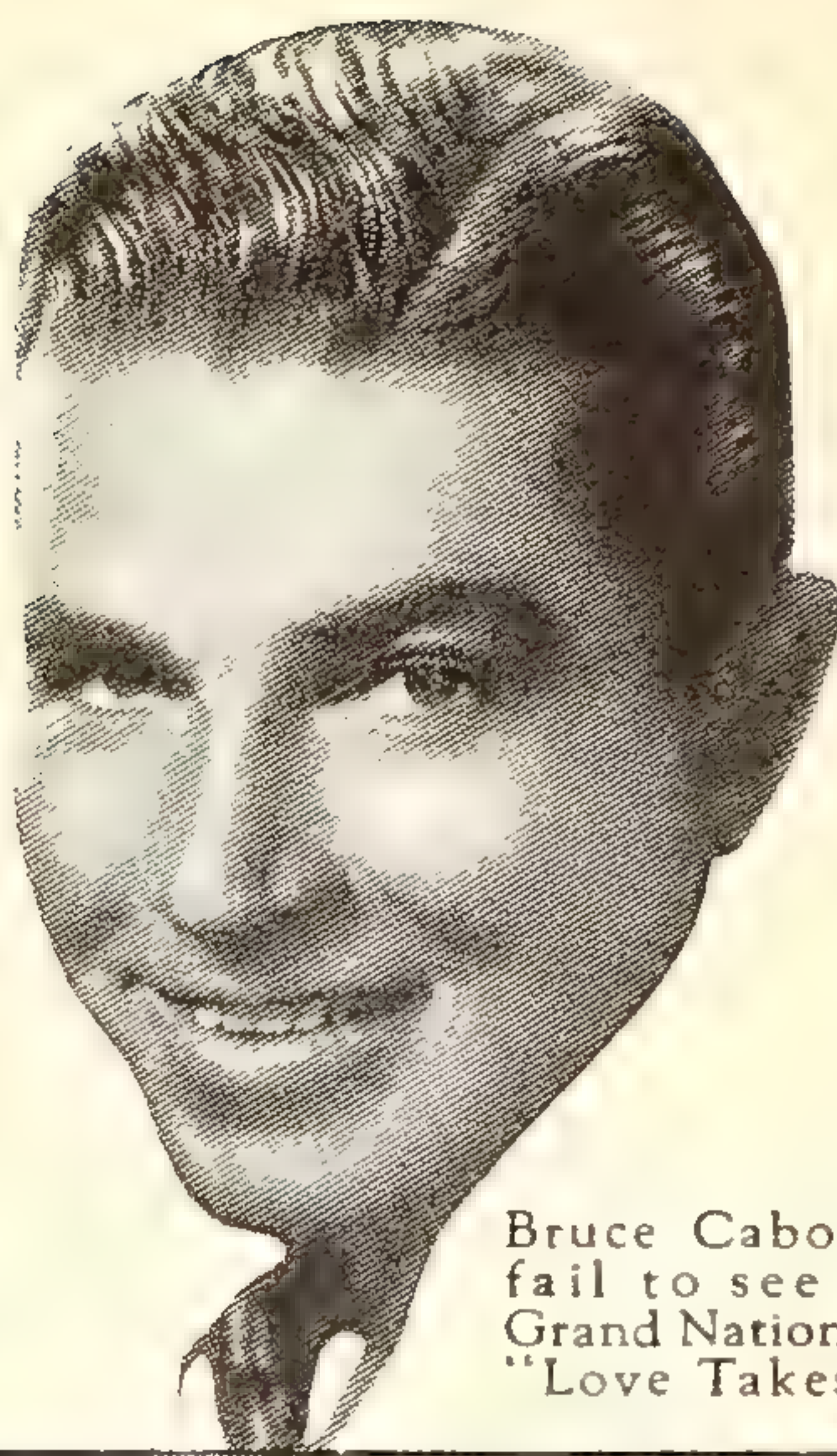
NOW ONLY 10¢
at all drug, department,
and ten-cent stores

**MARVELOUS FOR
COMPLEXIONS, TOO!**

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

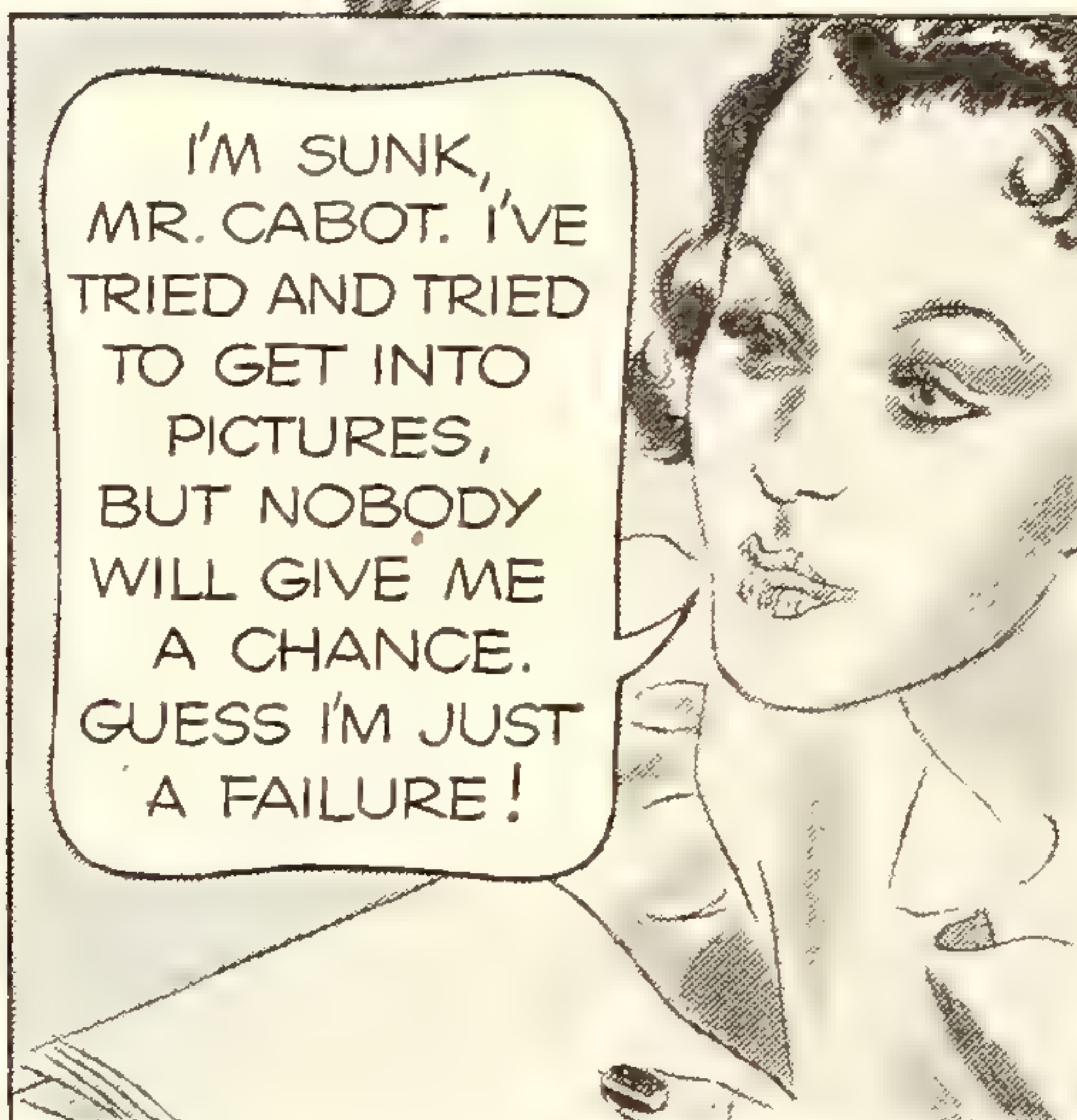
a word to the wise from Bruce Cabot



Bruce Cabot—don't fail to see his new Grand National picture, "Love Takes Flight"



GOOD MORNING, MARY. WHERE'S THAT USUAL BRIGHT SMILE OF YOURS?



I'M SUNK, MR. CABOT. I'VE TRIED AND TRIED TO GET INTO PICTURES, BUT NOBODY WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE. GUESS I'M JUST A FAILURE!



YOU'RE A PRETTY GIRL, MARY, BUT CASTING DIRECTORS ARE THE SAME AS OTHER MEN—THEY LIKE TO SEE SMOOTH, YOUNG LIPS. THERE'S A LIPSTICK WITH A BEAUTY-CREAM BASE...



OH, MR CABOT. IT WAS GRAND OF YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT KISSPROOF! I'VE LANDED A PART IN THIS NEW PICTURE!

A FEW WEEKS LATER



EVERY GIRL SHOULD REMEMBER THAT FOR "LIP APPEAL" HER MOUTH MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH—RADIANTLY YOUNG

The Beauty-Cream base of Kissproof protects the lips against drying and cracking while it gives a warm, lasting color. Kissproof is a girl's most precious aid to loveliness.

Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at 50c drug and department stores

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry). Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades Generous trial sizes at all 10¢ stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE



cago radio days. Toughy greeted Don as "You-ol' yard-dog."

Soon all five of us were off in one car to the city. The two celebrities were faultlessly attired—Don appreciates nice tailoring—except for polo shirts to match mine. We headed for the swank Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, debating whether we could get in without ties. "Can we?" Meche asked the doorman, the elevator boy, the hat-check girl. Each nodded yes. But the head-waiter shook his head no! We exited. At the entrance we ran into Mack Gordon, the plump song-writer. Learning our predicament, Mack calmly stepped into the lobby and in a tone that must have knocked every one inside aghast bellowed, "Phooey on you!" He walked back, shook hands solemnly with all of us. All except Honore and Mrs. Abner, who had disappeared. Presently they returned and suggested we try the Beverly Brown Derby.

"But I am so sorry, Mr. Ameche. So sorry, sir; but we do not serve unless you have a tie on!"

Meche eyed this head-waiter despondently. "Honey," he groaned, "where do I find some food?"

Honore winced at the waiter, whose pompousness vanished. Once more milord and master had been framed. We ate.

"Why not go to Venice?" Don demanded over black coffee. "Honey wants to ride the whip."

We collected Claire Trevor and Billy Bakewell, and Polly Ann (sister of Loretta) Young and her husband en route. At the beach Honore nudged me. "If he isn't a great kid, I'd like to see one!" Meche was ecstatic, trying to decide where we'd begin. We settled for the roller coaster, and he wasn't satisfied until we'd had three rides. We shot rifles, raced rabbits, chased goldfish with paper nets.

Then nothing would do but the nickel dance-hall. A lot of people were on the verge of recognizing Don, but evidently they concluded he couldn't be a celebrity. No one enjoying himself so much could be!

Half an hour of dancing and Meche had another inspiration. "The Bublichki!" he exclaimed. I thought that some secret police must be after us, but he was only referring to a Russian night-spot he'd located on Sunset Boulevard, two blocks West of the Troc. "There's a marvelous fiddle player there," Meche raved. "He's taught many of the finest violinists!" And so we whizzed in from Venice and had midnight supper at the Bublichki. The proprietor played the guitar, we all started to sing with the rest of the crowd and Don's beautiful voice was outstanding.

"He doesn't take voice lessons," Honore told me. "Back in Chicago he went to a man who knows much about singing, and Dom was advised not to spoil his natural tones as long as he wasn't aiming for opera. That teacher is partly blind, and Dom thinks a lot of him. Every week Dom looks forward to the letter of criticism he gets from him on his radio program."

At 3 a.m. we left, but not to call it a day. Meche had one more vacation day and so why go to bed so early? The five of us who started could tarry at the Abners' for some penny-poker. "I guess I had my fill of routine when I was in boarding-school," Don reminisced as we drove countrywards. "Now my working hours are comparatively irregular, and so are my non-working hours. I like it this way!"

Penny-poker and ham and eggs at the neighbors at dawn! I went back to the Ameches' for my car. Sheila and Bridget and Lady, their handsome dogs, bounded furiously. Energy extends even to the dogs in that household. Arm in arm, Don and Honore stood by my car door. "I hope we can stay in Hollywood," he said. He pulled her closer and kissed her good-morning.

Carnival Nights in Hollywood

Continued from page 59

horrified, a bugle blew, Myrna's cute little retroussé nose went further up in the air, Sophie Tucker and her orchids got in under the wire, the lights went out, and the curtain went up.

Word had gotten about that it was an eight-thirty curtain and that no one would be seated during the prologue. Hollywood has had threats like this before and thought nothing of them—the play always waits for Hollywood. But on the evening the Lunts came to town there has never been such scurrying through soufflés, such gulping of artichokes; why, it's a wonder the whole town didn't die of acute indigestion. It's one of the unwritten laws that film celebrities will be late for an opening, and Connie Bennett and other glamor girls have often been put on the pan by the press for their tardiness. But I'll have you know that not a single star was late for the first night of "Amphytrion 38."

Madame Ouspenskaya who made such a hit in "Dodsworth" and who is about to repeat it in the new Garbo picture was the first to arrive. Then came Rouben Mamoulian, famous director, with Theresa Helburn, member of the board of directors of the Guild, who flew out from New York to catch the opening. Then a whole bevy of alumnae. The first authentic cheering from the fans and visiting tourists was for Myrna Loy who arrived with her husband Arthur Hornblow, producer, and they were soon followed by Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak.

There was Joan Crawford with Franchot Tone bowing gravely to the Group and the Guild. And John Beal with Olivia de Havilland, the prettiest member of the younger set. There was John Barrymore with his tempestuous Ariel, on his arm. Came Janet Gaynor, the star who was re-born in technicolor, with a middle-aged man who turned out to be her uncle, H. L. Buhl of Chicago, and not a new romance. But speaking of romance, they do say that Janet and Tyrone Power are carrying on like a couple of mad young things, since Tyrone's amour with that skating girl, (the initials are S. H.), has become as cold as the ice she skates on. Amidst a round of applause from the lady fans in the lobby handsome Charles Boyer, who has that something that the French are famous for besides omelets, (the initials are S. A.), arrived with his pretty wife, Pat Paterson, and the party-throwing Basil Rathbones.

There was Douglass Montgomery who used to play neurotic young men in Guild plays, with an L.A. society girl. And Claudette Colbert, who made the Guild once with a Eugene O'Neil number called "Dynamo" in which she wore a bright red scarf and fell in love with a machine or the machine fell in love with her, I'm a bit vague about it. And Norma Shearer all in white with Brian Aherne—who didn't marry Merle Oberon after all that publicity. Then came the Norman Fosters (Sally Blane) with the Jack Oakies (Venita Varden) and both Sally and Venita being beautiful girls were mistaken for Loretta Young by the T. G. Alumnae who aren't awfully bright about things like that. And the Joe E. Browns who had dashed up from the opening of Bing Crosby's racetrack, and the Stu Irwins. And Irene Dunne, frightfully chic in black, and Gary Cooper, so handsome, and the Fred Astaires with the Irving Berlins, and Constance Collier, Beulah Bondi, Randolph Scott, Tilly Losch, Helen Westley, Cora

CAVEMAN got a break!

Not many comforts in the life of an ancient caveman! But he had one enviable piece of luck—tooth troubles seldom attacked him! His teeth were kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough, chewy foods of primitive man's diet.

We civilized moderns eat soft, refined foods that offer our teeth and gums not nearly enough wholesome exercise.



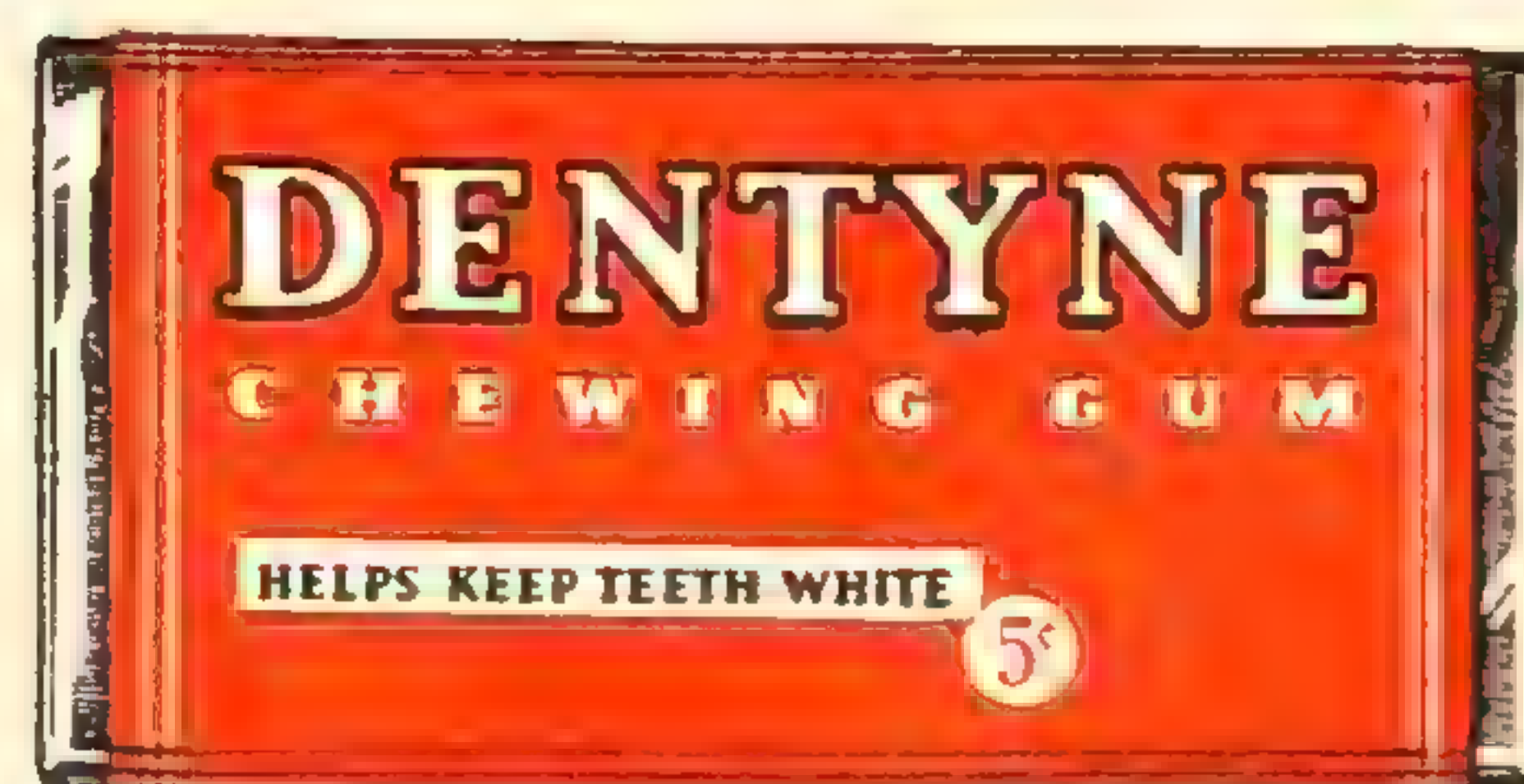
DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER!

We moderns find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and

firm, teeth sound and white! **LADEN WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR!**

Just taste Dentyne for yourself—that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (an exclusive Dentyne feature)—made to park so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.

HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE



MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, *that* girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need *special* daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

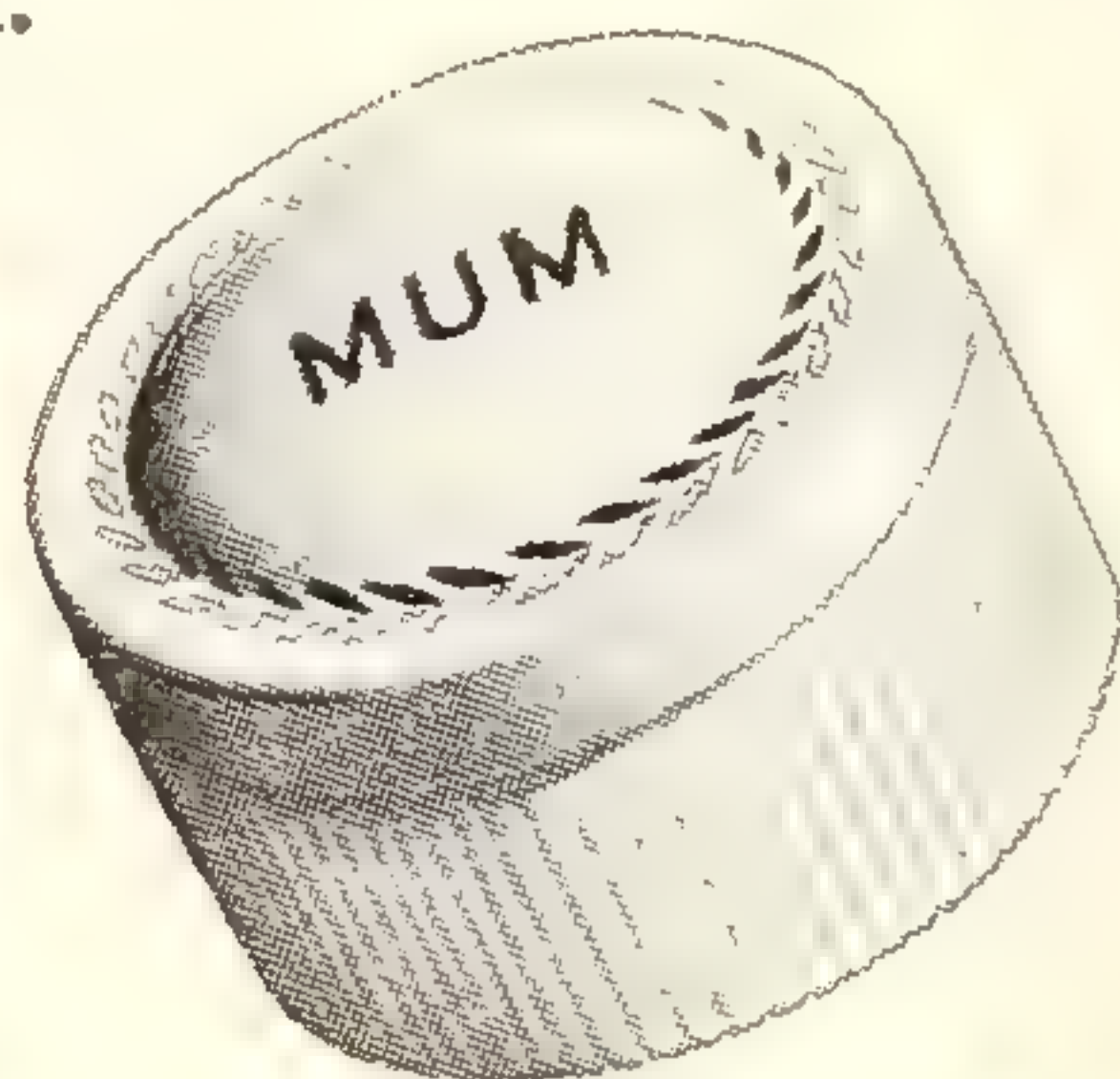
Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "*the girl who needs Mum.*" Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Witherspoon, and tall Arthur Treacher with his tiny mother.

When Alfred Lunt as *Jupiter* came on in the last act with his beautiful blue curls and whiskers, his godlike raiment, and his eye-shadow, the women in the audience fairly swooned in the aisles. In fact, the husbands and boy friends were only too glad when the last act curtain fell and Mr. Lunt made his curtain speech so they could get their womenfolks as far away from *Jupiter* as possible. "I wonder why I never met *Jupiter*," sighed Claudette. "Isn't he beautiful?" Dr. Pressman gave her an extra shove through the crowd and said that he would grow a beard and dye it blue if it would make her any happier.

Janet Gaynor wondered if perhaps David Selznick could sign *Jupiter* for the leading man in her next technicolor picture. "He would be a dream in color," sighed Janet.

"And where do we go from here?" said Madge Evans' escort gaily. "The Troc, or the Cocoanut Grove and catch Charlie MacCarthy's midnight show?"

"Phooey on Charlie MacCarthy," said Madge. "I'm going home to wait for *Jupiter*."

Fourth Dimensional Stars

Continued from page 34

ginner at Warners, Louise Fazenda was also present. Everyone knows Louise. She has been in Hollywood's hectic industry for twenty-two years. In 1916, a school girl, Louise decided to make extra money by making people laugh. People said she could do the funniest things. So why not be paid for entertaining? Louise is still being paid.

Grand National have Rod La Rocque under contract. I mention this because Rod, still in his thirties, also began his film career with Essanay in silent days.

Lew Ayres was a lad of eighteen when he turned up in Hollywood. No other young player made such an instant impression on the fans. He had something others lacked. Although he might not seem to change in the estimation of his admirers, his decade of film fame speaks for itself.

Warner Baxter is another with something like seventeen years of picture work to his credit. Of all male stars, he seems foremost in holding the public interest. William Powell has given us his witty, snappy conversations since talkies came. He also held us in silence. Twelve years of picture work, and he is still going strong.

Ronald Colman vies with Warner Baxter in having something like seventeen years of film fame. Only twelve of them have been passed in America. He and Garbo and Baxter hit the same record. But we do not think of time when Mr. Colman emotes.

Neil Hamilton is no newcomer to movies. A career of twenty years is behind him. Neil turned up at the old Fort Lee studio, back east, in 1917. Today, at thirty-seven, he returns to Hollywood, after spending a holiday of two years in England, where he made pictures, holiday or no holiday.

Of all the fourth dimensional stars, Paul Kelly caps the lot. For thirty years he has done picture and stage work. A valiant old man of seven, he started with Vitagraph, in 1907. Today, at thirty-seven, he is still one of the younger players. A fine actor. But with thirty years' experience—well, he'd better be good!

So you see now how the screen and its stars epitomize science's so-called "new discovery," the Fourth Dimension, which proves Time and Space to be non-existent. The years come and go, but the stars remove the veil of matter and cause us to forget the years and the miles separating us from them in reality.

My Life

Continued from page 61

step to the theatre or to Hollywood. I never dreamed of becoming an actor, professionally.

When summer came again I found myself with a more intriguing job than being an amateur banker. When we had given a play in Clay Center the manager of the radio station there took a fancy to the way three of us performed and made us a broadcasting offer. So instead of going home, I became one of the Harmony Boys and played my cello and sang for several sponsors.

My second year at Doane there were remarkable improvements. We had new dormitories. That was swank. But the girls had to be governed by "lock-out" rules. Whenever they went out of an evening now they had to write down where. Then they had to check in when they returned. And if they were over-due they received a big black mark. So many marks and they were up before a women's council. Life began to grow complicated!

To be absolutely honest, by the time I had finished my first semester I had abandoned all intentions of becoming a doctor. I didn't tell my folks for a while, because they had counted so on it and because I didn't know what I'd rather do or be. After two years at Doane I was anxious, though, to go further away, to try a larger school. It had been fine, but I had had some glimmering of what lay beyond small towns. I selected Pomona, in Southern California, chiefly because Professor Gray, from whom I'd been taking my cello lessons, had gone West to be an instructor there.

Pomona wasn't a large university. It was a bigger college in a bigger small town. Only here it was balmy all the year around and the air was rich with orange blossoms. Those orange blossoms induced me to experiment with a blind date for my first dance. There was fraternity rushing all over again, similar to what it had been like at Doane. I was bid by the group I wanted to join. Then came that pledge dance I anticipated with terror. I relied upon one of the brothers to arrange a date for me, not knowing any of these new girls. I had always had a horror of blind dates. To my amazement, she materialized as pretty as she was bright. I had to catch on to the snappier way they danced in the West, but with her kind help I caught on quickly enough. I'll never forget that evening, nor that young lady.

I went in for tennis, not ambitiously enough to make the varsity. But I fared better in the college shows, and I industriously played cello in the orchestra. I took whatever courses appealed to me.

When summer came I stayed on for a six-weeks' session, and then I went back to Beatrice to vacation. Without having so much as driven in to Los Angeles or Hollywood, a mere hour's distance. I should imagine that, more than any protestations I can make, would demonstrate that I had no moving picture yearnings originally.

When I drove West again for my final year I did get into Los Angeles. I came over to watch an Australian ace put on an exhibition match at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Later I had dinner at the Vine Street Brown Derby, for that was where I'd been told to go to glimpse movie stars. It must have been an off-night, or I got there too early.

Joel McCrea was the first movie star I ever saw. A picture of his was previewed at Pomona and he came over in person to see it. I was rather astonished. He looked like a regular guy that night when I went down to the theatre with the gang.



WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads,
when they should blame their cleansing method

By *Lady Esther*

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives,

smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color — see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name.....

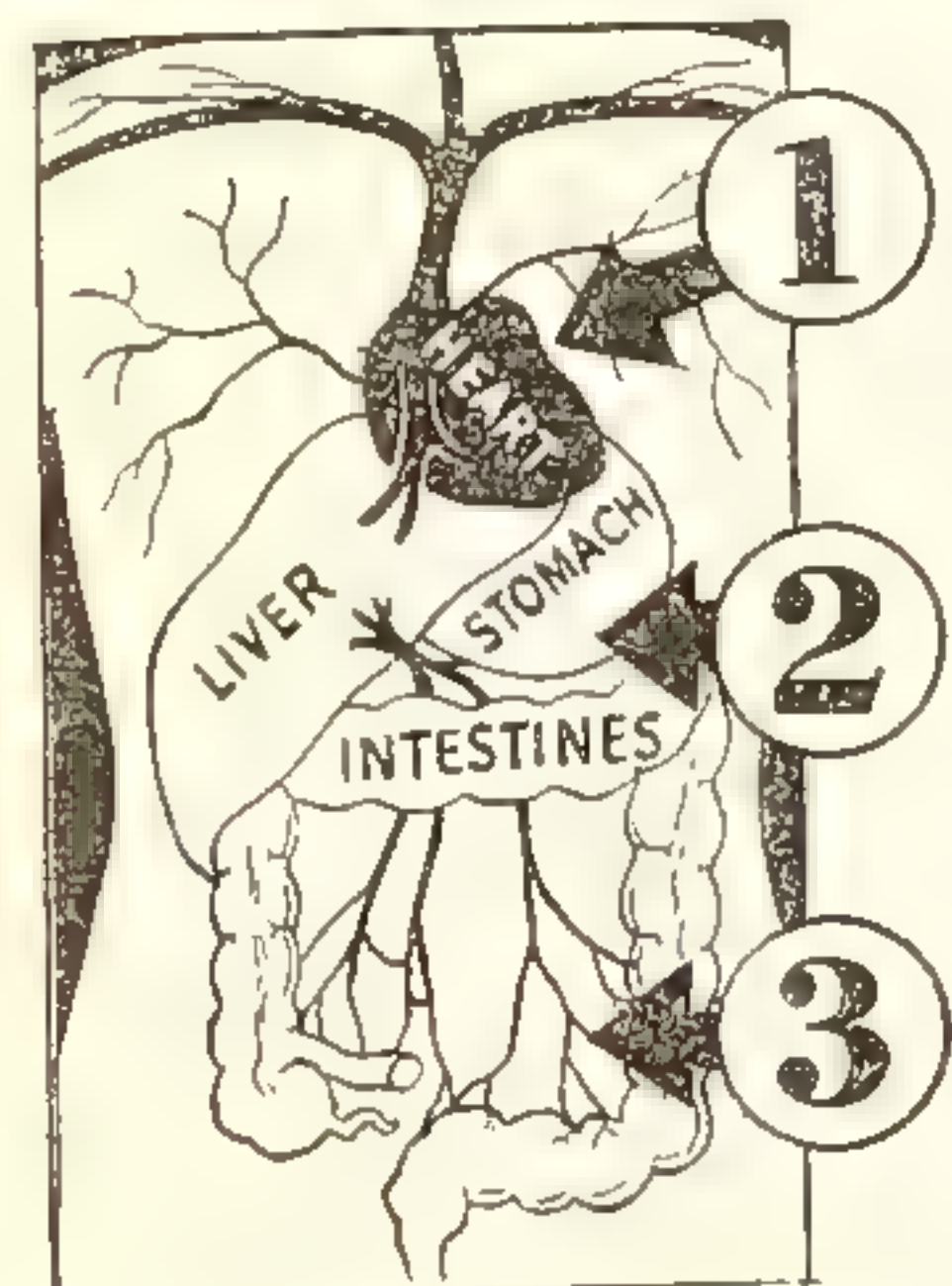
Address.....

City.....State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther,
Toronto, Ontario)

(57)

THIS NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT HAS PUT ON SOLID POUNDS FOR THOUSANDS OF SKINNY PEOPLE



1 Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this element.

3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

QUICK GAINS of 10 to 25 LBS. REPORTED WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

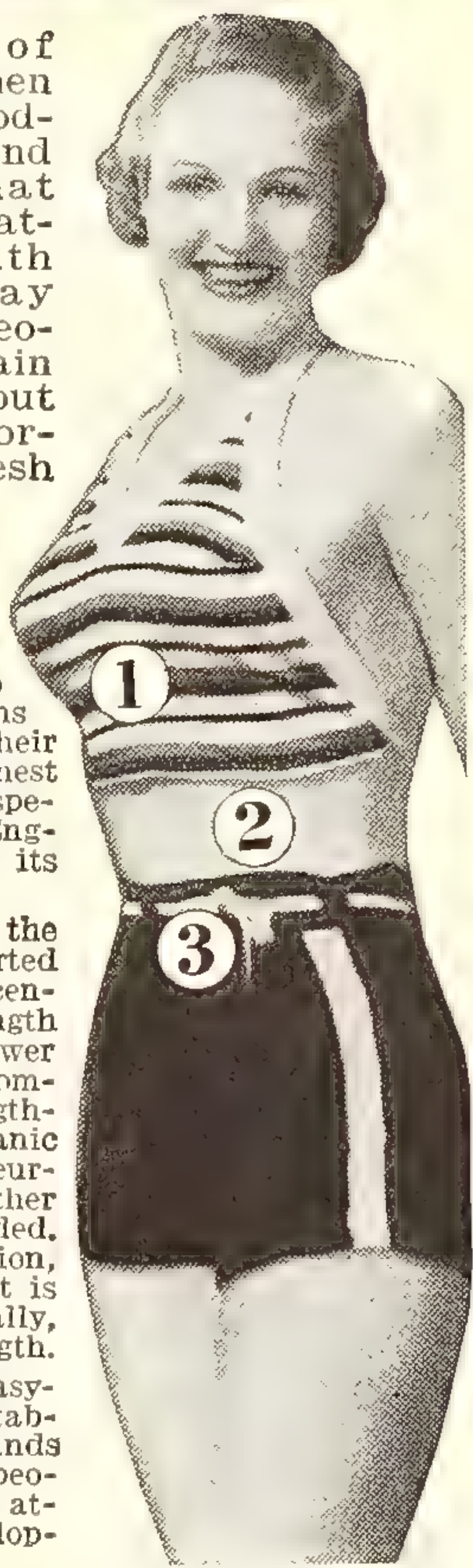
NOW thousands of skinny, rundown men and women can say goodbye to bony angles and unsightly hollows that rob them of natural attractiveness. For with this new easy 3-way treatment, hosts of people who never could gain an ounce before have put on pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh—in just a few weeks!

Why it builds

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and run-down simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. One of the richest sources of Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale, world-renowned for its medicinal properties.

Now by a new process, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other tonic ingredients are then added. Finally, for your protection, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest, scrawniest people quickly to gain normally attractive curves, natural development and peppy health.



Posed by professional models

Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2610, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of cheap substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.

He was husky and no mistake. He had a healthy tan. He didn't have an "act." And—why, he'd gone to Pomona himself!

I was being joshed too much right then about getting lost when a bunch of us had gone riding in the moonlight. The girl I liked had wanted to ride off from the rest, to investigate a giant oak tree which was romantically silhouetted on a distant hill. I've always been crazy about horses and I had been teaching her—to be crazy about horses, too. I'd never lost myself before. It must have been that October moon. Or that girl. Anyway, we had to see what was on the other side of the hill, and it was a canyon. And when we began to trace our way back there didn't seem to be a path through that confounded dell. It took us a couple of hours to locate ourselves and when we did check in we were greeted with the news that a searching party had just gone forth after us. I galloped like fury after my pals, who resurrected their cry of "She's liable to lose you!" whenever I had the temerity to rave about a new girl after that.

Pomona was pure luck. I've been grateful, believe me! The planets must have been smiling when I chanced to be born.

It seems it was this way. Just before the Christmas holidays, in my senior year, we gave "Journey's End" and I had an excellent part. The next afternoon I got a telephone call. From Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios! They wished me to come over and talk to them. I didn't tell a soul. I thought it was a new sort of a gag. I meandered around until I located the studio and there I was informed that a scout had been in the audience at our performance and he had reported favorably on me. I could attend the studio's training school.

But I'd never considered acting! I wouldn't quit college when I had only six months more to go to graduate. Yet I had no leaning towards any other field. The school plays had been fun, for a fact. I arranged to drive over three afternoons a week for instruction from their coach.

But I didn't step right into rôles. Oh, no. It was more than a year before I was given a contract. A whole year before I



Three Lanes—one prettier than the other—hold a sisterly reunion, as Priscilla and Rosemary, now also in films, have lunch with Lola at the Warner studio café.

Some moving picture magazines have dramatized friendships that I had in college. Certain interviewers have come to me determined to dig up untold, super-sensational loves. I was literal. I said I had gone with several girls, that I hadn't been unusually fickle because I don't happen to be fickle emotionally. What they said when they sat down at their typewriters was far more colorful. But now I am being author myself. Here is the unvarnished truth:

I was attracted to several girls, I admit freely. Yet every woman I have admired has had the same qualities, the identical characteristics. I couldn't care for a woman who didn't respect herself, who didn't have a passionate desire for making the most of life. It is easy for a girl to be ordinary; that demands no will at all. That makes, I feel, only for a shabby sort of a home. I think a girl should want a splendid home, but not in the material sense.

As for surface traits, I've invariably been drawn to women who are tolerant, who are good sports. I'm not above relishing a dash of glamor, but to me glamor is not bleached hair and plucked eyebrows and gobs of make-up. It's that intangible understanding and sweetness that only the woman who has a first-rate heart has. Artificial girls bore me.

The man who goes about contending that he knows all about women is an unmitigated fool. I am sure I know very little, yet. In college I had temporary spells when I supposed this was love. But, definitely, there were no heartbreaking incidents.

My getting into pictures directly from

started to earn a movie acting salary—of \$35 a week!

Two months of commuting and I didn't feel I was getting anywhere. It didn't look as though anybody was giving a hoot whether I became an actor, and if someone wasn't concerned about me what was the use of trying to get anywhere in this complex business?

I graduated. College was over with as sudden a bang as it had begun. Everyone now, though, was going somewhere to be something. There were promises to keep in touch. But what on earth was I going to make of myself?

Mother and father had come out for the ceremonies and they were ready to drive home. Mother had beamed when she saw me playing the cello on the platform. My father said, "Well, son—so you're not going on to medical school?"

I don't know what seized me, but I answered, "I want to stay out here for a month or so longer. I had one nibble from the movies. I might get another!"

They left. I moved into a rooming-house in Hollywood. I didn't have any friends. Daytimes I wondered how I was going to flatter Fate into a second chance at some studio. Evenings I walked the Boulevard, and then up the steep steps at the Bowl. Summer evenings once more, and I was looking up at the stars in the heavens as I'd looked four years before when I'd finished high school back in Beatrice. Only now I didn't have a girl to take driving.

Next Month: Robert Taylor's Unknown Hollywood Days.

Great Lover

THE STORY SO FAR

Ferdinand von Schoenbauer, brought to Hollywood from Vienna, by an actor's agent—chiefly because the agent's frivolous wife insists—finds but one person who seems real to him. This is Hilda Drake, secretary to Fuller, the agent. Her encouragement, and help, eventually make it possible for the handsome foreigner to obtain a small part in a film. As the arrangement is that Ferdinand—whose name has been changed from von Schoenbauer to Greenwood—is to draw a small salary for six weeks pending trials, it is vital that he make good in this first opportunity. The picture completed, a preview is to be held, and Hilda has accepted Ferdinand's earnest invitation to attend the showing with him. Now go on with the story.

Continued from page 55

gesture, she drew his head down to her lips. "It's all right. They never use the names of bit players." He nodded gratefully. "Why do I lie like this?" she thought, and slipped her warm hand into his. His fingers closed over it.

The picture proceeded. Ferdinand watched quietly, an occasional tightening of his grip the only suggestion of nervous strain. An hour passed. Here was the ball-room scene. "Now," he said, unaware that he said anything. "It will be now." A woman in the row ahead turned to frown at him. Hilda winced as a ring bit into her finger under the unconscious pressure of his large brown hand.

The leading lady was dancing with her lover. They were quarreling. There—there was Ferdinand now, leaning against a column. Her heart leaped. They hadn't cut him out then, as she'd been fool enough to fear. How nice he looked! Her hand, still in his, thumped his knee in delight, and she caught a radiant glance before turning back to the screen. He was still leaning against the column. Now he would ask her to dance—simply with a bow.

But he didn't. There was a close-up. The eyes of the leading lady blazed, she slapped the leading man's face and ran from the room. In the long shot that followed Ferdinand was nowhere to be seen. His column towered, lonely and unadorned.

The rest was a nightmare. She felt his fingers go limp. "Well," she thought grimly, "he doesn't need *that* any more," and withdrew her aching hand. She saw that his eyes were still glued to the screen, though what he was seeing there she didn't care to imagine. She pulled a handkerchief from her bag to wipe the perspiration from her palm. She was still rubbing it miserably when the picture ended.

* * *

They said good-night at her door. "We'll talk to Fuller in the morning," Hilda was telling him for the tenth time. "He'll do something about it."

"Yes. You are so kind, Miss Hilda, to me, a stranger. I am ashamed that I lean on you like a child. Tomorrow I will be gay."

"Lean away, Shaybar. I'll let you know when I'm tired." In the moon-drenched street he lifted his eyes to hers. Her heart contracted at what she saw there. She felt a wild yearning to comfort him. From the step above him she stooped, and planted a light kiss on his cheek. "There—that's from your mother. Good-night, Shaybar."

All DRESSED UP AND READY TO GO
BE SURE YOU'RE WEARING
GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints



*Subtle, exciting colors...
and long-wearing Glazo
doesn't fade or thicken!*

FOR that Memorable Moment...that Occasion demanding your most glamorous gown, your carefulest grooming, let one of Glazo's "Misty" nail polish colors climax your charm.

Choose one of these debonair new shades...Thistle, Old Rose, Russet and Suntan, Rust, Dahlia, Imperial Red, or Shell, Flame,

Natural. Among them there are bound to be the perfect colors for *you*...to flatter your own skin-tone, to blend with your chosen fabrics.

Watch your hands bloom into new, exciting beauty! Discover how poised, how sure of yourself you feel...conscious that you are looking your loveliest. Wearing Glazo's misty, smoky tints, you're *Right to your Fingertips!*

Smooth as a debutante's chatter is Glazo. Its satin lustre does not fade or peel; the last drop in that thrifty 25-cent bottle goes on as easily, as perfectly, as the first.

GLAZO



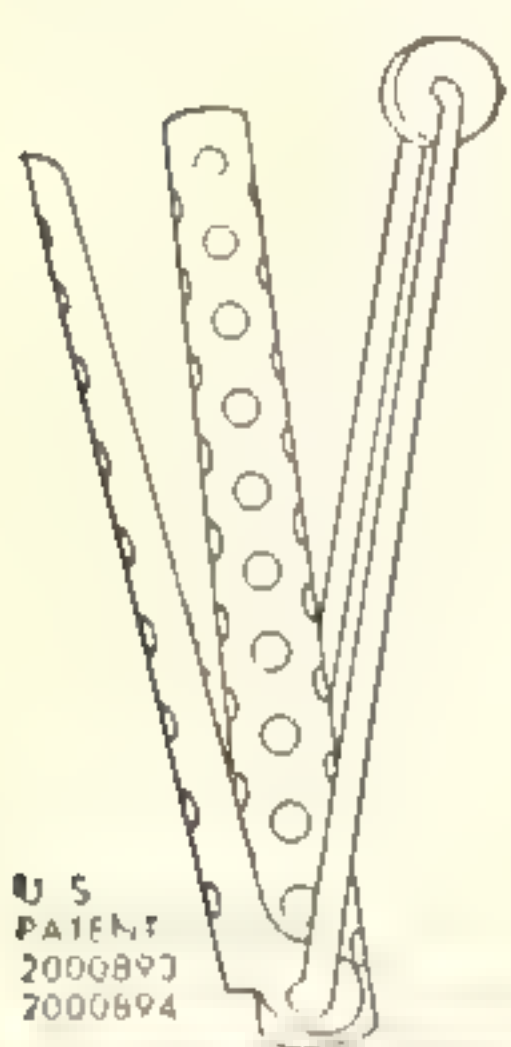
The Smart Manicure

HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLERS



JOAN PERRY
Columbia Player

When you star in your own romances, take a tip from the romantic stars of cinema town...look your loveliest and best with a flattering hairdress made with Hollywood Curlers! Whether many curls or just a few will frame your face most becomingly...you can have them quickly, easily...right at home...with the "Curlers used by the Stars." Insist on Hollywood Curlers.



3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration . . . Send Poems to
COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dept. 13, Toronto, Can.



One Step
toward
LOVELINESS

TRY BATHASWEET free

GIVE your body skin the benefit of bathing in water soft as rain . . . enjoy the luxury of a bath fragrant as a flower garden or a pine forest.

Greater cleanliness is one step toward loveliness . . . and Bathasweet gives water greater cleansing powers. Proof of this is found in the absence of a "ring" around the tub when Bathasweet is used. Moreover, the water is softened—gone are the drying effects that hard water may have on your skin! No wonder thousands of fastidious women insist on the benefits of Bathasweet. 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—10¢ sizes at "10 cent" stores.

free—A gift package of the two Bathasweet fragrances, Garden Bouquet and Forest Pine, sent free anywhere in the U. S. A. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Corp., Dept. S-J, 1911 Park Avenue, New York.



Satin and cellophane feature Betty Grable's bridal gown in a new film.

"Good-night, Miss Hilda."

She ran up the stairs. Her mother would be asleep. She'd always thanked heaven that her mother wasn't the kind to lie tremblingly awake till she knew her child safe within doors from the terrors of the dark. But tonight her heart sank unaccountably as she entered the silent apartment. "Don't be a sap," she told herself, and deliberately dropped her bag as she passed the bedroom door. A light was snapped on.

"Is that you, Hilda?"

"You awake, mother?" She entered, all nonchalance, dropped down on the bed, pulled off her hat and ran her fingers through her curls.

"Well, how did it go?"

"Not so hot. They left the poor guy on the cutting-room floor."

Her lips quivered. "Well, what's the matter with me?" she inquired, wide-eyed, and next moment found herself sobbing in her mother's arms.

But that was soon over. "I don't know what I'm going soft about," she choked, mopping her eyes.

"You wouldn't be in love, would you?"

"Well, it's a thought. Never having been before, I can't be sure. What's it feel like, mother?"

"It can't be told in a word. But I think you'd know—"

"Maybe if he kissed me or something. But he's so darned polite."

"Couldn't you—promote it?"

"Well, I *did* sort of peck at him tonight. Nothing passionate, you know. I thought it was pity, pure and simple, but now that you mention it, maybe I was trying to rouse the caveman in him. I guess he hasn't any, mom. He's gentle. He's not the kind of man I ever imagined myself falling in love with. I always thought it would be someone like Chris or Bob or Stephen—you know—upstanding American youth who yells his head off at football games and calls you kid and toots. Oh, nuts!" She rose. "Suppose I am in love with him. What then? He's not in love with me. He hasn't a thought in his head outside his family. If Fuller can't find him a job, he'll go back to Austria and that'll be that." Abruptly she switched off the bed-light and bent for a kiss. "And if you think I'm going to pull any broken blossom act, you're crazy."

A tear splashed from her eye to her mother's cheek. "That's left over from before," she hastened to explain.

"I know," said Mrs. Drake. "Just the same, if I were you, I'd get to work on Fuller."

(To Be Continued)

SCREENLAND

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"



—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper.

Psychology Press, Dept 86-K, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot negative (film) to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your negative will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 447,
Des Moines, Iowa

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 521, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

TOO FAT for years

*Then Reduced
55 lbs.

this
EASY
WAY!



"NOW I CAN WEAR STYLISH CLOTHES"

● Don't put up with ugly fat, so often due to causes which can be controlled. Try this modern way to reduce without starvation diets or strenuous exercise. This method supplies a needed substance often lacking for the control of reducible fat. Why not do as thousands of other now slender, happy women have done? Read what Mrs. L. R. Schulze, of Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight for years I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and lost 55 lbs. I look ten years younger!" From Crandon, Wis., Mrs. Porter Tyler writes: "I reduced 67 lbs., and felt better right from the start, felt fine when taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. Now it is a pleasure to wear all the new fashions!" Mrs. W. B. Smith of Lyons Station, Pa., writes: "I lost 34 lbs., 5 lbs. the first week." Mrs. Gladysse Ryer, Registered Nurse of Dayton writes of losing 47 lbs. with very satisfactory results. Miss Elnora Hayden of Merion, Pa., reports reducing 30 lbs. Miss Loretta Lee of the Southside Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, and many others write of their remarkable success with RE-DUCE-OIDS, the easy way.

IMPORTANT! Positively NO Dinitrophenol. Pleasant to take. Genuine RE-DUCE-OIDS have been sold by leading stores for 22 years.

SATISFACTION or MONEY BACK IN FULL—if results do not please you. Sold at leading drug and department stores. If your dealer is out send \$2 for 1 package or \$5 for 3 packages direct to us. Currency, Money Order, Stamps . . . or we will ship C.O.D. and your postman will collect on delivery. Plain wrapper, no embarrassment. USE COUPON.

American Medicinal Products Inc. Dept. S3710
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me . . . packages of RE-DUCE-OIDS

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Will pay postman

Name

Address

City State

Sonja Goes American

Continued from page 25

it in skating. The only thing the two have in common is audiences. I've found American audiences much the same as those in England and on the Continent, judging from exhibitions I've given in New York, London, Paris, Brussels, and other cities. All have been cordial and enthusiastic."

Like you, perhaps, I then wanted to know what America meant to her.

"Everything," was her generous response. "Here I have found all those things for which I had longed, the only things that make life worth living, and they have brought me happiness."

She was getting "warm," so I mentioned romance.

"Help!" she pealed, throwing up her hands. "It's no good keeping it back any longer. All right, I say it—I-am-in-love."

The next thing, I took it for granted, would be to find a husband here.

"Sure," she assented. "Why not? Naturally, I want to marry and have children. I love a home and children and all the romance of family life. You know, there is romance in bringing up a family. And if I had a daughter I'd teach her to skate. It would make me very proud to be the mother of an American Sonja who became world champion."

It only remained to wish more Power to the dream-champ. Bowing with mock gravity, the potential mother suddenly was silent and really grave for a moment. Then:

"There is something more to tell, but I am not sure I ought to tell it. Oh, well, you might as well know! America means so much to me, my whole world, that I have made up my mind to become an American. Already I have talked with officials here about taking out my citizenship papers. But this must wait for a while. So must marriage. As soon as I finish this picture I am going to Norway and tell the King of my plan. It is only right I should, for the King was a good friend to my father and always sent me flowers and a greeting when I took part in a skating competition. So I would not do anything to make him think me ungrateful. But when I have explained everything, made the King understand that all my love and all my future are in this country, I will go American more completely than I have already done, with all my heart and soul."

You've Got to Have Zing!

Continued from page 23

movie stars! If you're not in the mood—

Ann Sothern is a soothing soul, though. (Although rather trying to property men). Ann simply will not start to work on a picture unless she is provided with a real, old-fashioned rocking chair on the set. She never rushes off to her dressing-room. She sits in her rocking chair and—guess what! She knits. Rocks and knits, as ever was. She knits sweaters and usually she is working on two or three which are in various stages of completion. She knits them for relatives, directors, and property men with a lavish lack of favoritism.

"It relaxes me!" she told me, rocking placidly. "The hairdresser and the make-up man come to me. If I had to rush off and snatch coca-colas and patch make-up, I'd be exhausted. When I do this, I am rested, ready for the next scene. But I *must* have my rocking chair—the old-fashioned kind

SAVE YOUR THROAT!



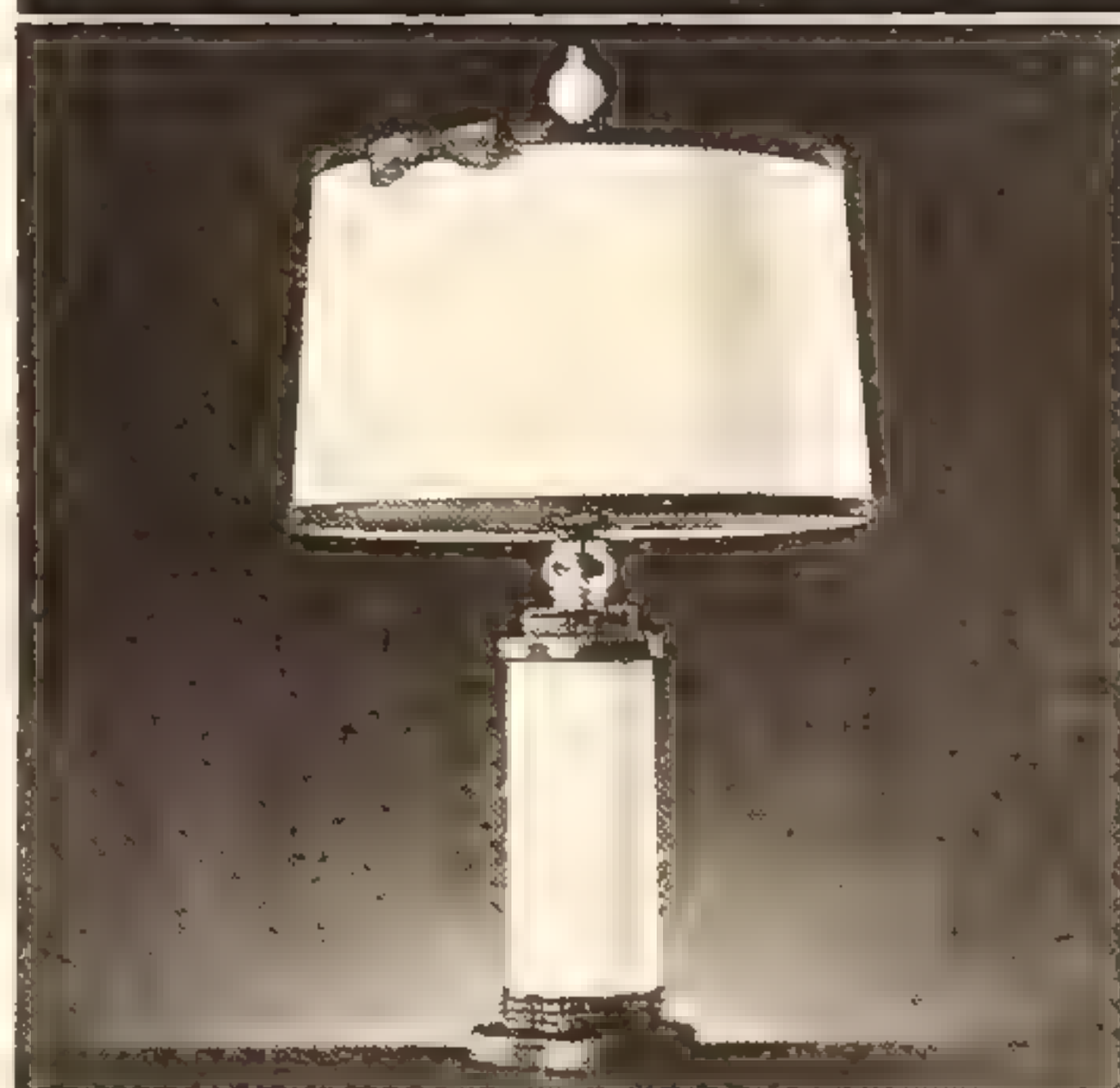
GET HOLD OF KOOLS

They're *soothing* to your throat. Smoke 'em pack after pack . . . or as a change-off brand . . . the menthol adds a grand, refreshing flavor, yet it's so *mild* it never spoils the full-bodied tobacco goodness of this fine Turkish-Domestic blend. Get hold of **KOOLS** . . . and *save those coupons* . . . good in the United States for useful, handsome premiums. Yes, cartons carry extra coupons. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orch. & Morton Lowe, NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Lamp, 20" high. White porcelain base, linen parchment shade . . . 400 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14



Zippo lighter; wind-guard. Satin chromium. Plain or 3 initials . . . 175 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



Flowing Gold OR SPARKLING HENNA

You, too, can add that enviable, youthful brilliancy to your hair... safely and easily.

Nestle Golden Shampoo makes your hair look years younger and more alluring by accentuating the highlights. It thoroughly cleanses both your scalp and your hair -- and imparts a delightful golden sheen.



10c for a package containing 2 shampoos, at all 10 cent stores.

For those whose hair is darker, there is Nestle Henna Shampoo, made with pure Egyptian Henna. It takes away that drab, listless look from your hair and gives it a vibrant, alluring sparkle without changing its natural color.

For assured safety, always specify Nestle.



Nestle GOLDEN SHAMPOO
HENNA SHAMPOO

SONG POEMS

Wanted At Once!
Mother, Home,
Love, Patriotic,
Sacred, Comic or any subject. Don't delay—
send best poem today for our offer.

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

with big rockers and long, high arms."

When Myrna Loy finds her nerves a bit on edge she reads. "I can't read anything heavy or sustained," she said. "I want short stories—as exciting and as absorbing as I can find. There aren't enough of them, really, for my purpose. I want to be diverted—taken out of myself—for a very brief period. I don't want anything which I will have to put down and then pick up later and try to pull the threads together."

That, of course, brings us to Alice Brady, whose passion is detective stories. She doesn't enjoy what she terms "good ones." She likes the cheap, blood-and-thunder tales—and many a prop boy will testify that she has snatched his favorite thriller from under his nose. "I'll buy you another copy, son!" says Miss Brady thumbing the pages.

Luise Rainer says, "When I work in a picture I suffer so much, I live so hard! When I am not working I mus' make fun, or else I shall grow old too soon. I shall lose that—what did you call it?—that zing thing."

Luise's idea of making fun is to walk or drive for miles and miles and wear no hat while doing it. She prefers a windy or a rainy day for these activities. But even better she likes to "make a joke" on some one. A practical joke. If she could arrange to come into your garden while you were away for a week-end and transplant all your trees and shrubs and bulbs to new and unexpected places—to surprise you when you returned—she would be filled with zing for weeks and weeks.

Then there are the people who think that food or the lack of it or the combinations of it have everything to do with zing. Constance Bennett is convinced that she maintains her box-office appeal by drinking fruit juice—a glass of hot tomato juice and then a glass of cold pineapple juice. An hour later, a glass of cold tomato juice and then—well, you get the idea. This isn't, I am assured, supposed to have anything to do with Connie's keeping her figure. She's never had to worry about that. It is all in the interests of energy, alertness and—zing.

Greta Garbo has a similar theory, (and goodness knows *she* doesn't have to worry about keeping thin.) Working on the "Conquest" set, Garbo busily drank pineapple juice—first hot and then cold—with an occasional variation of sauerkraut juice if she had a trying scene to undertake.

She shares a conviction with Joan Crawford that sun baths are absolutely essential to the preservation of this valuable quality—the one which lures the customers into the box-office. Joan will duck the most important conference with executives if she thinks that she can run away and have an hour in the sun. Years ago, she told me, she used to turn on the victrola and dance, all by herself, to restore her sense of rhythm and balance. Now she lies in the sun, sings and—

Oh, yes! Joan has a favorite food to assist her. It is artichokes. Artichokes, treated with a *soupeon* of sweet, drawn butter and a dibble of chopped, fresh parsley. These, Joan says, are simply packed with zing.

Maybe you don't like artichokes. In that case, consider Eleanor Powell, who nibbles and nibbles and nibbles chocolate between her strenuous dance routines. "Nothing gives me such a lift," she declares. "Explorers in the Arctic depend upon it, don't they? It can't make you fat if you burn up energy as fast as I do. Besides, I like it! If I can't get chocolate, an apple will do."

I'm sure that I'm not going to follow Chester Morris' recipe for zing! He says that he rises each morning, chins himself five times, hops aboard his youngster's kiddie kar and darts around the block, crying, "Sque-dunk!"

"I LIKE SITROUX TISSUES,
because they're softer
and more absorbent"



... says lovely
JOYCE COMPTON
Grand National
Feature Player



Stars of stage and screen... beautiful women everywhere prefer Sitroux Tissues! So delicately soft, their touch is like a caress—yet so much stronger, they hold together; won't "come apart" in the hand! That's why they're so ideal for cleansing the skin. Why not care for YOUR complexion the way Joyce Compton does—with SITROUX tissues. Get a box and try them today!

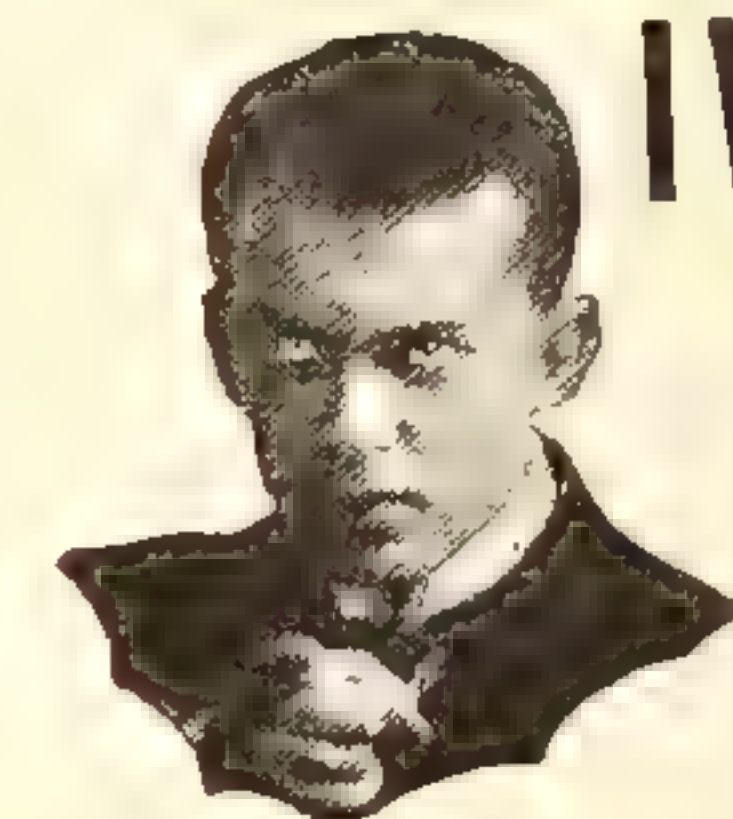
10¢ AND 20¢
SIZES
IN THE BLUE-
AND-GOLD BOX

AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 and 10¢ STORE

STOP Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING SKIN Quickly

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Dr. Dennis' original formula. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.



I WANT YOU — Work for
"Uncle Sam"

Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year
MEN—WOMEN. Common education
sufficient. Write immediately for free
32-page book, with list of positions
and full particulars telling how to
get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. G263 Rochester, N. Y.

Learn
ADVERTISING
at Home

Greater opportunities now in advertising. Learn easily and quickly in spare time. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Low tuition—Easy terms. Send for free booklet and requirements. Page-Davis School of Advertising Dept. 4437, 3601 Mich. Av., Chicago

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 29-M, Providence, R. I.

Stops Perspiration Odor

ask for **Hush**

HUSH CREAM DEODORANT For Body Freshness

Cream
Liquid
Powder

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ at your Favorite toilet goods counter
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Lombard, Then and Now

Continued from page 31

house with frigidaire, Venetian blinds, a phone in every room, and everything. It's done in blue and white and handsomely furnished. The flowers, and they are all over the place, are compliments of Mr. Gable—the same Mr. Gable who once nodded absently as he passed her on the long flight of steps to the undesirable dressing-rooms.

"There's not a thing to paint," said Carole, rather mournfully looking over her *deluxe* suite, "and not a thing to complain about." "But you are *supposed* to complain, Miss Lombard," said one of the studio people. "You're a great star, and Mr. Selznick will expect you to complain about *something*. They all do, you know." Well, Carole didn't want to break up any precedents so she straightway visited the prop department and picked out some of the oldest garden furniture you may ever hope to see. Big tears here, rust there, and decidedly sunbaked and wind-blown. She had it placed on her front lawn and then she called Mr. Selznick, "Who do you think I am? How dare you?"—etc., etc.

Being a very feminine person Carole recalls as a high spot in her first Pathé sojourn the day the wardrobe department presented her with her first extreme evening gown. It was for a sequence in "Racketeer" and it was made specially for her, and it cost \$150! She was that excited she couldn't eat. For it seems that in those days our little Carole had to wear hand-me-downs, how dreadful, with never a bead to call her own. After one of the Queens had finished a picture her clothes went back



New screen team. Tim Holt—his dad is Jack Holt—and Louise Platt.

to the wardrobe where they were cut down and re-made for Carole who had to wear them whether they were becoming or not. This is an old Hollywood custom. Gail Patrick today is wearing in her Paramount pictures little numbers that have been discarded by Miss Dietrich. In "Nothing Sacred" you'll see Carole in a dress that cost \$1500, and when the studio saw the bill they didn't even bat an eyelash. \$1500 is nothing for a gown for the glamorous Miss Lombard today—yes, indeed, what a hell of a lot of difference a few years can make.

When Carole was giving her all to "Power" and "High Voltage" she had to

work when the director said work, even if it was from eight in the morning until far into the night, for unless you were important in those days your pictures were only in production a couple of weeks. But not today, dearie. It is written into the Lombard contract that she works from nine until six—and comes six o'clock Miss Lombard can pick up her train and go home to a nice hot dinner, or for a romp on the roller coasters at Venice with Mr. Gable, if she's in the mood. If they get under the wire for less than a million somebody made a mistake. The Lombard pictures are not quickies now!

Of course it would make a much better story if we could say that during the run of her first Pathé contract poor Carole sat in her orchid and green dressing-room biting her nails while Connie and Gloria and Jeanette and Sally were besieged by all the great lovers and playboys of Hollywood. (As a matter of fact Ina Claire did snare John Gilbert about that time.) Sort of an *Alice-sit-by-the-fire* or *Cinderella Girl* or something. As a matter of fact, just to make things difficult for my success story, Carole was even more popular at that time than the Queens, and had more playboys and handsome young leading men calling her up and tossing orchids at her.

But if she did all right then, she does even better now—for as soon as he can get away from work every afternoon Clark Gable drives over from Metro and seats himself on the floor in Carole's dressing-room with a cheese sandwich in one hand and a can of beer in the other. Mr. Gable, it may be interesting to note, has no difficulty driving on the lot now either, (during "The Painted Desert" he too had to park outside with Carole's Alaskan husky), and the "Welcome" on the red carpet thrown out for him is done in *petit point*.

"TO LOOK YOUR VERY LOVELIEST,"

Pat Paterson says...

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE Color of Your Eyes"

ANY GIRL CAN BE A BEAUTY, lovely Pat Paterson believes. But you must first find a makeup that *matches* and a makeup that *matches you*.

There is such a makeup... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara. It's Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... keyed to your personality color, the color of your eyes.

ARE YOUR EYES GRAY? Take a tip from Pat Paterson. Look

younger, lovelier... wear Marvelous Patrician type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara. Are your eyes blue? Then Marvelous Dresden type is right for you. Are they brown? Wear Parisian type. Are they hazel? Wear Continental type. Standard full size packages, each item 55¢ (Canada 65¢).

WEAR THIS NEW MAKEUP... and be a star... tonight... in the eyes of your own leading man!

Harmonizing ROUGE · LIPSTICK · FACE POWDER · MASCARA · EYE SHADOW

55¢ each

MARVELOUS *Eye-Matched* **MAKEUP** by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

COPYRIGHT 1937, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

Paris...London...New York...Toronto...Buenos Aires...Berlin

Costs

Profits

Budget Control

Taxes

Policies

Plans for Management

Audits

BECOME AN EXPERT IN ACCOUNTING

The demand for skilled bookkeepers and accountants—men and women who really know their business—is unceasing. Business is in constant need of expert recording and interpretation of matters relating to Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance. Men and women who prove their qualifications are rapidly promoted to responsible positions—earn real salaries. The range is from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year—even to higher income-figures.

Send for Free Book—

“Accountancy, the Profession that Pays”

Why let others walk away with the better jobs when in your home and in spare time you can equip yourself for a splendid future in this profitable profession?

Preliminary knowledge of bookkeeping is unnecessary. Our free book fully explains how we train you from the ground up, according to your individual needs. Low cost; easy terms.

The facts about LaSalle training in Accountancy and the opportunities in this highly profitable field are clearly outlined in a 64-page book which LaSalle will send you free. If you have the urge and the will to increase your income, clip and mail the coupon NOW.

LaSalle Extension Adult Business Training
Dept. 10419-HR Chicago

I would welcome details of your salary increasing plan, together with copy of “Accountancy, the Profession that Pays,” all without obligation.

☐ Higher Accountancy

Other LaSalle Opportunities:

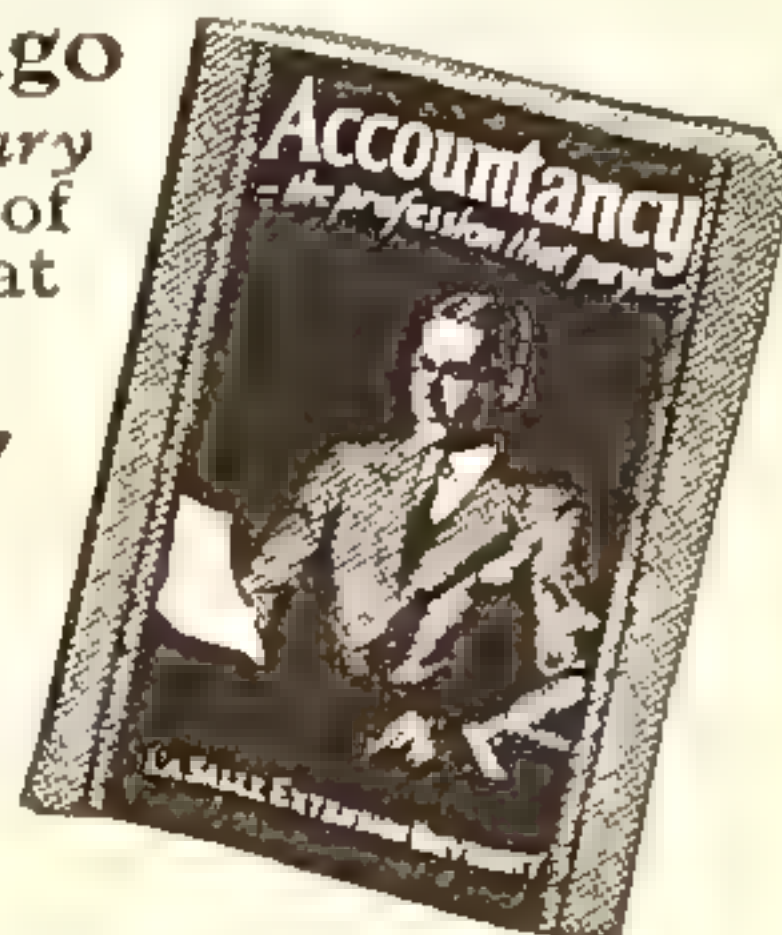
If more interested in one of the fields below, check and mail now.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Law—Degree of LL. B. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching | |

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....



RELIEVES TEETHING PAINS

within
1 Minute



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 19

By this time we were in the living-room, an oblong-shaped room with an iron railed stair going up at one end and doors opening into a sun-room at the other. Beyond the sun-room, in the gardens, Fred Perry could be seen, attired in trimly fitting riding clothes, waiting for young Mrs. Perry to come for a canter before the “little dinner.”

I remembered the living-room as quite dark, but then most California houses were dark some years ago. You came in out of the bright sunshine and felt your way about.

Now the walls are silver-green, the carpet is green, too; there are no shutters, and the sun comes blithely in.

“I said to Billy Haines,” recounted Helen, sinking down on the printed chintz of the divan, “I want this living-room to be a happy room, a livable place. Besides that, I like a little formality and reserve, but I don't want anything stately, or untouchable. I like to feel when I come in tired that I can put my feet up under me on the couch or in a big chair, and my guests won't be worried about handling anything.”

“That was all I asked. Billy looked a trifle bitter, but he said: ‘Oh yes, that will be easy!’ and presently he returned with his idea of my requirements. ‘This,’ he stated, firmly, ‘is a happy chair!’

“Take it away!” I moaned, “it makes me miserable.”

“But it's exactly right for this room!” he'd argue. And I wouldn't have it. Poor Bill, I felt so sorry for him. But after all, I have to live here.”

The patient husband knocked on the garden door, pantomimed to indicate his riding togs, the descending sun, and Helen in her hostess gown.

“Poor darling!” smiled Helen, “he's playing tennis tonight and I promised to go riding with him before dinner. I must rush and change. I've already changed four different times today, so three more times will be good practice! Coming, darling!”

Princess of Politics

Continued from page 29

let senators write their *own* speeches,” Lucy giggled.

“Well, give them a chance once in a while,” he smiled, in that special way he had for Lucy. “Remember what happened with the soldier's bonus when you almost disrupted the navy by getting old Senator Whoziz to come out for a sailor's bonus?”

“Well, I still think it was a good idea.” Lucy pushed back her hair complacently. “They work so much harder than the soldiers, polishing that brass all the time. And I was going to get the brass people to pay the bonus.”

“You know it's really a good thing you weren't around when the constitution was written,” Stephen laughed. “Lord knows what you'd have done to that!”

“Well, if I had been it wouldn't need so much work today.” Lucy's assurance could amaze even Stephen who had been married to her all these years. “Darling, you look all done in. I'll bet you didn't have a bite of lunch, did you?”

“I certainly did. I had lunch with the president.”

“Really? What did he say?” Lucy demanded eagerly. Then as she saw his lips tighten in that instinctive way they had of doing when he was keeping things from her, she rushed on headlong. “Oh, I don't

REDUCE

BY SAFE, QUICK, EASY
Slimmet Method!

If you do not reduce at least 10 pounds in 4 weeks by this Doctor's safe and sane method, it will cost you nothing! Mr. H. S. lost 41 pounds; Mrs. S. B. reduced 37 pounds. No tiring exercises or harmful diets. Prescription contains no dinitrophenol, thyroid or other dangerous drug. Watch your allure and glamor increase as fat disappears! Money back guarantee! Send order today.

1 Bottle Slimmets (90 Tablets)	\$1.00
4 Bottles	3.00

Order C.O.D., plus postage, or send cash or money order, we pay postage.
No Canadian Orders
SLIMMETS CO., Dept. SU-5
853 Seventh Ave., New York City

COLOR YOUR HAIR

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade. SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off. Colors roots; leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dept. 20-A, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y.

THE NEW FRENCH WAY

INVENTORS

Do you feel you have a valuable invention? A novel invention may produce something salable if patented. Are you groping in the dark—getting nowhere? Learn how other men with inventions attained success. Write for our FREE Book, “Patent Guide for the Inventor” which tells you of fields where inventions bring profits if they are good patented ones.

CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN & HYMAN BERMAN
Registered Patent Attorneys
682-A ADAMS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHRISTMAS CARD BARGAIN

Earn up to \$22.50 in a Week!
Take orders from friends and others for amazing new Christmas Card values! *Made-to-order* with sender's name. You sell 50 folders for only \$1.
FREE Samples. Liberal earnings. Many men and women earn up to \$2 in hour. No experience needed. Also sell \$1 Assortments of 25 Christmas Cards; others 50c. Make big money every week now to Christmas, full or spare time. Send today for **Free Selling Outfit.**
General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-178, Chicago, Ill.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

(44th Yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drams, Dance, Musical Comedy. (Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training Appearances). For Catalog, write Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

Suffer Varicose LEG SORES?

WHY suffer pain and misery of Varicose Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg? Send away at once for FREE Booklet—“THE LIEPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT.” Tells all about this 40-year-old method, praised and endorsed by thousands. Liepe Methods, Dept. K-14, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON

FOR 3 LIPSTICKS

AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous REJUVIA Lipsticks “None Better Made”

FREE... each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

REJUVIA LIPSTICK

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS.
DEPT. RS, 395 B'WAY, N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size REJUVIA Lipsticks and REJUVIA Mascara Cream, enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost. (15c in Canada)

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

ONLY 10c AT LEADING 5 & 10c STORES

mean state secrets, Stephen. What did the President say about you? And it *was* about you. I know it. He wants you to be nominated as his successor." Her voice softened to meet the new depth in her eyes. "We've never talked about it, Stephen; all these long years, it's been too deep down to talk about. Whenever anybody's mentioned it, your being president, I mean, we've just laughed. We've never really talked about it."

Stephen reached over then and took her hand and held it hard in his. "And we never *must* talk about it, Lucy," he said quietly.

"Why not?" Suddenly she was trembling, and now that it had been spoken at last the dream became almost a reality. "You've worked, Stephen. You're brilliant. You're the logical man and you're good, Stephen, so good."

FIRST LADY

A Warner Bros. Picture
CAST

Lucy Chase Wayne.....Kay Francis
Stephen Wayne.....Preston Foster
Emmy Page.....Anita Louise
Carter Hibbard.....Walter Connolly
Irene Hibbard.....Verree Teasdale
Gordon Keane.....Victor Jory
Lavinia May Creevey.....Louise Fazenda
Sophy Prescott.....Marjorie Gateson
Belle Hardwicke.....Marjorie Rambeau
George Mason.....Henry O'Neill
Ellsworth T. Ganning.....Grant Mitchell
Tom Hardwicke.....Eric Stanley
Mrs. Ives.....Lucille Gleason
Mrs. Mason.....Sara Haden
Charles.....Harry Davenport
Gregoravich.....Gregory Gays
Bleeker.....Olaf Hytton

Screen play by Rowland Leigh.
From the play by George S. Kaufman & Katherine Dayton. Directed by Stanley Logan.

She had never seemed so like a child before, so defenseless with that superb poise of hers suddenly gone. He leaned over and kissed her. "Do you want it so very much, my dear?" he asked gently.

"Oh, not for myself." There was no mistaking the truth in her words. "It'd be no treat for me. I know what mother went through. I want it for *you*. They need you, Stephen."

"Oh, I think they'll stagger along, even without me," Stephen smiled. "On the other hand, I doubt if our guests can. Come on, darling, let's face them."

The reception was a brilliant one as Lucy's receptions always were. For besides all the usual climbers that were at all the parties and the minor diplomats and post office officials and congressmen's wives that any hostess could get were the really great names of Washington circles.

Lucy suppressed a giggle as she saw one of the lesser guests slip an ash tray in her purse and blessed Sophy for the foresight that had made her substitute Woolworth's for the usual jade smoking sets. She moved easily among her guests and anyone knowing Lucy knew just how important or unimportant every one present was by the tilt of her eyebrows or the quirk of her smile as she spoke to them.

She congratulated herself on sidestepping Mrs. Creevey and the six million American women behind her so expertly and smiled as she realized she could not have turned the trick so neatly if the six million had really been there instead of on their president's tongue. And then at last she joined Stephen and her own little group of intimates in the study.

WONDERFUL FOR DRY, FLAKY SKIN

★
New Type Cleansing
and Night Cream
Makes Skin
Softer, Smoother
★



WHY LET dry, flaky skin steal your beauty and charm? Now it's easy to get a softer, smoother, lovelier complexion. For here at last is a combination cleansing and night cream that lubricates the skin and helps soften and refine skin texture.

Noxzema's Combination Cleansing and Night

Cream penetrates deep into pores—removes every particle of dirt. Use it as a deep-pore cleanser—as a night massage. See if there isn't a wonderful improvement in your skin—in *only 10 days*. Get your jar today at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you use the attached coupon.



NOXZEMA'S COMBINATION Cleansing & Night Cream

NOXZEMA CHEMICAL CO.

Department 2010, Baltimore, Md.

I am enclosing 25c. Please send me a jar of Noxzema's Combination Cleansing and Night Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



REDUCE

By this QUICK, SAFE
EXTERNAL METHOD
... or no cost!

Lose many pounds safely, without drugs, harmful diets or tiring exercises! Take off extra superficial fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Hundreds of women in the last 25 years have kept slim, youthful-appearing figures this easy, inexpensive harmless way. Originally prescribed by a doctor for his wife, now available to you.

PROFIT BY THESE AMAZING EXPERIENCES!

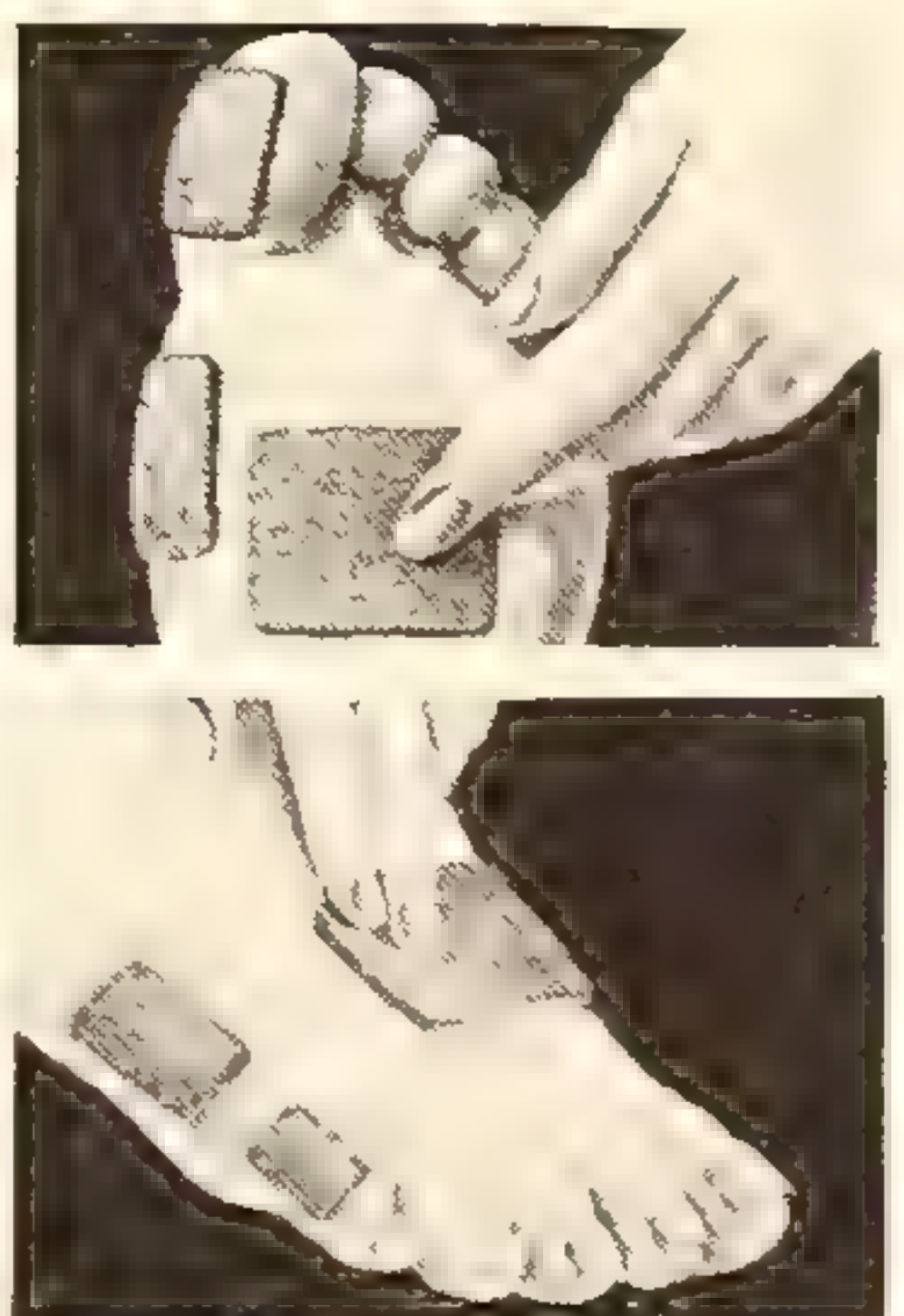
"I have lost 47 pounds and think your cream wonderful." L. P., No. Carolina.
"Have had wonderful results... lost 30 pounds." Mrs. O. R. S., Penna.
"Searched for years for some safe, quick means of reduction. Have lost 26 pounds and feel and look like a new person." S. C. F., New York.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! ACT TODAY!

If you do not lose at least 12 pounds with the first jar of Cream, following directions, your money will be refunded at once! Write today for full half-pound jar of Dr. Hatch's Formula Massage Cream.

Send Cash, or Money Order or sent C.O.D., plus postage. \$1.00

YOUTHFUL FACE AND FIGURE INC., Dept. SU-11
853 Seventh Avenue, New York City



New FOOT RELIEF!

Prevents New or Tight Shoes From Pinching, Pressing, Rubbing

Apply Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, new velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster on Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes or Tender Spots on the feet or toes, and you will have instant, safe, sure relief. Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX makes new or tight shoes easy on the feet; prevents blisters and sore spots. Flesh color. Can be cut to any size or shape desired. Goes further—is more economical.

GOLFERS! Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX is excellent for preventing blisters on the hands, fingers and any part of the feet.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For FREE sample and booklet on Foot Care write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 22, Chicago.



Easily cut to
any size

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

Soothing - Cushioning
FOOT PLASTER

GUARD AGAINST



LINES AROUND YOUR EYES



WITH Maybelline Special EYE CREAM

Aids in counteracting dry condition of skin around the eyes which causes wrinkles, crows-feet, etc. Smooths, softens and refines texture of skin. A rich cream containing the precious vitamin "D".

The first and worst signs of age or fatigue show their traces more definitely and quickly in the tender area around the eyes. Eye wrinkles, lined eyelids, crows-feet, puffiness and circles are apt to make their appearance early in this region. These tender and sensitive skin tissues lose their natural oils much more quickly than any other facial area.

Maybelline Eye Cream, unlike ordinary facial creams, is especially designed for the care and preservation of the youthful appearance of the skin around the eyes. The fine, rich, blended oils contained in this cream are highly beneficial to this area, and there is the added benefit of "sunshine" element in wonderful vitamin "D". Start giving your eyes this youthifying treatment today with Maybelline Eye Cream!

Introductory sizes obtainable at 10c stores.

She Owes Her Popularity to LOVELY BLONDE HAIR



Here's a new way to **INSTANTLY** gain for yourself beautiful, radiant blonde hair—soft, lustrous hair that will win the admiration of your friends. Now, (easily—safely) in 5 to 15 minutes—at home—you can lighten your hair to any flattering shade of blonderness you desire. Simply use

LECHLER'S INSTANTANEOUS HAIR LIGHTENER—the New Cinema Cream Method. Brightens your hair immediately.

LECHLER'S, an antiseptic white cream, lightens hair only where applied. Not a liquid bleach! Does not run to hair ends and so cannot streak! And LECHLER'S permits you to have a permanent wave always!

FREE See for yourself how easy it is to have lovely natural looking blonde hair. **SEND NO MONEY!** Write today for 36-page booklet, "The New Art of Lightening Hair"—no obligation.

ALTERNATE OFFER Send \$1 now for your INSTANTANEOUS HAIR LIGHTENER and receive our "Special Application Brush" PLUS this sensational gift **ABSOLUTELY FREE!** A beautiful mirror case containing "Silver-Gray Cinema Eye Shadow" (value \$1)—Hollywood's newest eye make-up for blondes. Mailed postpaid in plain sealed wrapper.

LECHLER LABORATORIES
560 Broadway, Dept. SU-2, New York, N. Y.

HAIR KILLED FOREVER

KILLED PERMANENTLY

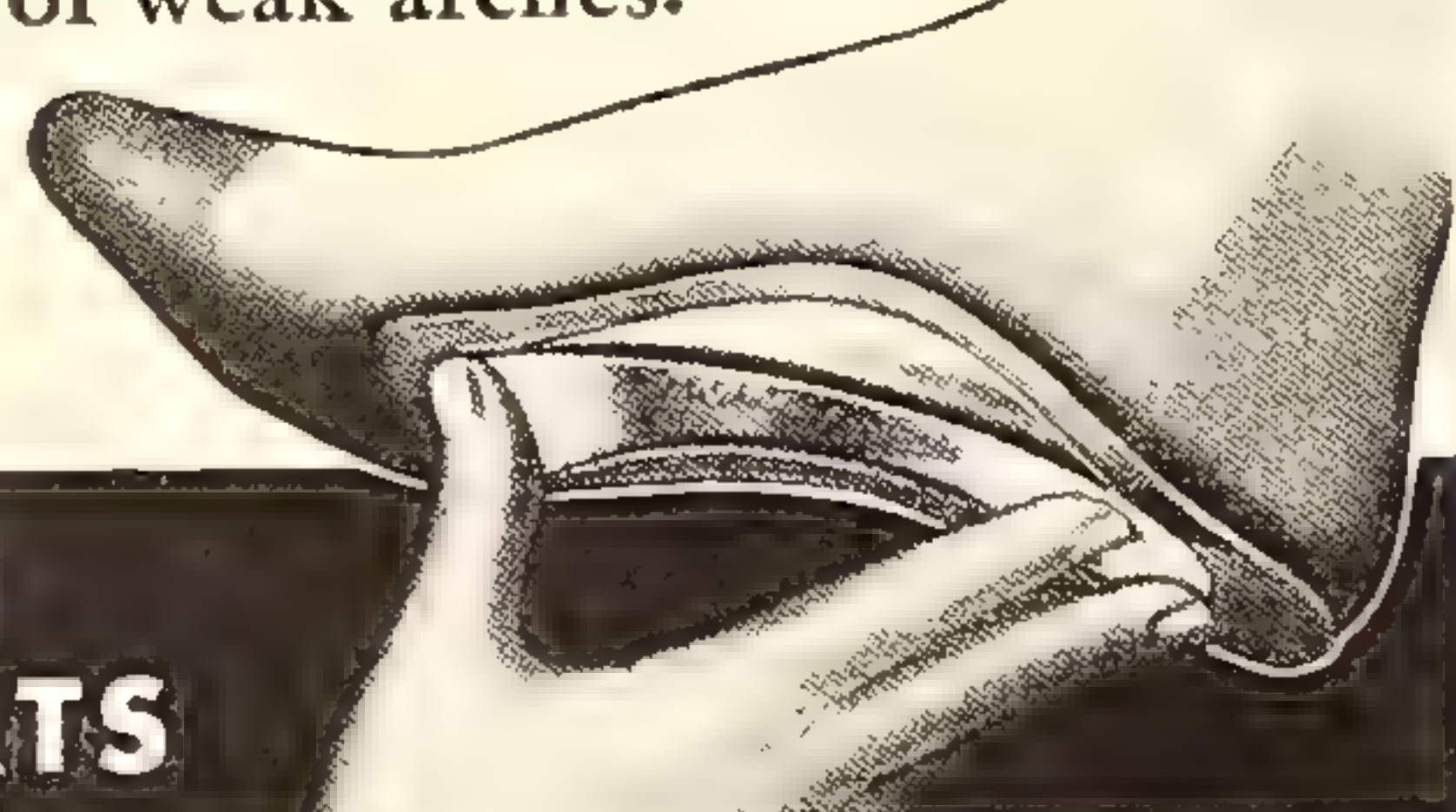


From face or body without harm to skin, by following easy directions. Our electrolysis device is used by physicians and is guaranteed to kill hair forever or money refunded. Your electric current not used. Only \$1.95 complete. Prepaid or C.O.D. plus postage.

Ganfield Electrolysis Co., 9-M, 2675 Broadway, New York City

ARTHRITIS? IT MAY BE WEAK ARCHES!

Arthritic or rheumatic-like pain in the feet or legs; tired, aching feet, fatigue, sore heels and callouses—all are symptoms of weak arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports relieve pain caused by strain of the muscles and ligaments by giving a firm uplift. They are molded to your feet and soon restore the arches to normal. Expertly fitted and adjusted at Shoe and Dept. Stores everywhere. For FREE booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 16, Chicago.



Dr. Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble

And it was here that Emmy brought Keane to her and Lucy's keen eyes saw how flushed the girl was as she looked at the man. Everything was going so nicely with Stephen remembering to compliment the senator on his speech and Keane looking reverently at the portrait of her grandfather over the fireplace, and Lucy seizing the opportunity to tell all her most cherished anecdotes about him.

As Tom Hardwick came over to them she laughed.

"I was just talking about old times, back in the poker days. You know," she turned to Keane, "during his second term Grandpa had the most wonderful cabinet. They were the best poker players in America."

She stopped suddenly as she saw Sophy's face almost panicky peering in through the doorway, and then she saw the reason for it. For there was Irene Hibbard, born Irene Baker of Ohio, but looking as if she could be described only in French. Elegant, soignée, chic, they were all words for Irene.

"Lucy, dear!" Belle almost choked over her tea as Irene's gushing phrase reached her, but Lucy was ready for it.

"Irene! How like you to give us this pleasure."

"I know everybody, don't I?" Irene's eyes went quickly over the room, hardening a little as she saw Keane. "And Gordon! Well! To think of finding you here!"

"Yes, think of that!" Lucy's smile seemed devoid of malice. "Won't you sit down, Irene? You look tired."

"Thank you." Irene settled herself possessively beside Keane. "You're looking better, Lucy."

For a moment their eyes clashed, then Lucy laughed.

"Only two pounds."

"But it's becoming," Irene said, her voice leaving all the room in the world for doubt. "You know I've been telling Gordon for weeks that he ought to come here, once. I knew he'd enjoy it."

"Oh, I hope you didn't force the poor man, Irene. Tea? And crumpets? Of course they're nothing compared to those *your* chef makes." She turned lightly, smiling to Keane. "Irene has the most wonderful chef, Gordon. You must go there to tea, sometime. Once."

Irene rallied after that first tense moment.

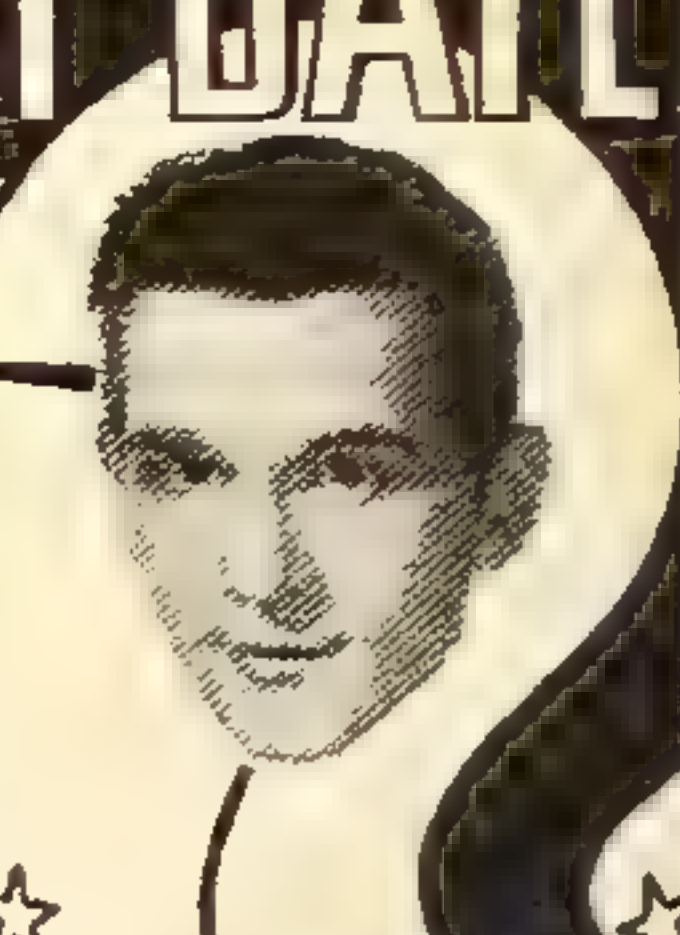
"Really, it must be frightful for you to have to do this sort of thing, Lucy. These terrible crowds. People who don't care anything about you nor you about them. Politics would simply kill me. But then I'm too sincere."

"You seem to be taking an interest in politics lately, Irene." Lucy smiled guilelessly. "I saw you lunching with old Senator Taylor today. You were having a wonderful time. I never saw him so captivated. How I envy you, your knack with older men. That reminds me, how's your husband? He didn't come with you, did he?"

"No. Carter's busy. He's writing a minority opinion."

"Again?" Lucy's eyebrow tilted. "I'm

WHEN IS YOUR BIRTH DATE



Get your trial astrology reading. Be analyzed by NORVELL, famous astrologer to the movie stars. The science of astrology is being logically applied to many of today's baffling problems with great success. It has helped thousands to find themselves. Give it a chance to help you. NORVELL has read the famous movie stars of Hollywood...through the medium of astrology he has helped them solve their problems. Send at once...today...for your trial astrology reading. Send only 10c with your birth date and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to

NORVELL P. O. Box 989 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

10c COIN

Now You Can Have A New Skin in 3 Days' Time!




GET THIS FREE

—and learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time, as stated by legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called **"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"** which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address and name the skin blemishes which trouble you most to **MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. X-63, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**, and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

IMPORTED SIMULATED DIAMOND RING 15c



To introduce Hollywood's NEW—EST Orizaba Mexican Diamond reproductions, Dazzling, Brilliant, full of Blazing Fire—(worn by Movie Stars). We will send a 1 Kt. Simulated Brazilian Diamond, mounted in Solid Gold effect Ring as illustrated—(looks like \$150. Gem) for this ad and 15c. Address today **FIELD'S DIAMOND CO., Dept. SU-510 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25c)**

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To **J. CHAS. McNEIL**
BACHELOR OF MUSIC
4153-V South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.

PILES DON'T SUFFER

Needlessly, Try This Treatment FREE

No matter what your age or occupation, if you have piles in any form write for a **FREE** sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day you read this. Write today. **E. R. Page Co., 520-C3, Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.**

IT'S FUN TO WRITE!

It's fun to write short stories, articles, novels, plays, etc.—and profitable, too, as witness the accomplishments of our students. If you have the urge to write—and want to start—you will be interested in our book **CAREERS IN WRITING**—absolutely **FREE**. **CAREERS IN WRITING** deals exhaustively with every phase of the writing field, and indicates the money-making opportunities in each. Send a post-card today, requesting your free copy. Write promptly!

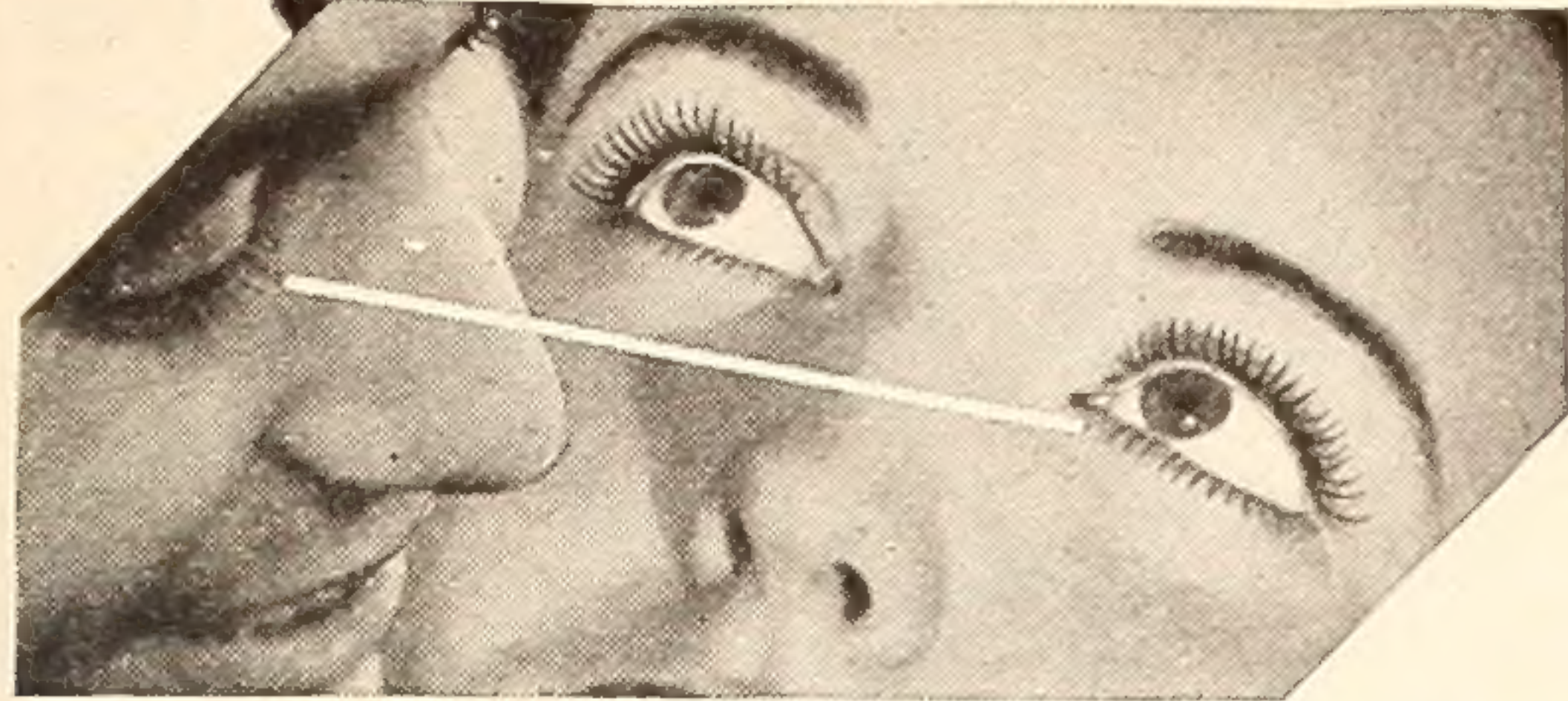
U. S. SCHOOL OF WRITING
20 West 60th St. Dept. 23 New York City

WOMEN WANTED

\$8 to \$12 weekly—Address and Mail free samples for national Advertiser. Free details.

HARBOR MERCHANDISE CO.,
100-P Park, Hartford, Conn.

WILL YOUR Eyes thrill Him?



NEW SECRET OF CLEAR EYES

WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins... or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; stainless, too; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores.



BE THE WOMAN ADORED!

My dynamic key to personal magnetism will make you the popular, triumphant woman of poise, charm and glamour you are meant to be!

Write to me for a free Personality Analysis; learn the secret of Power over Men! Please enclose 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing costs.

ANNE BANCROFT

Personality Consultant

Rice Bldg.

Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL

Will the young lady who is unhappy, discouraged and self-conscious because of complexion blemishes, stop worrying and write AT ONCE for details of our new, remarkably effective method of home treatment and FREE TRIAL OFFER? Write Dept. M, Skin Culture Institute, Inc., 7 West 44th St., New York City.

Your VOICE!

100% Improvement Guaranteed or Tuition Refunded!

You to be sole judge! Strengthen and master your voice—not with singing lessons—but by scientific silent exercises, successfully taught for over a century. *Marvelous success with DEFECTIVE VOICES.* Write for Free Voice Book, Learn WHY and HOW you can now have the voice you want. If under 17, we require parent's signature. With 100% improvement guaranteed—will you faithfully follow instructions? If so, WRITE: Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 1317, 64 E. Lake St., Chicago

SORRY, I HAVE A DATE!

ARE YOU POPULAR? HAVE YOU A GOOD JOB? DO YOU ATTRACT ROMANCE? WHAT MAKES A GIRL CLICK? Keith B. Morgan AUTHORITY FOR HOLLYWOOD'S SCREEN STARS and SMARTEST SOCIETY shows you how YOU, too, can

LEARN TO BE CHARMING!

Send for FREE personal charm test and book—"THE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW". Answer the questions, grade yourself! It's fun—it's free. In your own home YOU can learn to be glamorous, alluring, sought after, completely charming. Write Charm Manor, Hohm Bldg., 6th and Western, Hollywood, Calif., Division 20.

Genuine Matura Diamond Lady's Solitaire Ring ON APPROVAL—NOT AN IMITATION



A flashing blue-white stone IMPORTED and MINED in the DIAMOND FIELDS of ASIA and AFRICA. A real alicon. This wonderful Gem WILL CUT GLASS. STAND ACID TESTS, NO FALSE BACK. OUR AA 1 1/4 carat stones are set in a solitaire diamond setting. The exquisite graceful mounting is simulated platinum. This lovely ring and its sparkling rainbow colors will make your hands very attractive. KEEP IT FOR 10 DAYS and if you and your friends do not think it is one of the most beautiful rings they have seen, return it and your money will be refunded. Send 25c today for postage, packing, etc. Your order sent by return mail. Total price of ring, \$4.35.

BOND—JEWELERS—IMPORTED GEMS Dept. 610 WALTHAM, MASS

USE YOUR LUNGS LOSE FAT without diets medicines or creams

Look lovely! Mold a beautiful, well-proportioned body. WITHOUT nerve-sapping diets, WITHOUT harmful medicines, WITHOUT massage creams—YOUR OWN LUNGS can do away with flabby hips, bulging waistline, double chin, sagging flesh. Learn how only A FEW MINUTES daily with Galiardo's brilliant "Breathe-Rite Dy-nam-ics" System can shape your body into lovely lines, tingling health, correct weight. It's easy—QUICK—it really works because it's Nature's way put into amazingly simple practice.

FREE! "A Beautiful Body Through Breathe-Rite Dy-nam-ics"—Galiardo's fascinating booklet.

HEALTH RECONSTRUCTIVE SOCIETY, Inc. Dept. 15, 51 Chambers Street, New York, N. Y.

so sorry."

"I'm afraid Gordon and I have to be going." Irene's smile flashed as she produced her trump card. "We're driving over into Maryland to the Hendricks."

"There's plenty of time, isn't there?" Keane protested. "Mrs. Wayne was going to show me some old photographs."

"Not really?" Irene's voice rose in her amusement. "Dragging out the memoirs again, Lucy? 'My Life and Times in the White House.' Oh, you can see those any time, Gordon. Can't he, Lucy? They're always on exhibition. I wouldn't dream of him missing those photographs! With you in bloomers, playing basketball or riding piggy-back on dear old Grandpa! Well, goodbye, everybody." Her triumph included the whole room. "We just must run. Goodbye, Lucy. You're so fortunate to have a past, my dear. It gives you something to talk about."

There was an awful silence as she left. Lucy defeated! It was too much.

"Count ten, Lucy." Belle Hardwick broke the silence at last. "Count ten before you say a word."

"Tough luck, Lucy." Tom Hardwick patted her on the shoulder. "I thought you had her going for a while there. I would have put two to one on you. Something's happened to your footwork."

"Piggy-back!" Lucy exploded. "Did you hear that! What about her picture in one of those Baker steamers that buttoned up the back? The nerve of her!"

"Well, what did you expect?" Belle asked reasonably enough.

"But in my own house, Belle!" Lucy flung out her small exasperated hands. "She came right into my own house and took him. As if he were flat silver!"

"You're not surprised, are you?" Belle protested. "You ought to be able to guess what's back of it. This is a presidential year."

"Presidential—Keane?" Lucy was stunned. "But where does Irene come in?" she persisted. "What's she got to do with it?"

"Everything," Belle assured her. "That Western crowd would jump through hoops for her. I tell you I know what I'm talking about. She's steering him for the White House."

"Keane in the White House!" Lucy's voice fell. "But I still don't see what Irene would get out of it?"

Belle's eyes were fixed on her. "Only—First Lady," she said.

"You're out of your mind, Belle," Lucy protested, but even as she spoke she saw that the older woman was right.

But Irene couldn't be first lady. She couldn't! Not if Lucy could help it. And Lucy could. For in a flash there came one of her bright ideas and Lucy acted on it as she always did. Impulsively and forcefully. She couldn't wait to find Sophy and tell her.

"Now," she had come to her idea at last. "If Irene thought her own husband had a chance to be president, a bigger chance than Keane, Sophy, what would she do? She'd stick to him, wouldn't she? You bet she would."

"Now, Lucy!" Sophy's voice had all the sharp edges in it that it always had when she was frightened of Lucy's ideas.

"But that's what we've got to do, Sophy!" Lucy laughed triumphantly. "Make Irene think that Carter's going to be president. We're going to launch a presidential boom. For Carter Hibbard! Get it?"

"But they'd never think of picking Carter," Sophy protested.

"Of course they wouldn't!" Lucy looked almost pityingly at her. "That's the whole point. But we've got to make Irene think they would. Once she is convinced she'll never realize that her husband won't have a chance in a million of being elected or

TAKE NO CHANCES with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes



Do this FOR DULL TEETH TONIGHT

To make teeth brilliant, your smile truly attractive, gums too must be cared for. You cannot trust to half-way measures. Begin the two-way care dentists advise, tonight.

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. Massage gums briskly with 1/2 inch of Forhan's on brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth gleam. Forhan's Toothpaste was developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other toothpaste. End half-way care. Get a tube of Forhan's today! Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D. D. S.

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

GRAY HAIR?

Correct it with PATRICIAN TINTBEST. Leaves hair soft, lustrous and natural looking. Easy to use, no experience required. Unaffected by washing or permanent waving. Send for FREE sample. State color of hair.

PATRICIAN LABORATORIES, LTD., Dept. S.S., 17 East 48th St., New York

PERIODIC BLEMISHES?

COVER THEM WITH Blemi-Stik by MINER'S

When periodic pimples threaten your good time, dab Miner's Blemi-Stik on each ugly blotch. Add powder, then rouge and your skin looks perfect. Blemi-Stik conceals freckles, rings under eyes, birth marks and other disfiguring spots, too. Lasts all day. Won't rub off or streak. Harmless. Waterproof. At drug and dept stores 50c. Trial sizes at all 10c counters, or mail coupon.

By makers of Miner's Liquid Make-up

MINER'S, 40A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial size Miner's Blemi-Stik.
Name _____
Address _____ Shade _____

even nominated. Thank heaven she has no sense of the ridiculous, otherwise she would never have married Carter. And I know how to start it, Sophy. That Mrs. What's-her-name, that overstuffed dove of Peace, Purity, and Patriotism. Piggy-back, eh? She'll wish *she* were piggy-back before I get through with her!"

It was just too easy. Lucy could have laughed that day when she broached the subject at lunch with Mrs. Creevey and Mrs. Mason whose husband was a colleague of Hibbard's. It was really masterly the way she did it, Lucy congratulated herself, so subtly that both ladies thought it was their own idea and that she had nothing to do with it.

But she hadn't counted on Mrs. Creevey! After all, how could Lucy know that the club women had the backing of Ellsworth T. Ganning, whose newspapers zigzagged across the country in a gigantic chain?

Lucy smiled when she saw Carter Hibbard and his wife everywhere together; and Gordon Keane, deserted by his sponsor now and all loose ends, did not waste any time. It was Emmy he turned to. Little, young, golden-haired, blue-eyed Emmy.

They had gone to the theatre that evening, Lucy and Emmy and Keane, because Stephen was giving a stag dinner, and wise Lucy knew how useless a woman could be at a political dinner. But she knew something portentous was underway and she left before the last act to hurry home.

The men were still in the dining-room and she went on a restless search for Sophy.

"I'd give my eye-teeth to know what they're talking about in there." Her eyes were dancing with excitement. "You know what I think?"

"I know what you hope," Sophy said quietly.

"And why not?" Lucy was defiant now. "Who is better qualified than Stephen? I know the President wants him to succeed him. He's the obvious man and the right man. Gordon Keane is out of the running now, and who else is there, Sophy? Who else?"

It was Tom Hardwick who told her. He sought her out as the men came out of the dining-room.

"There just seems to be a lot of Hibbard sympathy, Lucy. We don't know how it started. You know, Lucy, I wasn't going to say anything till it came off, but we sort of had our hearts set on swinging this for Stephen. Hadn't been for this Hibbard business we could have done it, too. Even had the President with us. Then Ganning crashed through with all these club women behind him. Gosh! I wish women would keep out of politics!"

"So do I," Lucy said quietly, her face a tragic mask. But she didn't give way to her tears until she was alone with Sophy.

"How could I, Sophy? How could I have done it?" she moaned. "That's what I can't forgive myself. What I've done to Stephen. But I couldn't have known that Ganning with all his newspapers would be there just waiting to pounce on my little personal joke and turn it into a national campaign!"

It was harder facing Stephen in their room that night. Stephen so fine and honorable, who was taking it all like the true sportsman he was and blaming himself for not making Lucy the First Lady.

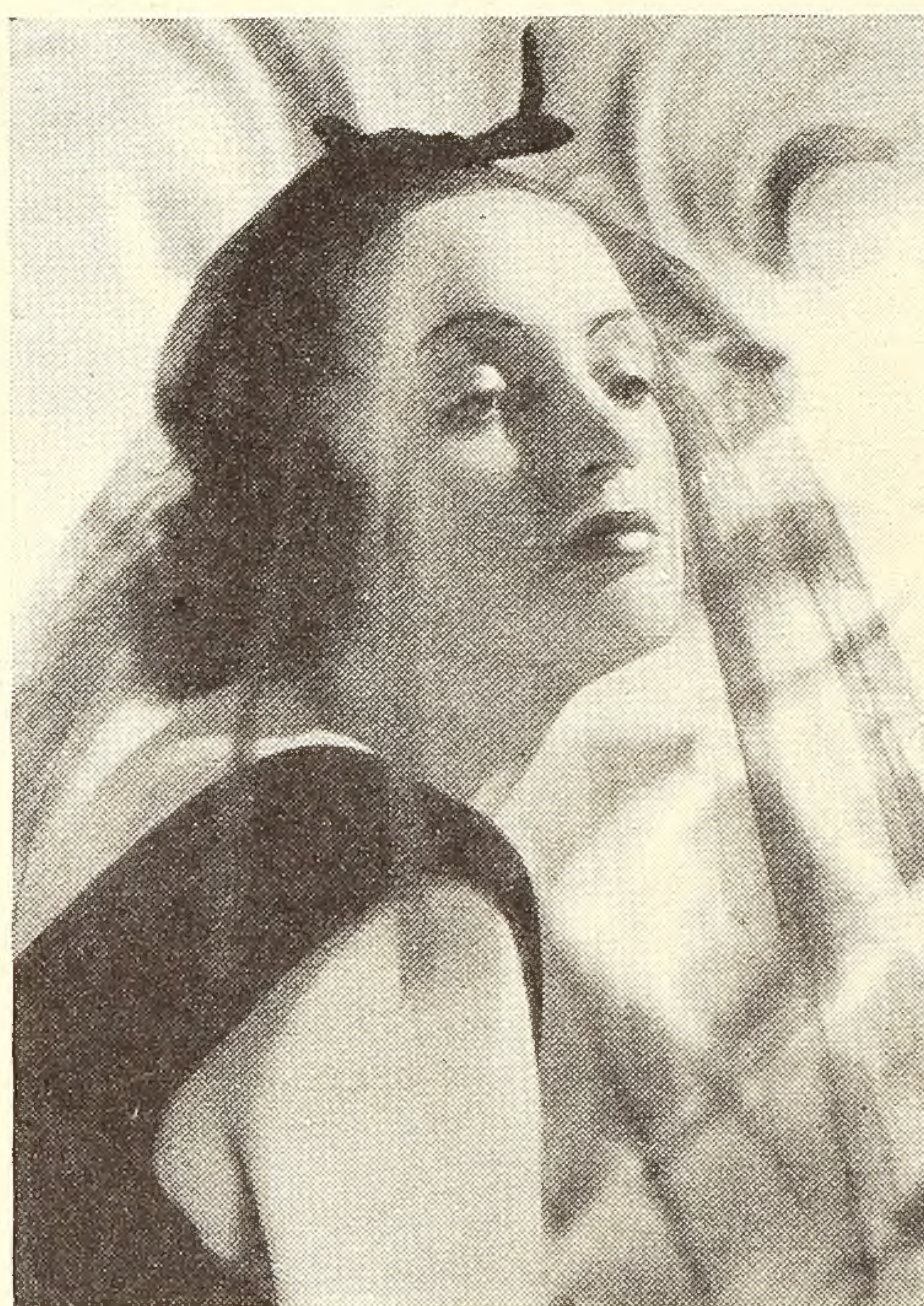
It was when Lucy was dressing to go to the dinner the next evening that Emmy told her of her engagement to Gordon Keane. Oh, if she had only left it to foolish little Emmy to take Keane away from Irene and his hopes of being President! But how could she have foreseen that?

Stephen called to say he would be a little late as Prince Gregoravitch, the new envoy from Trans-Bulgaria, had arrived, and he was busy with him.

"Gregoravitch!" Something clicked in Lucy's memory. "Isn't he that prince Irene was married to?" She demanded, and then as Stephen assented her words raced on. "My dear, you must bring him over right away. We can't be late at Belle's tonight. It would be too ungracious. I'll entertain the Prince with a nice cocktail while you're changing and—" Her face clouded as Stephen argued, then she went on briskly: "Nonsense, Stephen. You bring him right over. You know the torture I've got to go through tonight and even the condemned murderer is allowed to choose his last meal. Well, I choose Gregoravitch!"

Lucy was very gay that evening. All through dinner her sallies kept everyone amused, and there wasn't one even Irene could have taken exception to. Even afterwards, when she had contrived to be alone with Irene, Lucy was determined to be angelic.

"Well, Irene, feeling excited?" she asked.



Lynn Gilbert, above, has turned from writing fiction to acting in films.

"Not particularly." Irene managed to achieve just the right degree of boredom. "Although I must say it's a real challenge, a challenge to any woman. Because I don't think the White House has ever been done properly, do you? Oh, I don't mean any reflection, my dear. Of course you won't be remaining in Washington. And Stephen too. Freed from the pressure of public life. I do hope he'll find something to interest him. But really I don't know what we're going to do without you. It'll be like Washington without the monument, because to most people you have become a monument."

"Why, that's sweet of you, Irene," Lucy said with dangerous sugar in her voice.

"It'll be so restful for you just to be nobody," Irene smiled. "Where you can do anything you like without having it matter. Where every time anyone says anything witty it won't be attributed to you. Unjustly, of course."

"How charmingly you put it." Lucy looked at her wrist watch. "Didn't I hear the doorbell?" she asked. "A man has to see Stephen on business and I suggested he stop by for us. It's Prince Gregoravitch."

Irene's dismay was solace to her wounded spirits and when the Prince was ushered in she tried to keep the wild triumph from her eyes. She had schemed again but this time it was different. This time it was going to be all right.

It was all going as she had planned it. Gregoravitch's exaggerated joy and European gallantry when he saw Irene.

"My dear, you'll be so happy," Lucy broke in. "As I said to the Prince over cocktails this afternoon, Irene must be told at once. She'll be delighted. You should be so grateful, my dear. Few men would do what the Prince is doing for you."

"My dear," the Prince was smiling suavely as he turned to Irene, "I suppose you know that ever since Slavonia became a part of Trans-Bulgaria we never had an official treaty with the United States. So that tomorrow when we will recognize your laws and you will recognize ours, *ma chere*, you will be free. Free at last of our marriage, my dear. For tomorrow our divorce will become legal in America."

Irene stared at him speechlessly. Lucy said quickly: "And the Prince thought it would be nice for you to be able to marry Carter properly. Just think that all these years you've been living with Carter Hibbard without being married to him, though why you should want to I haven't any idea. Of course it's a technicality but wait until the opposition papers come out with the dates and names and places. After that nothing will matter. Because if a man is going to run as President of the United States there mustn't be even a whisper about him or his wife."

"You—you're nothing but a dirty politician!" Irene managed to say at last in a strangled voice, and Lucy laughed lightly.

"You bet I am, or you'd be in the White House!"

Lucy had never seemed more like a child, gay and carefree and guileless, than when she offered her regrets when Carter Hibbard after a hurried consultation with his wife withdrew his candidacy for President.

"But this is monstrous!" Ganning remonstrated after Hibbard had left. "What are we going to do?"

"Well, it does sort of leave you out on a limb, doesn't it?" Hardwick drawled. "A king maker and no king. But you know perfectly well what we're going to do. There's your candidate right there!" And he pointed to Stephen.

Lucy had never been so happy or so proud as Stephen in his calm gracious way accepted the nomination. Afterwards, alone in their room, she leaned over toward Stephen's bed and whispered, "All this has taught me a great lesson. I'm through fancying myself as the great politician. I'm going to be like Granny Chase and confine my activities to opening bazaars and arranging spittoons and never, never again will I meddle in—" she stopped suddenly and thought hard for a moment.

"Stephen! Nebraska's a doubtful state isn't it?" Then as Stephen listened apprehensively, "Senator Gough's Nebraska, isn't he? Oh, dear, I wish I'd been more gracious to his monstrous wife. You know, Stephen, the one with teeth like the keyboard of a spinnet! It mightn't be a bad plan for us to visit Nebraska this Summer, theoretically on a holiday, of course, and we could stop over in Chicago and Omaha, old Sam Blodgett's frightfully influential there, and if I could just flatter him enough and listen to the endless tales of his particularly dreary boyhood—"

Stephen smiled in the darkness. She was at it again, planning, scheming, the same old incorrigible Lucy. He reached out for her hand and held it against his cheek for a moment. Funny how much he loved her, even now after all these years of marriage. There was something almost like a prayer in his heart, a prayer of thankfulness that at last he had been able to give her the thing she wanted above everything else. For he, Stephen Wayne, was making Lucy the First Lady of all the land!

Complexions with **GLAMOUR** need
this Special care

"I use
Lux Toilet Soap
to guard against
Cosmetic Skin"

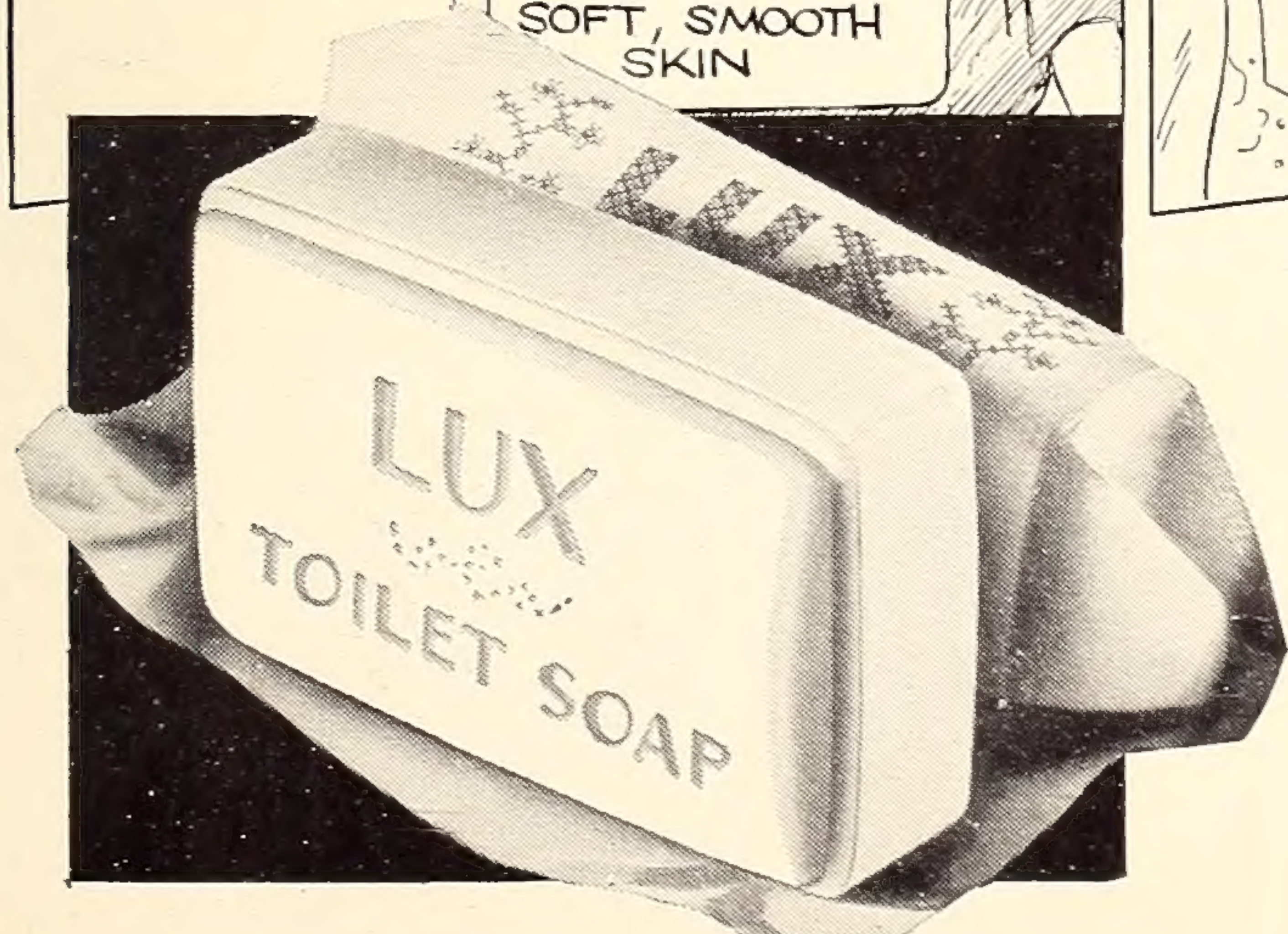
JANET GAYNOR



*This
girl
knows
Hollywood's
Beauty
Secret
too!*



Star
of the
SELZNICK-
INTERNATIONAL
PRODUCTION
"A Star is Born"



MANY a happy girl is following lovely Janet Gaynor's advice! "I use cosmetics," she tells you. "But I remove them thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap. I never take chances with Cosmetic Skin!"

Foolish to risk this danger—

dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather removes the dust, dirt, stale cosmetics that might otherwise remain to *choke the pores*. Before you renew make-up, **ALWAYS** before you go to bed—use this gentle care.

REMEMBER, 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE THIS SOAP



CYCLING is a favorite sport of Miss Wendy Morgan (*left, above*) debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Jr. Following her bow to society at the Hotel Pierre, Miss Morgan cycle-toured in Ireland and the Tyrol. After a spin, Miss Morgan admits that "cycling does take it out of you ...but Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

IN THE STATES, Miss Morgan enjoys sports, mural painting, and an interesting social life. "You'd think," she once remarked, "that such a busy life would tell on my digestion. Not a bit! For one thing, I smoke Camels with my meals. And Camels help digestion!"

**TYPICAL OF THE YOUNGER SET WHO
GO IN FOR VIGOROUS OUTDOOR SPORTS**

MISS WENDY MORGAN OF NEW YORK



BADMINTON, riding, sailing—Miss Morgan enjoys them all! And whatever the sport, Camels keep her company. "I'd feel lost," she says, "if I didn't have Camels along. Their delicate flavor never tires my taste."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand. Smoking Camels at meal-time does much to help digestion.

CANADA to Wendy Morgan means "good trout fishing"—at Murray Bay or the Morgan island in the St. Lawrence. Expert in casting, she says: "I don't want to do anything that would be hard on the nerves. I smoke Camels. They're mild. They *never* jangle my nerves."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor

Miss Joan Belmont, New York • Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd,
Philadelphia • Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr., New York • Mrs. Nicholas
G. Penniman III, Baltimore • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL

OCT. 31940